THE Poetical Works OF Mr. *Samuel Daniel*, AUTHOR of the *Engliſh* HISTORY.

To which is prefix'd,

MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE *and* WRITINGS.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
Printed for R. GOSLING, againſt St. *Dunſtan's* Church in *Fleetſtreet*; W. MEARS, at the *Lamb*, and J. BROWNE, at the *Black Swan*, without *Temple-Bar*. MDCCXVIII.

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THE CONTENTS OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

TO

Benjamin Jackſon, Eſq;

SIR,



THIS comes to You as a Pledge of that Eſteem and Reſpect I have always had for You, and which is the ſame that all who are favoured with Your Converſation muſt

have. To place Your Name before the Works of a celebrated Hiſtorian and Poet, is an Ambition in Your Friend, which You will pardon from the Merit of the Author. You will not, I believe, refuſe that Patronage to the Dead, which You are continually lending to the Living.

This Protection is natural to a Perſon of Your Spirit, who have ever act-

ed

ed in the Cauſe of Virtue and Honour. No one in a private Sphere, I dare ſay, contributed their Powers toward the *Happy Revolution*, ſo glorioufly as Your ſelf; and You have a Happineſs, which few can boaſt of, the ſtill maintaining the ſame Principles of Publick-Spiritedneſs, and a Paſſion for Liberty. Your Love to Your Country, Your inviolable Regard to Friendſhip, and

Your generous Encouragement of all Arts and Sciences, are what every one ſpeaks of, except Your ſelf.

I might here ſay how much You have adorned your Country by the moſt regular, polite, and finiſh'd Strokes of Architecture; but they are the Objects of the Praiſe of all who view them, tho' imitable by none. Give me Leave only to remind You what

Marſhal

Marſhal *Tallard* ſaid upon a Survey of *Chatſworth*, (which owes all its Beauties to You) That *he had there ſeen the fineſt Gentleman, and the fineſt Houſe in* Europe.

After ſuch a Commendation, whatever I can ſay will appear but mean; and therefore I deſire You to receive this Work not as a Gift which is any Honour to You, but as a Token

with how much Reſpect and Sincerity I am,

SIR,

Your moſt Obedient

Humble Servant.

SOME

ACCOUNT

OF THE

Life *and* Writings

OF

Mr. SAMUEL DANIEL.

THE preſent Age being ſo over-run with idle and ridiculous Productions in Poetry, it has been the Wiſh of the better ſort of Judges, that ſome one would ſet about to cull out of our former Writers ſuch as deſerve our

Reading and Eſteem. Theſe, if they have not that Turn of Verſification which is the Pride of our modern Attempters, yet they bring us inſtead of that falſe Beauty, ſolid Senſe, proper Language, and beautiful Figures. Beſides, that we ought to look upon them, if they have any conſiderable degrees of Genius and Reputation, as the great Predeceſſors in Poetry, whoſe Names ought to be ſweet, and their Memory precious to us. They have a Right to the Tribute of our Praiſe, and we may give it without the Envy that waits on our juſteſt Applauſes to the Living; to commend *Cato*, the *Mourning-Bride*, and *Tamerlane*, is to the Criticks Flattery; but we are allowed to adore, if we pleaſe, *Gordebourk*, *Julius Cæſar*, and *Philotas*.

This Way then of reviving the celebrated Pieces of our Fore-fathers has theſe Advantages, as it diſcountenances lean and lifeleſs Poetry, ſo it gives the Reader an Opportunity of improving himſelf with a ſound and ſubſtantial Entertainment. It pleaſes the Men of Taſte, as it retrieves the Works of thoſe that merit Fame with Poſterity; and as it is not modern, but ſmells of the Urn, ſo it is a ſort of Incenſe even to the Critick.

By

By ſuch an Apology would I endeavour to recommend to the World the following Poems of Mr. *Daniel*, of whom, and his Writings, I ſhall collect the beſt Account I can, to ſet theſe Performances in a better Light, and give a juſt Idea of their Author.

Mr. *Samuel Daniel* was born near *Taunton* in *Somerſetſhire*, his Father being a Maſter of *Muſic*; which lucky Circumſtance of the Alliance of *Poetry* and *Muſic* has given Dr. *Fuller* and the other Writers of his Life an occaſion of diſplaying their Wit at the Expence of their Judgment. The preciſe Time of his Birth is not eaſy to be aſcertained, but was in all Probability about the middle of Queen *Elizabeth*'s Reign, ſince he ſeems to have ſtood in ſome degree of Fame in her Succeſſor's Time, by the Poem he aſcribed to him at his Acceſſion to the Throne. There are ſeveral ſmall Incidents in his Poems, (which are often the beſt Accounts of their Authors) that might be brought to fortify this Conjecture, if it were of any Moment. The Manner of his Education, and the Courſe of his Studies lay under the ſame Uncertainty; theſe Circumſtances, as it often happens to eminent Perſons, being buried and loſt

in

in the Fame of their greater Attainments. So are we taken with the Admiration of Wit at its Heighth, that we ſeldom regard the Point from whence it began, or meaſure the Stages of its Progreſs!

However, we may trace from a Hint in his *Defence of Rhime*, dedicated to *William Herbert*, Earl of *Pembroke*, that he owed the firſt Seeds of Litterature, and his Inclinations to *Poetry*, to the Encouragement of that Noble Family. For addreſſing himſelf to that *Lord*, he ſays, "he "was firſt encouraged and framed to "*Rhime* by his moſt worthy and honour-"able Mother, and received the firſt No-"tions for this formal ordering of thoſe "Compoſitions at *Wilton*, which I muſt "ever acknowledge to have been my beſt "*School*, and thereof always am to hold a "Feeling, and grateful Memory. After-"wards drawn farther on by the Well-"liking and Approbation of my worthy "Lord, the Foſterer of me and my Muſe, "adventured to beſtow all my whole "Powers therein, perceiving it agreed ſo "well, both with the Complection of the "Times, and my own Conſtitution.

I think it may be fairly collected from this Paragraph, ſince we know nothing of his Father's Abilities, that he is indebted for his Education to the *Family*, of which he ſpeaks with ſo much Honour and Gratitude. An excellent Inſtance of an ingenuous Spirit, to be open and free in acknowledging Benefits, and which alone to an honeſt Man, ought to recommend him more than any other Qualities, tho' too often the Subject of greater Praiſes. Under the Protection of the Houſe of *Pembroke*, we may ſuppoſe, he made his firſt Attempts in *Poetry*; and as it appears he enjoyed the ſame Advantages from Father to Son in that illuſtrious Line, his ſucceeding Performances depended upon the ſame favourable Influence.

But we muſt here interrupt a little the Courſe of our Account of him as a *Poet*, to view him as an *Hiſtorian*, in which Character he has had the Happineſſes not only to pleaſe the beſt Judges, but to eſcape ſafer than any of our Hiſtorians, from the leaſt degree of Cenſure. He might perhaps in that Work receive great Helps from the intimate Acquaintance he enjoyed with Mr. *Cambden*, and the learned Dr. *Cowel*; but the admirable Method and Texture

ture of the whole, and the unaffected Eloquence of Stile in which he ſhines moſt, muſt be all his own. His Hiſtory bears ſo good a Repute, that it may ſeem ſuperfluous to recommend it from others, tho' the Praiſes of thoſe who have laboured in the ſame Way, ought not to be omitted. Dr. *Heylin*, in the Preface to his *Coſmography* extolls it highly, and yet the Author is ſo modeſt as only to give it this Character, *That he believes there never was more of the Main brought together.* A later Writer, Dr. *Kennet*, in his Collections in Three Volumes, has been ſomething more large and particular in Favour of this excellent Performance; I give the Quotation at length.

" Mr. *Daniel*'s Hiſtory follows next, " containing the Reigns of *William* I and " II. *Henry* I. King *Stephen*, *Henry* II. " *Richard* I. King *John*, *Henry* III. *Edward* " I, II, and III. The Author had a Place " at Court in the Reign of King *James* I. " being Groom of the Privy-Chamber to " the Queen, and ſeems to have taken all " the Refinement a Court could give him. " 'Tis ſaid he had a good Vein in *Poetry*, " and 'tis certain he has ſhewn great Judg- " ment in keeping it, as he did, from in-

" fecting

" fecting his *Proſe*, and deſtroying that " Simplicity which is a principal Beauty " in the Stile of an Hiſtorian; his Narra- " tion is ſmooth and clear, and carries " every where an Air of good Senſe and " juſt Eloquence; and his *Engliſh* is much " more modern than *Milton*'s, tho' he liv'd " before him: But Mr. *Milton* choſe to " write (if the Expreſſion may be allow'd) a " Hundred Years backwards, whereas 'tis " particularly to be admired how Mr. " *Daniel* could, ſo long ago, expreſs him- " ſelf with the ſame Purity and Grace as " our moſt ſenſible Writers do now, tho' " we flatter our ſelves that we have con- " ſiderably improv'd the Language.

What Dr. *Kennet* has ſaid in relation to his Hiſtory, is equally true of thoſe other ſmall Writings in *Proſe*, which he has left to Poſterity. His *Defence of Rhime* runs in ſuch an eaſy flowing Stream of Language, is enrich'd with ſuch elegant Turns and Figures, that it is ſo far from being paralell'd by any thing of that Date, that perhaps it may vie with the beſt of the moſt modern Compoſitions. The beſt Way to prove the Truth of this, is to compare Mr. *Daniel* with the Writers of thoſe Times, whoſe *Stile* is generally intricate, loaded

loaded with Pedantry and disjointed with Parentheſes; Mr. *Daniel's* plain, unambitious, clear and well connected. Indeed Sir *Philip Sidney* was the only Perſon of that Age whoſe Narration could be ſaid to be poliſhed, excepting our Author's, who had far fewer Advantages than that noble Gentleman, to make him ſhine in ſo new and difficult a Province. But his *Proſe* being ſo little a Part of what is here publiſhed, this Account may ſuffice for his Reputation in that Way: Of his other Works, we take them in the order they lay, with ſome few Remarks on the principal Pieces.

Having only ſpoke as yet of the *Stile* in the *Defence of Rhime*, it may not be amiſs to inform the Reader that there was a Project ſet on Foot by ſome eminent Men, of which Sir *Philip Sidney* was one, to reduce our *Poetry* to the *Roman Sect*, in every different Manner of their Compoſition; a wild and extravagant Deſign, which ended in a few unſucceſsful Trials. Mr. *Daniel*, who was looked upon as the Head of the Favourers of *Rhime*, as having uſed it with the greateſt Grace, oppoſed this Scheme with ſuch Strength of Argument and Wit, that I believe it may be

ſaid,

ſaid, that by this Triumph he ſaved our Language from being entirely ſpoiled, mangled, and deſtroyed. A great Felicity for one ſingle Hand to beautify and poliſh our Tongue in *Proſe*, and preſerve it from the moſt fatal Corruption in *Verſe*. The Reader, if he pleaſes, may be convinced of the Honour due to Mr. *Daniel* on this Score, by having Recourſe to the many vain Attempts of his Antagoniſts, ſtill remaining among us, tho' the Inſtances in his *Apology* alone are ſufficient. I cannot tell whom to aſcribe the Book to, which he wrote againſt; yet by the Sharpneſs of Mr. *Daniel*'s Stile, I am inclined to believe him a Man of much Pride and Arrogance, otherwiſe ſo modeſt a Writer could not have treated him with ſuch Severity.

The firſt of his *Poems* in the order choſen to publiſh them are, *The Complaint of Roſamond*, and *Octavia's Letter* to *Anthony*, which are joined together from the Reſemblance both of their Subject and Stile, being written after the *Ovidian* Manner, mixed with great Tenderneſs, Variety of Paſſions, and running upon the ſame Themes, Love, Reſentment, and Repentance. I don't know how the *Stanza* may agree

agree with the modern Taſte, but ſure it ought not to prejudice the delicate Sentiments and fine Strokes of Nature they contain. As for the Language, tho' we have ſpoke of the *Poet's* Maſtery in *that*, the Reader may perhaps like to ſee what he is to expect. *Beauty* is the common Subject of every Pen, and yet methinks he makes *Roſamond* ſpeak of it in as expreſſive a Manner as Deſcription can reach.

Ah! Beauty, Syren, *fair enchanting Good,*
Sweet ſilent Rhetorick of perſwading Eyes,
Dumb Eloquence, whoſe Power does move the Blood
More than the Words and Wiſdom of the Wiſe;
Still Harmony. ——

The next Piece is *Hymen's Triumph*, and dedicated to the *Queen*, to whom he was then *Servant*; it is entituled a *Paſtoral Tragi-Comedy*, and is indeed a Mixture of thoſe different Kinds of *Poetry*, tho' the moving Part ſeems to be the particular Aim of the *Poet*; and that he has ſometimes touch'd it with a delicate Hand, may appear from the *firſt* Scene, where *Palæmon* adviſes *Thirſis* not to mourn for his loſt *Sylvia* from this Conſideration,

That

That he might find Another,
As lovely, and as fair, and ſweet as ſhe.

To which *Thirſis* replies——

As fair and ſweet as ſhe! Palæmon, *Peace:*
Ah, what can Pictures be unto the Life?
What Sweetneſs can be found in Images?
Which all Nymphs elſe beſides her ſeem to me;
She only was a real *Creature—ſhe.*
Should I another love, then I muſt have
Another Heart, for this is full of her,
And evermore ſhall be: Here is ſhe drawn
At length, and whole; and more, this Table is
A Story, and is all of her, and all
Wrought in the livelieſt Colours of my Blood;
And can there be a Room for others here?
Should I diſfigure ſuch a Piece, and blot
The perfect'ſt Workmanſhip that Love e'er wrought?
Palæmon, *no, ah no! it coſt too dear;*
It muſt remain entire, while Life remains,
The Monument of her and of my Pains.

Not many Paſſages in our moſt admired Plays can exceed the Tenderneſs, Paſſion, and

and Diſtreſs of this Speech; and it were an eaſy, as well as pleaſing Entertainment to pick out more ſuch, which might not fall ſhort of the fineſt in *Shakeſpear* or *Fletcher*.

The Two next Pieces, the *Arcadia*, and *Viſion of the Goddeſſes*, are of Kind very near reſembling the former; but I have too much Regard to the Reader's Judgment, to detain him with too many Quotations, tho' never ſo beautiful.

The *Tragedies* of *Cleopatra* and *Philotas* ſucceed theſe, wherein he has ſhewn an exquiſite Judgment in treading in the Steps of the Ancients in the modelling his Fable, and the working of his Morals; the two principal, but diſregarded Branches of *Tragedy*. There is an Objection indeed of their being written in *Rhime*, but that is a Controverſy of great Length, and if it reaches Mr. *Daniel*, it falls far harder upon ſome of his moſt celebrated Succeſſors. The *Philotas*, it ſeems, was thought by ſome over-judicious Criticks to be drawn for the Earl of *Eſſex*; which obliged the Author to vindicate himſelf from that Charge in an Apology, printed at the end of his Play. Thus we ſee it is no new Thing

Thing for a *Poet* to lie at the Mercy of a *Party*, and being interpreted at the Will and Pleaſure of every Smatterer in Politicks.

The *Poem*, which begins the Second Volume, of the *Civil War* between the Two Houſes of *York* and *Lancaſter*, is that of all his Works, which the Poet had moſt at Heart, and in the compoſing of which he ſpent the greateſt Part of his Life. He often mentions it in other Places of his Writings as his *Favourite Performance*, wiſhing to live long enough to make it perfect, and reckoning upon it as the ſureſt Reverſion of Fame with Poſterity. But for all theſe gay Promiſes to himſelf, this darling Piece ſeems to have undergone the ſevereſt Treatment from his Contemporaries, and the greateſt Praiſe it ever received was being generally called our *Engliſh Lucan*. True it is, that *Poem* abounds with Fire, Flights of Poetry, many exquiſite Deſcriptions, and is ſpirited up in many Parts with great Fire and Vehemence. But the Thread of *Hiſtory* was too cloſely followed to content the Criticks, which perhaps was one Reaſon of his Complaints and Retirement. However, it had one good Effect, that it occaſioned that excellent Piece,

Muſo-

Muſophilus, or a *Defence* of *Learning*, to Sir *Fulk Grevile*, who was reckoned one of the greateſt Genius's of that Age, and an intimate Friend of Sir *Philip Sidney*'s.

As for what remains of his Story, we are told that he had the Happineſs to live in the Eſteem of the Great, the Brave, the Learned, and the Fair. Among theſe are counted the Earls of *Pembroke* and *Devonſhire*, the Lord *Howard*, Sir *Philip Sidney*, Sir *Fulk Grevile*, Mr. *Cambden*, the Counteſſes of *Bedford* and of *Pembroke*. His Fortune was neither large nor mean, ſuited to a philoſophical retired Temper of Mind, of which he was extremely fond. So that he often went to his *Gardens* in *Oldſtreet*, near *London*, and indulged in Solitude for many Months, or at moſt was viſited but by a few ſelect Friends. He at laſt retired into *Wiltſhire*, and led a plain Country Life, after the Fatigues of much Buſineſs, and the Acquiſition of more Fame. He was married, but whether to the Perſon he ſo often celebrates under the Name of *Delia*, is uncertain. He lived to a great Age, and dy'd without Iſſue, at his Farm in *Wiltſhire*.

He

He appears by the Vein of his Writings, as well as by the Characters of others, to have been a ſincere faithful Hiſtorian, a good Judge of Men and Things, of a Capacity fitted for many very different, and almoſt inconſiſtent Attainments; a Courtier, and an Hiſtorian; a Poet, and no Flatterer; a Philoſopher with Gaiety, and a Wit without Indiſcretion. Theſe *Poems* of his having ſtood the Teſt of above a Century, and the Language and the Verſification being ſtill pure and elegant; it is to be hoped they will ſtill ſhine among his Countrymen, and preſerve his Name, who has preſerved and adorned Hundreds of theirs. 4 : 12 : 49

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A DEFENCE OF RHIME,

Againſt a

PAMPHLET,

ENTITLED,

Obſervations in the ART of ENGLISH POESY.

Wherein is demonſtratively prov'd, that RHIME is the fitteſt Harmony of Words that comports with our Language.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year M DCC XVII.

A
DEFENCE
OF
RHYME.
Against
PAMPHLET,
ENTITLED
Observations in the ART
of ENGLISH POESY.

Wherein is demonstratively proved,
that Rhyme is the truest Harmony of
Words that comports with our Lan-
guage.

Printed in the Year M DCC XVII.

TO
All the Worthy Lovers and Learned Professors of *RHIME* within His MAJESTY's Dominions.

Worthy Gentlemen,

ABOUT a Year since, upon the great Reproach given to the Professors of RHIME, and the use hereof, I wrote a private Letter, as a Defence of mine own Undertakings in that kind, to a learned Gentleman, a Friend of mine, then in Court. Which I did, rather to confirm my self in mine own Courses, and to hold him from being won from us, than with any Desire to publish the same to the World.

But now, seeing the Times to promise a more Regard to the present Condition of our

Writings, in respect of our *SOVERAIGN's *happy Inclination this way; whereby we are rather to expect an Incouragement to go on with what we do, than that any Innovation should check us, with a Shew of what it would do in another kind, and yet do nothing but deprave: I have now given a greater Body to the same Argument; and here present it to your View, under the Patronage of a Noble Earl, who in Blood and Nature is interested to take our Part in this Cause, with others who cannot, I know, but hold dear the Monuments that have been left unto the World in this Manner of Composition; and who, I trust, will take in good Part this my Defence, if not as it is my Particular, yet in Respect of the Cause I undertake, which I here invoke You all to protect.*

---

* *King* James *the First.*

TO
WILLIAM HERBERT,
Earl of *PEMBROKE.*

THE general Custom and Use of *Rhime* in this Kingdom, *noble Lord*, having been so long (as if from a Grant of Nature) held unquestionable, made me to imagine that it lay altogether out of the Way of Contradiction, and was become so natural, as we should never have had a Thought to cast it off into Reproach, or be made to think that it ill became *our Language:* But, now I see, when there is Opposition made to all Things in the World by Words, we must now at length likewise fall to contend for Words themselves, and make a Question whether they be right or not. For we are told how that our Measures go wrong, all Rhiming is gross, vulgar, barbarous, which if it be so, we have lost much Labour to to no Purpose; and for my own Particular, I cannot but blame the Fortune of the Times, and my own Genius, that cast me upon so wrong a Course, drawn with the Current of Custom and an unexamin'd Example. Having been first encourag'd and

fram'd thereunto by your moſt worthy and honourable *Mother*, and received the firſt Notion for the formal ordering of thoſe Compoſitions at *Wilton*, which I muſt ever acknowledge to have been my beſt School, and thereof always am to hold a feeling and grateful Memory. Afterward, drawn farther on by the Well-liking and Approbation of my worthy *Lord*, the Foſterer of me and my Muſe, I adventured to beſtow all my whole Powers therein, perceiving it agreed ſo well, both with the Complection of the Times, and my own Conſtitution, as I found not wherein I might better employ me: But yet now, upon the great Diſcovery of theſe new Meaſures threatning to overthrow the whole State of Rhime in this Kingdom, I muſt either ſtand out to defend, or elſe be forc'd to forſake my ſelf, and give over all; and tho Irreſolution and a Self-diſtruſt be the moſt apparent Faults of my Nature, and that the leaſt check of Reprehenſion, if it favour of Reaſon, will as eaſily ſhake my Reſolution as any Man's living; yet in this Caſe I know not how I am grown more reſolved, and before I ſink, willing to examine what thoſe Powers of Judgment are, that muſt bear me down, and beat me off from the Station of my Profeſſion, which by the Law of Nature I am ſet to defend.

And the rather, for that this *Detractor* (whoſe commendable *Rhimes*, albeit now himſelf an Enemy to *Rhime*, have given heretofore to the World the beſt notice of his Worth) is a Man of fair Parts, and good Reputation, and therefore the Reproach forcibly caſt from ſuch a Hand, may throw down more at once than the Labours of many ſhall in long Time build up again, eſpecially upon the ſlippery Foundation of Opinion, and the World's Inconſtancy, which knows not well what it would have, and

Diſcit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
Quod quis deridet quam quod probat & veneratur.

And

And he who is thus become our unkind Adverſary, muſt pardon us if we be as jealous of our Fame and Reputation, as he is deſirous of Credit by his *new old Art*, and muſt conſider that we cannot, in a Thing that concerns us ſo near, but have a feeling of the Wrong done, wherein every *Rhimer* in this univerſal Iſland, as well as my ſelf, ſtands intereſted; ſo that if his Charity had equally drawn with his Learning, he would have forborn to procure the Envy of ſo powerful a Number upon him, from whom he cannot but expect the Return of a like meaſure of Blame, and only have made way to his own Grace, by the Proof of his Ability, without the diſparaging of us, who would have been glad to have ſtood quietly by him, and perhaps commended his Adventure, ſeeing that ever more of one Science another may be born, and that theſe Sallies, made out of the quarter of our ſet Knowledges, are the gallant Proffers only of attemptive Spirits, and commendable, though they work no other Effect than make a Bravado: And I know it were *Indecens, & moroſum nimis, alienæ induſtriæ, modum ponere.* We could well have allow'd of his Numbers, had he not diſgrac'd our *Rhime*, which both *Cuſtom* and *Nature* doth moſt powerfully defend; *Cuſtom* that is before all *Law*, *Nature* that is above all *Art*. Every Language hath her proper Number or Meaſure fitted to Uſe and Delight, which, Cuſtom entertaining by the allowance of the Ear, doth indenize and make natural. All Verſe is but a Frame of Words confin'd within certain Meaſure, differing from the ordinary Speech, and introduc'd, the better to expreſs Mens Conceipts, both for Delight and Memory; which Frame of Words, conſiſting of *Rithmus* or *Metrum*, Number or Meaſure, are diſpoſed into divers Faſhions, according to the Humour of the Compoſer, and the Set of the Time: And theſe *Rhythmi*, as *Ariſtotle* ſaith, are familiar amongſt all Nations, and *è naturali & ſponte fuſa compoſitione.*

And they fall as naturally already in our Language as ever Art can make them, being ſuch as the Ear of it ſelf doth marſhal in their proper Rooms, and they of themſelves will not willingly be put out of their Rank, and that in ſuch a Verſe as beſt comports with the Nature of our Language: And for our *Rhime* (which is an Excellency added to this Work of Meaſure, and a Harmony far happier than any Proportion Antiquity could ever ſhew us) doth add more Grace, and hath more of Delight than ever bare Numbers, howſoever they can be forced to run in our ſlow Language, can poſſibly yield; which, whether it be deriv'd of *Rhythmus*, or of *Romance*, which were Songs the *Bards* and *Druids* about Rhimes uſed, and thereof were called *Remenſi*, as ſome *Italians* hold; or, howſoever, it is likewiſe Number and Harmony of Words, conſiſting of an agreeing Sound in the laſt Syllables of ſeveral Verſes, giving both to the Ear an Eccho of a delightful Report, and to the Memory a deeper Impreſſion of what is deliver'd therein; for as *Greek* and *Latin* Verſe conſiſts of the Number and Quantity of Syllables, ſo doth the *Engliſh* Verſe of Meaſure and Accent: And though it doth not ſtrictly obſerve long and ſhort Syllables, yet it moſt religiouſly reſpects the Accent; and as the ſhort and the long make Number, ſo the acute and grave Accent yield Harmony, and Harmony is likewiſe Number; ſo that the *Engliſh* Verſe then hath *Number*, *Meaſure* and *Harmony* in the beſt Proportion of Muſick; which being more certain and more reſounding, works that Effect of Motion with as happy Succeſs as either the *Greek* or *Latin*: And ſo natural a Melody is it, and ſo univerſal, as it ſeems to be generally born with all the Nations of the World, as an hereditary Eloquence proper to all Mankind. The Univerſality argues the general Power of it; for if the Barbarian uſe it, then it ſhews that it ſways the Affection of the Barbarian; if civil Nations practiſe it, it proves that it works upon the

Hearts

Hearts of civil Nations; if all, then that it hath a Power in Nature on all. *Georgieuez de Turcarum moribus*, hath an Example of the *Turkiſh* Rhimes, juſt of the Meaſure of our Verſe, of eleven Syllables, in feminine Rhime; never begotten, I am perſwaded, by any Example in *Europe*, but born, no doubt, in *Scythia*, and brought over *Caucaſus* and Mount *Taurus*. The *Sclavonian* and *Arabian* Tongues acquaint a great Part of *Aſia* and *Africk* with it; the *Moſcovite*, *Polac*, *Hungarian*, *German*, *Italian*, *French* and *Spaniard* uſe no other Harmony of Words; the *Iriſh*, *Briton*, *Scot*, *Dane*, *Saxon*, *Engliſh*, and all the Inhabiters of this Iſland, either have hither brought, or here found the ſame in Uſe: And ſuch a Force hath it in Nature, or ſo made by Nature, as the *Latin* Numbers, notwithſtanding their Excellency, ſeem'd not ſufficient to ſatisfy the Ear of the World thereunto accuſtomed, without this harmonical Cadence, which made the moſt learned of all Nations labour, with exceeding travail, to bring thoſe Numbers likewiſe unto it; which many did, with that Happineſs, as neither their Purity of Tongue, nor their material Contemplations are thereby any way diſgrac'd, but rather deſerve to be reverenc'd of all grateful Poſterity, with the due regard of their Worth. And for *Schola Salerna*, and thoſe *Carmina Proverbialia*, who finds not therein more Precepts for Uſe, concerning Diet, Health and Converſation, than *Cato*, *Theognes*, or all the *Greeks* and *Latins* can ſhew us in that kind of Teaching; and that in ſo few Words, both for delight to the Ear, and the hold of the Memory, as they are to be embrac'd of all modeſt Readers, that ſtudy to know and not to deprave.

Methinks it is a ſtrange Imperfection, that Men ſhould thus over-run the Eſtimation of good Things with ſo violent a Cenſure, as though it muſt pleaſe none elſe, becauſe it likes not them; whereas, *Oportet arbitratores eſſe non contradictores. eos*

qui verum judicaturi ſunt, ſaith *Ariſtotle*, tho he could not obſerve it himſelf. And mild Charity tells us:

——*non Ego paucis*
Offendor maculis quas aut Incuria fudit
Aut Humana parum cavet natura. ——

For all Men have their Errors, and we muſt take the beſt of their Powers, and leave the reſt, as not appertaining unto us.

Ill Cuſtoms are to be left, I grant it; but I ſee not how that can be taken for an ill Cuſtom, which *Nature* hath thus ratified, all *Nations* received, *Time* ſo long confirmed, the Effects ſuch, as it performs thoſe Offices of Motion for which it is employ'd; delighting the Ear, ſtirring the Heart, and ſatisfying the Judgment in ſuch ſort, as I doubt whether ever ſingle Numbers will do in our Climate, if they ſhew no more Work of Wonder than yet we ſee: And if ever they prove to become any thing, it muſt be by the Approbation of many Ages that muſt give them their Strength for any Operation, or before the World will feel where the Pulſe, Life, and Energy lies, which now we are ſure where to have in our *Rhimes*, whoſe known Frame hath thoſe due Stays for the Mind, thoſe Encounters of Touch, as makes the Motion certain, though the Variety be infinite. Nor will the general Sort, for whom we write (the Wiſe being above Books) taſte theſe laboured Meaſures but as an orderly Proſe when we have all done. For this kind Acquaintance and continual Familiarity ever had betwixt our Ear and this Cadence, is grown to ſo intimate a Friendſhip, as it will now hardly ever be brought to miſs it. For be the Verſe never ſo good, never ſo full, it ſeems not to ſatisfy nor breed that Delight, as when it is met and combin'd with a like ſounding Accent; which ſeems as the Jointure, without which it hangs looſe, and cannot ſubſiſt,

but

but runs wildly on, like a tedious Fancy, without a Cloſe: Suffer the World to enjoy that which it knows, and what it likes; ſeeing whatſoever Form of Words doth move, delight and ſway the Affections of Men, in what *Scythian* ſort ſoever it be diſpoſed or uttered, that is, true *Number*, *Meaſure*, *Eloquence*, and the *Perfection* of Speech; which I ſaid, hath as many Shapes as there be Tongues or Nations in the World, nor can with all the tyrannical Rules of idle Rhetorick be govern'd otherwiſe than Cuſtom, and preſent Obſervation will allow. And being now the Trim and Faſhion of the Times, to ſuit a Man otherwiſe, cannot but give a Touch of Singularity, for when he hath done all, he hath but found other Cloaths to the ſame Body, and peradventure not ſo fitting as the former. But could our Adverſary hereby ſet up the Muſick of our Times to a higher Note of Judgment and Diſcretion, or could theſe new Laws of Words better our Imperfections, it were a happy Attempt; but when hereby we ſhall but as it were change Priſon, and put off theſe Fetters to receive others, what have we gained? as good ſtill to uſe Rhime and a little Reaſon, as neither Rhime nor Reaſon? For no doubt as idle Wits will write, in that kind, as do now in this; Imitation will after, though it break her Neck: *Scribimus indocti doctique poemata paſſim.* And this Multitude of idle Writers can be no Diſgrace to the Good, for the ſame Fortune in one Proportion or other is proper in a like Seaſon to all States in their Turn; and the ſame unmeaſurable confluence of Scriblers happen'd, when Meaſures were moſt in uſe among the *Romans*, as we find by this Reprehenſion,

Mutavit mentem populus levis, & calet uno
Scribendi ſtudio, pueri, patreſque ſeveri
Fronde comas vincti cœnant, & CARMINA dictant.

So

So that their Plenty ſeems to have bred the ſame Waſte and Contempt as ours doth now, tho' it had not Power to diſvalue what was worthy of Poſterity, nor keep back the Reputation of Excellencies, deſtined to continue for many Ages. For ſeeing it is Matter that ſatisfies the Judicial, appear it in what Habit it will, all theſe pretended Proportions of Words, howſoever placed, can be but Words, and peradventure ſerve but to embroil our Underſtanding, whilſt ſeeking to pleaſe our Ear, we inthral our Judgment; to delight an exterior Senſe, we ſmooth up a weak confuſed Senſe, affecting Sound to be unſound, and all to ſeem *Servum pecus*, only to imitate the *Greek* and *Latins*, whoſe Felicity, in this kind, might be ſomething to themſelves, to whom their own *Idiom* was natural, but to us it can yield no other Commodity than a Sound. We admire them not for their ſmooth gliding Words, nor their Meaſures, but for their Inventions; which Treaſure, if it were to be found in *Welch* and *Iriſh*, we ſhou'd hold thoſe Languages in the ſame Eſtimation, and they may thank their Sword that made their Tongues ſo famous and univerſal as they are. For to ſay Truth, their Verſe is many times but a confuſed Deliverer of their excellent Conceits, whoſe ſcattered Limbs we are fain to look our and join together, to diſcern the Image of what they repreſent unto us. And even the *Latines*, who profeſs not to be ſo licentious as the *Greeks*, ſhew us many times Examples, but of ſtrange Cruelty, in torturing and diſmembring of Words in the middle, or disjoining ſuch as naturally ſhould be married and march together, by ſetting them as far aſunder, as they can poſſibly ſtand; that ſometimes, unleſs the kind *Reader*, out of his own good Nature, will ſtay them up by their Meaſure, they will fall down into flat Proſe, and ſometimes are no other indeed in their natural Sound; and then, again, when you find them diſobedient to their own

Laws,

Laws, you muſt hold it to be *Licentia Poetica*, and ſo diſpenſable. The ſtriving to ſhew their changeable Meaſures in the Variety of their *Odes*, have been very painful, no doubt, unto them, and forced them thus to diſturb the quiet Stream of their Words, which by a natural Succeſſion otherwiſe deſire to follow in their due Courſe.

But ſuch Affliction doth labourſome *Curioſity* ſtill lay upon our beſt Delights (which ever muſt be made ſtrange and variable) as if Art were ordained to afflict Nature, and that we could not go but in Fetters. Every Science, every Profeſſion muſt be ſo wrapt up in unneceſſary Intrications, as if it were not to faſhion, but to confound the Underſtanding, which makes me much to diſtruſt Man, and fear that our Preſumption goes beyond our Ability, and our Curioſity is more than our Judgment; labouring even to ſeem to be more than we are, or laying greater Burthens upon our Minds than they are well able to bear, becauſe we would not appear like other Men.

And indeed I have wiſhed there were not that Multiplicity of Rhimes as is uſed by many in *Sonets*, which yet we ſee in ſome ſo happily to ſucceed, and hath been ſo far from hindering their Inventions, as it hath begot Conceit beyond Expectation, and comparable to the beſt Inventions of the World; for ſure in an eminent Spirit whom Nature hath fitted for that Myſtery, *Rhime* is no Impediment to his Conceit, but rather gives him Wings to mount, and carries him not out of his Courſe, but as it were beyond his Power to a far happier Flight. All Excellencies being ſold us at the hard price of Labour, it follows, where we beſtow moſt thereof, we buy the beſt Succeſs; and *Rhime* being far more laborious than looſe Meaſures (whatſoever is objected) muſt needs, meeting with Wit and Induſtry, breed greater and worthier Effects in our Language. So that if our Labours have wrought our a Manumiſſion from Bondage,

and

and that we go at Liberty, notwithſtanding theſe Ties, we are no longer the Slaves of Rhime, but we make it a moſt excellent Inſtrument to ſerve us. Nor is this certain Limit obſerved in *Sonnets*, any tyrannical Bounding of the Conceit, but rather a reducing it in *giram*, and a juſt Form, neither too long for the ſhorteſt Project, nor too ſhort for the longeſt, being but only imploy'd for a preſent Paſſion. For the Body of our Imagination being as an unform'd *Chaos*, without Faſhion, without Day, if by the Divine Power of the Spirit it be wrought into an Orb of Order and Form, is it not more pleaſing to Nature, that deſires a Certainty, and comports not with what is infinite? to have theſe Cloſes, rather than not to know where to end, or how far to go, eſpecially ſeeing our Paſſions are often without Meaſure: And we find the beſt of the *Latins* many Times, either not concluding, or elſe otherwiſe in the End then they began. Beſides, is it not moſt delightful to ſee much Excellency ordered in a ſmall Room, or little gallantly diſpoſed and made to fill up a Space of like Capacity, in ſuch ſort, that the one would not appear ſo beautiful in a larger Circuit, nor the other do well in a leſs? which often we find to be ſo, according to the Powers of Nature, in the Workman. And theſe limited Proportions, and Reſts of *Stanzas*, conſiſting of ſix, ſeven, or eight Lines, are of that Happineſs, both for the Diſpoſition of the Matter, the apt planting the Sentence where it may beſt ſtand to hit the certain Cloſe of Delight with the full Body of a juſt Period well carried, is ſuch, as neither the *Greeks* or *Latins* ever attained unto. For their boundleſs running on, often ſo confounds the Reader, that having once loſt himſelf, muſt either give off unſatisfied, or uncertainly caſt back to retrieve the eſcaped Senſe, and to find way again into his Matter.

Methinks we ſhould not ſo ſoon yield our Conſents captive to the Authority of Antiquity, unleſs

we

we ſaw more Reaſon; all our Underſtandings are not to be built by the Square of *Greece* and *Italy*. We are the Children of Nature as well as they, we are not ſo placed out of the Way of Judgment, but that the ſame Sun of Diſcretion ſhineth upon us; we have our Portion of the ſame Vertues as well as of the ſame Vices, *Et Catalinam quocunque in populo videas, quocunque ſub axe.* Time and the Turn of Things bring about theſe Faculties according to the preſent Eſtimation; and, *Res temporibus non tempore rebus ſervire oportet.* So that we muſt never rebel againſt Uſe; *Quem penes arbitrium eſt, & vis & norma loquendi.* It is not the obſerving of *Trochaicks* nor their *Iambicks*, that will make our Writings ought the wiſer: All their Poeſy, all their Philoſophy is nothing, unleſs we bring the diſcerning Light of Conceit with us to apply it to uſe. It is not Books, but only that great Book of the World, and the all over-ſpreading Grace of Heaven that makes Men truly judicial. Nor can it but touch of arrogant Ignorance, to hold this or that Nation barbarous, theſe or thoſe Times groſs, conſidering how this manifold Creature Man, whereſoever he ſtand in the World, hath always ſome Diſpoſition of Worth, entertains the Order of Society, affects that which is moſt in uſe, and is eminent in ſome one thing or other, that fits his Humour and the Times. The *Grecians* held all other Nations barbarous but themſelves; yet *Pyrrhus*, when he ſaw the well ordered Marching of the *Romans*, which made them ſee their preſumptuous Error, could ſay it was no barbarous manner of proceeding. The *Goths*, *Vandals*, and *Longobards*, whoſe coming down like an Inundation, overwhelmed, as they ſay, all the Glory of Learning in *Europe*, have yet left us ſtill their Laws and Cuſtoms, as the Originals of moſt of the provincial Conſtitutions of *Chriſtendom*; which well conſidered with their other Courſes of Government

vernment, may ſerve to clear them from this Imputation of Ignorance. And though the Vanquiſhed never ſpeak well of the Conqueror, yet even thorough the unſound Coverings of Malediction appear thoſe Monuments of Truth, as argue well their Worth, and proves them not without Judgment, though without *Greek* and *Latin*.

Will not Experience confute us, if we ſhould ſay the State of *China*, which never heard of *Anapeſticks*, *Trochies* and *Tribracks*, were groſs, barbarous and uncivil? And is it not a moſt apparent Ignorance, both of the Succeſſion of Learning in *Europe*, and the general Courſe of Things, to ſay, *that all lay pitifully deformed in thoſe Lack-learning Times from the declining of the* Roman *Empire, till the Light of the Latin Tongue was revived by* Rewcline, Eraſmus *and* Moore. When for three Hundred Years before them, about the coming down of *Tamburlaine* into *Europe*, *Franciſcus Petrarcha* (who then no doubt likewiſe found whom to imitate) ſhewed all the beſt Notions of Learning, in that degree of Excellency, both in *Latin*, *Proſe*, and *Verſe*, and in the vulgar *Italian*, as all the Wits of Poſterity have not yet over matched him in all kinds to this Day; his great Volumes written in Moral Philoſophy, ſhew his infinite Reading, and moſt happy Power of Diſpoſition; his Twelve Eclogues, his *Africa* containing Nine Books of the laſt Punick War, with his three Books of Epiſtles in *Latin* Verſe, ſhew all the Transformations of Wit and Invention, that a Spirit naturally born to the Inheritance of Poetry and judicial Knowledge could expreſs: All which notwithſtanding wrought him not that Glory and Fame with his own Nation, as did his Poems in *Italian*, which they eſteem above all, whatſoever Wit could have invented in any other Form than wherein it is; which queſtionleſs they will not change with the beſt Meaſures, *Greeks* or *Latins* can ſhew them, howſoever our Adverſary imagines.

Nor

Nor could this very ſame Innovation in Verſe, begun amongſt them by *C. Tolomæi*, but die in the Attempt, and was buried as ſoon as it came born, neglected as a prodigious and unnatural Iſſue amongſt them; nor could it ever induce *Taſſo*, the Wonder of *Italy*, to write that admirable Poem of *Jeruſalem*, comparable to the beſt of the Ancients, in any other Form than the accuſtomed Verſe.

And with *Petrarch* lived his Scholar *Boccatius*, and near about the ſame Time *Johannes Ravenenſis*, and from theſe *tanquam ex equo Trojano*, ſeems to have iſſued all thoſe famous *Italian* Writers, *Leonardus Aretinus*, *Laurentius Valla*, *Poggius*, *Blondus*, and many others. Then *Emanuel Chryſolaras*, a *Conſtantinopolitan* Gentleman, renowned for his Learning and Vertue, being employ'd by *John Paleologus*, Emperor of the Eaſt, to implore the Aid of Chriſtian Princes, for the ſuccouring of periſhing *Greece*; and underſtanding in the mean time, how *Bajazeth* was taken Priſoner by *Tamburlane*, and his Country freed from Danger, ſtaid ſtill at *Venice*, and there taught the *Greek* Tongue, diſcontinued before in theſe Parts the Space of ſeven Hundred Years.

Him followed *Beſſarion*, *George Trapezantius*, *Theodorus Gaza*, and others, tranſporting Philoſophy beaten by the *Turk* out of *Greece* into *Chriſtendom*. Hereupon came that mighty Confluence of Learning in theſe Parts, which returning, as it were *per poſt liminium*, and here meeting then with the new invented Stamp of Printing, ſpread it ſelf indeed in a more univerſal ſort than the World ever heretofore had it.

When *Pomponius Lætus*, *Æneas Sylvius*, *Angelus Politianus*, *Hermolaus Barbarus*, *Johannes Picus de Mirandula*, the Miracle and Phœnix of the World, adorned *Italy*, and wakened other Nations likewiſe with this Deſire of Glory, long before it brought forth *Rewclen*, *Eraſmus*, and *Moore*,

Moore, worthy Men, I confeſs, and the laſt a great Ornament to this Land, and a Rhimer.

And yet long before all theſe, and likewiſe with theſe, was not our Nation behind in her Portion of Spirit and Worthineſs, but concurrent with the beſt of all this lettered World; witneſs Venerable *Bede*, that flouriſhed about a Thouſand Years ſince: *Aldelmus Durotelmus*, that lived in the Year 739, of whom we find this Commendation regiſtred. *Omnium Poetarum ſui temporis facile primus, tantæ Eloquentiæ, Majeſtatis & eruditionis homo fuit, ut nunquam ſatis admirari poſſim unde illi in tam barbara ac rudi ætate ſacundia accreverit, uſque adeo omnibus numeris terſa, elegans & rotunda, verſus edidit cum antiquitate de palma contendentes.* Witneſs *Joſephus Devonius*, who wrote *De bello Trojano*, in ſo excellent Manner, and ſo near reſembling Antiquity, as Printing his Work beyond the Seas, they have aſcribed it to *Cornelius Nepos*, one of the Ancients.

What ſhould I name *Walterus Mape*, *Gulielmus Nigellus*, *Gervaſius Tilburienſis*, *Bracton*, *Bacon*, *Ockam*, and an infinite Catalogue of excellent Men, moſt of them living about four Hundred Years ſince, and have left behind them Monuments of moſt profound Judgment and Learning in all Sciences. So that it is but the Clouds gathered about our own Judgment that makes us think all other Ages wrap'd up in Miſts, and the great Diſtance betwixt us, that cauſes us to imagine Men ſo far off to be ſo little in reſpect of ourſelves.

We muſt not look upon the immenſe Courſe of Times paſt, as Men overlook ſpacious and wide Countries, from off high Mountains, and are never the nearer to judge of the true Nature of the Soil, or the particular Site and Face of thoſe Territories they ſee. Nor muſt we think, viewing the ſuperficial Figure of a Region in a Map, that we know ſtraight the Faſhion and Place as it is. Or

reading

reading an Hiſtory (which is but a Map of Men) and doth no otherwiſe acquaint us with the true Subſtance of Circumſtances, than a ſuperficial Card doth the Seamen with a Coaſt never ſeen (which always proves other to the Eye than the Imagination forecaſts it) that preſently we know all the World, and can diſtinctly judge of Times, Men and Manners, juſt as they were.

When the beſt Meaſure of Man is to be taken by his own Foot, bearing ever the neareſt Proportion to himſelf, and is never ſo far different and unequal in his Powers, that he hath all in Perfection at one time, and nothing at another.

The Diſtribution of Gifts are univerſal, and all Seaſons have them in ſome ſort. We muſt not think but that there were *Scipios*, *Ceſars*, *Catos* and *Pompeys* born elſewhere than at *Rome*; the reſt of the World hath ever had them in the ſame degree of Nature, though not of State; and it is our Weakneſs that makes us miſtake, or miſconceive in theſe Delineations of Men the true Figure of their Worth; and our Paſſion and Belief is ſo apt to lead us beyond Truth, that unleſs we try them by the juſt Compaſs of Humanity, and as they were Men, we ſhall caſt their Figures in the Air, when we ſhould make their Models upon Earth. It is not the contexture of Words, but the effects of Action that gives glory to the Times: We find they had *Mercurium in pectore*, though not *in lingua*; and in all Ages, though they were not *Ciceronians*, they knew the Art of Men, which only is, *Ars Artium*, the greateſt Gift of Heaven, and the chief Grace and Glory on Earth; they had the learning of Government and ordering their State, Eloquence enough to ſhew their Judgments, and, it ſeems, the beſt Times follow'd *Lycurgus*'s Council: *Literas ad uſum ſaltem diſcebant, reliqua omnis diſciplina erat, ut pulchre parerent, ut labores preferrent, &c.* Had not unlearned *Rome* laid the better Foundation, and built the ſtronger Frame of an admirable

mirable State, eloquent *Rome* had confounded it utterly, which we ſaw ran the way of all Confuſion, the plain courſe of Diſſolution in her greateſt Skill; and though ſhe had not power to undo her ſelf, yet wrought ſhe ſo, that ſhe caſt herſelf quite away from the Glory of a Commonwealth, and fell upon that form of State ſhe ever moſt fear'd and abhor'd of all other; and then ſcarce was there ſeen any ſhadow of Policy under her firſt Emperors, but the moſt horrible and groſs Confuſion that could be conceived; notwithſtanding it ſtill endured, preſerving not only a Monarchy, locked up in her own Limits, but therewithal held under her Obedience ſo many Nations, ſo far diſtant, ſo ill affected, ſo diſorderly commanded and unjuſtly conquer'd, as it is not to be attributed to any other Fate, but to the firſt Frame of that Commonwealth, which was ſo ſtrongly jointed, and with ſuch infinite Combinations interlink'd, as one Nail or other ever held up the Majeſty thereof.

There is but one Learning, which *omnes gentes habent ſcriptum in cordibus ſuis*, one and the ſelf-ſame Spirit that worketh in all. We have but one Body of Juſtice, one Body of Wiſdom throughout the whole World, which is but apparell'd according to the Faſhion of every Nation.

Eloquence and gay Words are not of the Subſtance of Wit; it is but the Garniſh of a nice Time, the Ornaments that do but deck the Houſe of State, *& imitatur publicos mores:* Hunger is as well ſatisfy'd with Meat ſerved in Pewter as Silver. Diſcretion is the beſt Meaſure, the righteſt Foot in what pace ſoever it run. *Eraſmus*, *Rewcline* and *Moore*, brought no more Wiſdom into the World, with all their new revived Words, than we find was before; it bred not a profounder Divine than Saint *Thomas*, a greater Lawyer than *Bartolus*, a more acute Logician than *Scotus*; nor are the Effects of all this great Amaſs of Eloquence ſo admirable, or of

that

that Conſequence, but that *impexa illa Antiquitas* can yet compare with it.

Let us go no farther, but look upon the wonderful Architecture of this State of *England*, and ſee whether they were deformed Times that could give it ſuch a Form. Where there is no one the leaſt Pillar of Majeſty, but was ſet with moſt profound Judgment, and born up with the juſt Conveniency of Prince and People. No Court of Juſtice, but laid by the Rule and Square of Nature, and the beſt of the beſt Commonwealths that ever were in the World; ſo ſtrong and ſubſtantial as it hath ſtood againſt all the Storms of Factions, both of Belief and Ambition, which ſo powerfully beat upon it, and all the tempeſtous Alterations of humorous Times whatſoever; being continually, in all Ages, furniſh'd with Spirits fit to maintain the Majeſty of her own Greatneſs, and to match in an equal Concurrency all other Kingdoms round about her with whom it had to encounter.

But this Innovation, like a Viper, muſt ever make way into the World's Opinion, thorough the Bowels of her own Breeding, and is always born with Reproach in her Mouth; the diſgracing others is the beſt Grace it can put on, to win reputation of Wit, and yet it is never ſo wiſe as it would ſeem, nor doth the World ever get ſo much by it as it imagineth; which being ſo often deceived, and ſeeing it never performs ſo much as it promiſes, methinks Men ſhould never give more credit unto it: For, let us change never ſo often, we cannot change Man, our Imperfections muſt ſtill run on with us, and therefore the wiſer Nations have taught Men always to uſe, *Moribus legibuſque preſentibus etiamſi deteriores ſint.* The *Lacedemonians*, when a Muſician, thinking to win himſelf credit by his new Invention, and be before his Fellows, had added *one String* more to his Crowd, brake his Fiddle, and baniſh'd him the City, holding the Innovator, though in the leaſt Things, dangerous

gerous to a publick Society. It is but a fantaſtick Giddineſs to forſake the way of other Men, eſpecially were it lies tollerable: *Ubi nunc eſt Reſpublica, ibi ſimus potius quam dum illum veterem ſequimur, ſimus in nulla.*

But ſhall we not tend to Perfection? Yes, and that ever beſt by going on in the Courſe we are in, where we have advantage, being ſo far onward, of him that is but now ſetting forth; for we ſhall never proceed, if we be ever beginning, nor arrive at any certain Port, ſayling with all Winds that blow, *Non convaleſcit planta quæ ſæpius transfertur*, and therefore let us hold on in the Courſe we have undertaken, and not ſtill be wandring. Perfection is not the Portion of Man; and if it were, why may we not as well get to it this Way as another? And ſuſpect theſe great Undertakers, leſt they have conſpired with envy to betray our Proceedings, and put us by the honour of our Attempts, with caſting us back upon another Courſe, of purpoſe to overthrow the whole action of Glory, when we lay the faireſt for it, and were ſo near our Hopes. I thank God, that I am none of theſe great Scholars, if thus their high Knowledges do but give them more Eyes to look out into Uncertainty and Confuſion, accounting my ſelf rather beholding to my Ignorance, that hath ſet me in ſo low an under-room of Conceipt with other Men, and hath given me as much Diſtruſt as it hath done Hope, daring not adventure to go alone, but plodding on the plain Tract I find beaten by Cuſtom and the Time, contenting me with what I ſee in uſe.

And ſurely methinks theſe great Wits ſhould rather ſeek to adorn, than to diſgrace the Preſent, bring ſomething to it, without taking from it what it hath; but it is ever the misfortune of Learning, to be wounded by her own Hand. *Stimulos dat æmula virtus*; and when there is not ability to match what is, Malice will find out Engines, either to diſgrace or ruin it, with a perverſe encounter of

ſome

ſome new Impreſſion; and which is the greateſt Miſery, it muſt ever proceed from the Powers of the beſt Reputation, as if the greateſt Spirits were ordain'd to endanger the World, as the groſs are to diſhonour it; and that we were to expect, *ab optimis periculum, à peſſimis dedecus publicum.* Emulation, the ſtrongeſt Pulſe that beats in high Minds, is oftentimes a Wind, but of the worſt Effect; for whilſt the Soul comes diſappointed of the Object it wrought on, it preſently forges another, and even couzens it ſelf, and croſſes all the World, rather than it will ſtay to be under her Deſires, falling out with all it hath, to flatter and make fair that which it would have.

So that it is the ill ſucceſs of our Longings, that with *Xerxes* makes us to whip the Sea, and ſend a Cartel of Defiance to Mount *Athos*; and the Fault laid upon others Weakneſs, is but a preſumptuous Opinion of our own Strength, who muſt not ſeem to be maſter'd: But had our *Adverſary* taught us, by his own Proceedings this way of Perfection, and therein fram'd us a Poem of that Excellency as ſhould have put down all, and been the Maſterpiece of theſe Times, we ſhould all have admired him. But to deprave the preſent Form of Writing, and to bring us nothing but a few looſe and uncharitable *Epigrams*, and yet would make us believe thoſe Numbers were come to raiſe the Glory of our Language, giveth us cauſe to ſuſpect the Performance, and to examine whether this new Art, *conſtat ſibi*, or, *aliquid ſit dictum quod non ſit dictum prius.*

Firſt, We muſt here imitate the *Greeks* and *Latins*, and yet we are here ſhew'd to diſobey them, even in their own Numbers and Quantities; taught to produce what they make ſhort, and make ſhort what they produce; made believe to be ſhew'd Meaſures in that Form we have not ſeen, and no ſuch Matter; ſaid that here is the perfect Art of Verſifying, which in concluſion is yet confeſſed to be imperfect, as if our *Adverſary*, to be oppoſite to us,

were

were become unfaithful to himself; and seeking to lead us out of the way of Reputation, hath adventured to intricate and confound him in his own Courses, running upon most uneven Grounds, with imperfect Rules, weak Proofs and unlawful Laws, whereunto the World, I am persuaded, is not so unreasonable as to subscribe, considering the unjust Authority of the Law-giver; for who hath constituted him to be the *Radamanthus*, thus to torture Syllables, and adjudge them their perpetual Doom, setting his *Theta*, or Mark of Condemnation upon them, to endure the appointed Sentence of his Cruelty, as he shall dispose? As though there were that disobedience in our Words, as they would not be ruled, or stand in order without so many intricate Laws, which would argue a great Perverseness amongst them, according to that, *in pessimâ Republica plurimæ Leges*; or, that they were so far gone from the quiet freedom of Nature, that they must be brought back again by force: And now, in what Case were this poor state of Words, if, in like sort, another Tyrant the next Year should arise and abrogate these Laws, and ordain others clean contrary, according to his Humour, and say, that they were only right, the others unjust? What Disturbance were there here, whom should we obey? Were it not far better to hold us fast to our old Custom, than to stand thus distracted with uncertain Laws, wherein Right shall have as many Faces as it pleases Passion to make it, that whersoever Mens Affections stand, it shall still look that way? What Trifles doth our unconstant Curiosity call up to contend for? What Colours are there laid upon indifferent Things, to make them seem other than they are; as if it were but only to entertain Contestation amongst Men; who standing according to the Prospective of their own Humour, seem to see the self same Things to appear otherwise to them, than either they do to other, or are indeed in themselves, being but all one in Nature.

For

For what ado have we here, what ſtrange Precepts of Art about the framing of *Iambick* Verſe in our Language, which, when all is done, reaches not by a Foot, but falleth out to be the plain ancient Verſe, conſiſting of ten Syllables, or five Feet, which hath ever been uſed among us Time out of mind? And for all this cunning and counterfeit Name, neither can or will be any other in Nature than it hath been ever heretofore; and this new *Dimeter* is but the half of this Verſe divided in two, and no other than the *Cæſura* or Breathing-place in the midſt thereof, and therefore it had been as good to have put two Lines in one, but only to make them ſeem diverſe; nay, it had been much better for the true *Engliſh* Reading and Pronouncing thereof, without violating the Accent, which now our Adverſary hath herein moſt unkindly done; for, being as we are to ſound it, according to our *Engliſh* March, we muſt make a Reſt, and raiſe the laſt Syllable, which falls out very unnatural in *Deſolate*, *Funeral*, *Elizabeth*, *Prodigal*, and in all the reſt, ſaving the Monoſyllables. Then follows the *Engliſh Trochaick*, which is ſaid to be a ſimple Verſe, and ſo indeed it is, being without Rhime; having here no other Grace, than that in Sound it runs like the known Meaſure of our former ancient Verſe, ending (as we term it, according to the *French*) in a feminine Foot, ſaving that it is ſhorter by one Syllable at the Beginning, which is not much miſſed, by reaſon it falls full at the laſt.

Next comes the *Elegiack*, being the fourth Kind, and that likewiſe is no other than our accuſtomed Meaſure of five Feet; if there be any Difference, it muſt be made in the Reading, and therein we muſt ſtand bound to ſtay, where often we would not, and ſometimes either break the Accent, or the due Courſe of the Word. And now for the other four kinds of Numbers, which are to be employ'd for Odes, they are either of the ſame Meaſure, or ſuch as have ever been familiarly uſed amongſt us; ſo that

of all theſe eight ſeveral kinds of new promiſed Numbers, you ſee what we have; only what was our own before, and the ſame but apparell'd in foreign Titles, which had they come in their kind and natural Attire of Rhime, we ſhould never have ſuſpected that they had affected to be other, or ſought to degenerate into ſtrange Manners, which now we ſee was the Cauſe why they were turn'd out of their proper Habit, and brought in as Aliens, only to induce Men to admire them as far Comers: But ſee the power of Nature; it is not all the artificial coverings of Wit, that can hide their native and original Condition, which breaks out thorough the ſtrongeſt Bands of Affectation, and will be it ſelf, do Singularity what it can. And as for thoſe imagin'd quantities of Syllables, which have been ever held free and indifferent in our Language, who can enforce us to take Knowledge of them, being *in nullius verba jurati*, and owing Fealty to no foreign Invention; eſpecially in ſuch a Caſe, where there is no Neceſſity in Nature, or that it imports either the Matter or Form, whether it be ſo or otherwiſe. But every Verſifier that well obſerves his Work, finds in our Language, without all theſe unneceſſary Precepts, what Number beſt fit the Nature of her Idiom, and the proper Places deſtined to ſuch Accents, as ſhe will not let into any other Rooms, than in thoſe for which they were born. As for Example, you cannot make this fall into the right Sound of a Verſe,

None thinks Reward rendred worthy his Worth,

unleſs you thus miſplace the Accent upon *Rendred* and *Worthy*, contrary to the Nature of theſe Words, which ſheweth that two feminine Numbers (or Trochees, if ſo you will call them) will not ſucceed in the third and fourth Place of the Verſe. And ſo likewiſe in this Caſe,

Tho'

Tho' Death doth conſume, yet Virtue preſerves,

it will not be a Verſe, though it hath the juſt Syllables, without the ſame Number in the ſecond, and the altering of the fourth Place, in this ſort,

Tho' Death doth ruine, Virtue yet preſerves.

Again, who knows not that we cannot kindly anſwer a feminine Number with a maſculine Rhime, or (if you will ſo term it) a *Trochei* with a *Sponde*, as *Weakneſs* with *Confeſs*, *Nature* and *endure*, only for that thereby we ſhall wrong the Accent, the chief Lord and grave Governour of Numbers; alſo you cannot, in a Verſe of four Feet, place a *Trochei* in the firſt, without the like Offence, as,

Yearly out of his watry Cell.

for ſo you ſhall ſound it, *Yearlie*, which is unnatural: And other ſuch like Obſervations occur, which Nature and a judicial Ear of themſelves teach us readily to avoid.

But now for whom hath our Adverſary taken all this pain, for the Learned, or for the Ignorant, or for himſelf to ſhew his own Skill? If for the Learned, it is to no Purpoſe, for every Grammarian in this Land hath learned his *Proſodia*, and already knows this Art of Numbers: If for the Ignorant, it was vain; for if they become Verſifiers, we are like to have lean Numbers inſtead of fat Rhime. And if *Tully* would have his Orator skill'd in all the Knowledges appertaining to God and Man, what ſhould they have who would be a Degree above Orators? Why then it was to ſhew his own Skill, and what himſelf had obſerv'd; ſo he might well have done, without doing wrong to the Honour of the Dead, wrong to the Fame of the Living, and wrong to *England*, in ſeeking to lay Reproach up-

on her native Ornaments, and to turn the fair Stream and full Courſe of her Accents, into the ſhallow Current of a looſe Uncertainty, clean out of the way of her known Delight. And I thought it could never have proceeded from the Pen of a Scholar (who ſees no Profeſſion free from the impure Mouth of the Scorner) to ſay the Reproach of others idle Tongues is the Curſe of Nature upon us, when it is rather her Curſe upon him that knows not how to uſe his Tongue. What, doth he think himſelf is now gotten ſo far out of the way of Contempt, that his Numbers are gone beyond the reach of Obloquy; and that how frivolous or idle ſoever they ſhall run, they ſhall be protected from Diſgrace, as though that light Rhimes and right Numbers did not weigh all alike in the grave Opinion of the Wiſe? And that it is not Rhime, but our idle Arguments that hath brought down to ſo baſe a Reckoning, the Price and Eſtimation of Writing in this Kind: When the few good Things of this Age, by coming together in one Throng, and preſs with the many Bad, are not diſcerned from them, but overlooked with them, and all taken to be alike; but when After-times ſhall make a queſt of Enquiry, to examine the beſt of this Age, peradventure there will be found, in the now contending Records of Rhime, Matter not unfitting the graveſt Divine, and ſevereſt Lawyer in this Kingdom: But theſe Things muſt have the Date of Antiquity to make them Reverend and Authentical, for ever in the Collation of Writers, Men rather weigh their Age than their Merit, * *& legunt Priſcos cum reverentia, quando Coætaneos non poſſunt ſine invidia.* And let no Writer in Rhime be any way diſcouraged in his Endeavour by this brave Allarum, but rather animated to bring up all the beſt of their Powers, and charge withal the ſtrength of Nature and Induſtry upon

* *Simplicius longe poſita miramur.*

upon Contempt, that the Shew of their real Forces may turn back Inſolency into her own Hold; for, be ſure that Innovation never works any Overthrow, but upon the Advantage of a careleſs Idleneſs, and let this make us look the better to our Feet, the better to our Matter, better to our Manners. Let the Adverſary that thought to hurt us, bring more Profit and Honour, by being againſt us, than if he had ſtood ſtill on our Side; for that (next to the Awe of Heaven) the beſt Rein, the ſtrongeſt Hand to make Men keep their Way, is, that which their Enemy bears upon them: And let this be the Benefit we make by being oppugned, and the Means to redeem back the good Opinion, Vanity and Idleneſs have ſuffered to be won from us, which nothing but Subſtance and Matter can Effect: For,

Scribendi rectè ſapere eſt & principium & fons.

When we hear Muſick, we muſt be in our Ear, in the Utter-room of Senſe; but when we entertain Judgment, we retire into the Cabinet and innermoſt withdrawing Chamber of the Soul: And it is but as Muſick for the Ear,

Verba ſequi fidibus modulanda Latinis.

but it is a Work of Power for the Soul.

Numeroſque modoſque ediſcere vitæ.

The moſt judicial and worthy Spirits of this Land are not ſo delicate, or will owe ſo much to their Ear, as to reſt upon the outſide of Words, and be entertain'd with Sound; ſeeing that both Number, Meaſure and Rhime is but as the Ground or Seat, whereupon is raiſed the Work that commends it, and which may be eaſily at the firſt found out by any ſhallow Conceit; as we ſee ſome fantaſtick to begin a Faſhion, which afterward Gravity it ſelf is

fain to put on, becauſe it will not be out of the Wear of other Men, and *Recti apud nos locum tenet error ubi publicus factus eſt.* And Power and Strength that can plant it ſelf any where, having built within this Compaſs, and rear'd it of ſo high a Reſpect, we now imbrace it as the fitteſt Dwelling for our Invention, and have thereon beſtow'd all the Subſtance of our Underſtanding to furniſh it as it is; and therefore here I ſtand forth, only to make good the Place we have thus taken up, and to defend the ſacred Monuments erected therein, which contain the Honour of the Dead, the Fame of the Living, the Glory of Peace, and the beſt Power of our Speech, and wherein ſo many honourable Spirits have ſacrificed to Memory their deareſt Paſſions, ſhewing by what Divine Influence they have been moved, and under what Stars they lived.

But yet notwithſtanding all this which I have here delivered in the Defence of Rhime, I am not ſo far in love with mine own Myſtery, or will ſeem ſo froward, as to be againſt the Reformation, and the better ſettling theſe Meaſures of ours; wherein there be many Things, I could wiſh were more certain and better ordered, though my ſelf dare not take upon me to be a Teacher therein, having ſo much need to learn of others. And I muſt confeſs, that to mine own Ear, thoſe continual Cadences of Couplets uſed in long and continued Poems, are very tireſom and unpleaſing, by reaſon that ſtill methinks they run on with a Sound of one Nature, and a kind of Certainty which ſtuffs the Delight rather than entertains it. But yet notwithſtanding, I muſt not out of my own Daintineſs condemn this kind of Writing, which peradventure to another may ſeem moſt delightful; and many worthy Compoſitions we ſee to have paſſed with Commendation in that kind. Beſides, methinks ſometimes to beguile the Ear with a running out and paſſing over the Rhime, as no Bound to ſtay us in the Line where the Violence of the

Matter

Matter will break thorough, is rather graceful than otherwiſe. Wherein I find my *Homer-Lucan*, as if he gloried to ſeem to have no Bounds; albeit, he were confined within his Meaſures, to be in my Conceit moſt happy; for ſo thereby, they who care not for Verſe or Rhime, may paſs it over without taking Notice thereof, and pleaſe themſelves with a well-meaſured Proſe. And I muſt confeſs my Adverſary hath wrought this much upon me, that I think a Tragedy would indeed beſt comport with a Blank Verſe, and diſpenſe with Rhime, ſaving in the *Chorus*, or where a Sentence ſhall require a Couplet: And to avoid this overglutting the Ear with that always certain and full encounter of Rhime, I eſſay'd in ſome of my Epiſtles to alter the uſual Place of Meeting, and to ſet it farther off by one Verſe, to try how I could diſuſe my own Ear, and to eaſe it of this continual Burthen, which indeed ſeems to ſurcharge it a little too much, but as yet I cannot come to pleaſe my ſelf therein; this alternate or croſs Rhime, holding ſtill the beſt Place in my Affection.

Beſides, to me this Change of Number in a Poem of one Nature fits not ſo well, as to mix uncertainly Feminine Rhimes with Maſculine, which, ever ſince I was warned of that Deformity by my kind Friend and Countryman, Mr. *Hugh Samford*, I have always ſo avoided it, as there are not above two Couplets in that kind in all my Poem of the *Civil Wars*; and I would willingly if I could, have altered it in the reſt, holding feminine Rhimes to be fitteſt for Ditties, and either to be ſet certain, or elſe by themſelves: But in theſe Things, I ſay, I dare not take upon me to teach that they ought to be ſo, in reſpect my ſelf holds them to be ſo, or that I think it right; for indeed there is no Right in theſe Things that are continnally in a wandring Motion, carried with the Violence of our uncertain Likings, being but only the Time that gives them their Power. For if this Right,

or Truth, ſhould be no other Thing than what we make it, we ſhall ſhape it in a Thouſand Figures, ſeeing this excellent Painter Man can ſo well lay the Colours which himſelf grinds in his own Affections, as that he will make them ſerve for any Shadow, and any Counterfeit. But the greateſt Hinderer of our Proceediugs, and the Reformation of our Errors, is this Self-Love, whereunto we Verſifiers are ever noted to be eſpecially ſubject; a Diſeaſe of all other the moſt dangerous and incurable, being once ſeated in the Spirits, for which there is no Cure, but only by a ſpiritual Remedy; *Multos puto, ad ſapientiam potuiſſe pervenire, niſi putaſſent ſe perveniſſe:* And this Opinion of our Sufficiency makes ſo great a Crack in our Judgment, as it will hardly ever hold any thing of Worth, *Cæcus amor ſui*, and though it would ſeem to ſee all without it, yet certainly it diſcerns but little within. For there is not the ſimpleſt Writer that will ever tell himſelf he doth ill, but as if he were the Paraſite only to ſooth his own Doings, perſwades him that his Lines cannot but pleaſe others, which ſo much delight himſelf:

Suffenus eſt quiſque ſibi ---neque idem unquain.
Æque eſt beatus, ac Poema cum ſcribit,
Tam gaudet in ſe tamque ſe ipſe miratur.

And the more to ſhew that he is ſo, we ſhall ſee him evermore in all Places, and to all Perſons, repeating his own Compoſitions: And,

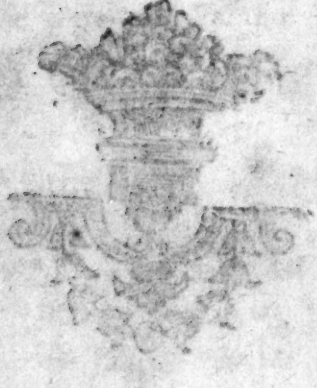
Quem vero arripuit, tenet occiditque legendo.

Next to this Deformity ſtands our Affectation, wherein we always bewray our ſelves to be both unkind and unnatural to our own Native Language, in diſguiſing or forging ſtrange or unuſual Words, as if it were to make our Verſe ſeem another kind of

Speech

Speech out of the Courſe of our uſual Practice, diſplacing our Words, or inveſting new, openly upon a Singularity; when our own accuſtomed Phraſe, ſet in the due Place, would expreſs us more familiarly and to better Delight, than all this idle Affectation of Antiquity or Novelty can ever do. And I cannot but wonder at the ſtrange Preſumption of ſome Men, that dare ſo audaciouſly to introduce any whatſoever foreign Words, be they never ſo ſtrange; and of themſelves as it were, without a Parliament, without any Conſent or Allowance, ſtabliſh them as Free-Denizens in our Language. But this is but a Character of that perpetual Revolution which we ſee to be in all Things that never remain the ſame, and we muſt herein be content to ſubmit our ſelves to the Law of Time, which in few a Years will make all that for which we now contend, *Nothing*.

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THE COMPLAINT OF *ROSAMOND.*



LONDON:

Printed in the Year M DCC XVII.

THE

COMPLAINT

OF

ROSAMOND.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND.

OUT from the Horror of infernal Deeps,
My poor afflicted Ghoſt comes here to plain it,
Attended with my Shame that never ſleeps,
The Spot wherewith my Kind and Youth did ſtain it;
My Body found a Grave where to contain it:
A Sheet could hide my Face, but not my Sin,
For Fame finds never Tomb t'incloſe it in.

And which is worſe, my Soul is now denied
Her Tranſport to the ſweet *Elyſian* Reſt,
The joyful Bliſs for Ghoſts repurified,
The ever-ſpringing Gardens of the Bleſt:
Charon denies me Waſtage with the reſt,
And ſays, My Soul can never paſs the River,
Till Lovers Sighs on Earth ſhall it deliver.

So ſhall I never paſs; for how ſhould I
Procure this Sacrifice amongſt the Living?
Time hath long ſince worn out the Memory
Both of my Life, and Lives unjuſt depriving,
Sorrow for me is dead for aye reviving.

Roſa-

Roſamond hath little left her but her Name,
And that diſgrac'd, for Time hath wrong'd the ſame.

No *Muſe* ſuggeſts the Pity of my Caſe,
Each Pen doth overpaſs my juſt Complaint,
Whilſt others are preferr'd, tho far more baſe;
Shore's Wife is grac'd, and paſſes for a Saint;
Her Legend juſtifies her foul Attaint:
Her well-told Tale did ſuch Compaſſion find,
That ſhe is paſs'd, and I am left behind.

Which ſeen with Grief, my miſerable Ghoſt,
(Whilom inveſted in ſo fair a Vail,
Which, whilſt it liv'd, was honour'd of the moſt;
And being dead, gives Matter to bewail)
Comes to ſollicite thee (whilſt others fail)
To take this Task, and in thy woful Song
To form my Caſe, and regiſter my Wrong.

Although I know thy juſt lamenting Muſe,
Toil'd in th' Affection of thy thine own Diſtreſs;
In others Cares hath little Time to uſe,
And therefore may'ſt eſteem of mine the leſs;
Yet as thy Hopes attend happy Redreſs:
The Joys depending on a Woman's Grace,
So move thy Mind, a woful Woman's Caſe.

Delia may hap to deign to read our Story,
And offer up her Sighs amongſt the reſt,
Whoſe Merit would ſuffice for both our Glory,
Whereby thou might'ſt be grac'd and I be bleſt,
That Indulgence would profit me the beſt:
Such Pow'r ſhe hath by whom thy Youth is led,
To joy the Living, and to bleſs the Dead.

So I (through Beauty) made the woful'ſt Wight,
By Beauty might have comfort after Death;
That dying faireſt, by the Faireſt might
Find Life above on Earth, and Reſt beneath:
She that can bleſs us with one happy Breath,

Give

Give Comfort to thy *Muſe* to do her beſt,
That thereby thou may'ſt joy, and I may reſt.

Thus ſaid, forthwith mov'd with a tender Care
And Pity (which my ſelf could never find,)
What ſhe deſir'd my Muſe deign'd to declare,
And therefore will'd her boldly tell her Mind:
And I (more willing) took this Charge aſſign'd,
Becauſe her Griefs were worthy to be known,
And telling hers, might hap forget mine own.

Then write (quoth ſhe) the Ruin of my Youth,
Report the Downfal of my ſlipp'ry State;
Of all my Life reveal the ſimple Truth,
To teach to others what I learnt too late;
Exemplify my Frailty, tell how Fate
Keeps in eternal Dark our Fortunes hidden,
And e'er they come to know them 'tis forbidden.

For whilſt the Sun-ſhine of my Fortune laſted,
I joy'd the happieſt Warmth, the ſweeteſt Heat
That ever yet imperious Beauty taſted:
I had what Glory ever Fleſh could get;
But this fair Morning had a ſhameful Set;
Diſgrace, dark'd Honour, Sin did cloud my Brow,
As note the Sequel, and I'll tell thee how.

The Blood I ſtain'd was good, and of the beſt;
My Birth had Honour, and my Beauty Fame;
Nature and Fortune joyn'd to make me bleſt,
Had I had Grace t' have known to uſe the ſame.
My Education ſhew'd from whence it came,
And all concur'd to make me Happy firſt,
That ſo great Hope might make me more accurſt.

Happy liv'd I, whilſt Parents Eye did guide
The Indiſcretion of my feeble Ways;
And Country Home kept me from being ey'd,
Where beſt, unknown, I ſpent my ſweeteſt Days,
Till that my Friends mine Honour ſought to raiſe

To

To higher Place, which greater Credit yields,
Deeming ſuch Beauty was unfit for Fields.

From Country then to Court I was prefer'd,
From Calm to Storms, from Shoar into the Deeps;
There, where I periſh'd, where my Youth firſt err'd,
There, where I loſt the Flower which Honour keeps,
There, where the Worſer thrives, the Better weeps:
Ah me! (poor Wench) on this unhappy Shelf,
I grounded me, and caſt away my ſelf.

There, where as frail and tender Beauty ſtands,
With all aſſaulting Powers environed;
Having but Prayers and weak feeble Hands
To hold their Honours Fort unvanquiſhed;
There where to ſtand, and be unconquered,
Is to b' above the Nature of our Kind,
That cannot long, for pity, be unkind.

For thither com'd, when Years had arm'd my Youth,
With rareſt Proof of Beauty ever ſeen:
When my reviving Eye had learnt the Truth,
That it had power to make the Winter green,
And flour Affections, whereas none had been;
Soon could I teach my Brow to tyrannize,
And make the World do Homage to mine Eyes.

For Age I ſaw (tho Years with cold Conceit
Congeal'd their Thoughts againſt a warm Deſire,)
Yet ſigh their Want, and look at ſuch a Bait:
I ſay how Youth was Wax before the Fire;
I ſaw by ſtealth, I fram'd my Look a Lyre,
Yet well perceiv'd how Fortune made me then
The Envy of my Sex, and Wonder unto Men.

Look how a Comet, at the firſt appearing,
Draws all Mens Eyes with wonder to behold it;
Or as the ſaddeſt Tale, at ſudden hearing,
Takes ſilent, liſtning unto him that told it;
So did my Speech, when Rubies did unfold it;

So

So did the blazing of my Bluſh appear,
T'amaze the World that holds ſuch Sights ſo dear.

Ah Beauty! *Syren*, fair enchanting Good,
Sweet ſilent Rhetorick of perſwading Eyes;
Dumb Eloquence, whoſe Power doth move the Blood,
More than the Words or Wiſdom of the Wiſe;
Still Harmony, whoſe Diapaſon lies
Within a Brow; the Key which Paſſions move
To raviſh Senſe, and play a World in love.

What might I then not do, whoſe Power is ſuch?
What cannot Women do that know their Power?
What Women knows it not (I fear too much)
How Bliſs or Bale lies in their Laugh or Lour?
Whilſt they enjoy their happy blooming Flower,
Whilſt Nature decks them in their beſt Attires
Of Youth and Beauty, which the World admires.

Such one was I, my Beauty was mine own;
No borrowed Bluſh, which Bankrupt Beauties ſeek,
That new found Shame, a Sin to us unknown;
Th' adulterate Beauty of a falſed Cheek,
Vile Stain to Honour and to Women eke;
Seeing that Time our fading muſt detect,
Thus with Defect to cover our Defect.

Impiety of Times, Chaſtity's Abator,
Falſhood, wherein thy ſelf thy ſelf denieſt;
Treaſon to counterfeit the Seal of Nature,
The Stamp of Heaven, impreſſed by the Higheſt;
Diſgrace unto the World, to whom thou lieſt:
Idol unto thy ſelf, Shame to the Wiſe,
And all that honour thee Idolatrize.

Far was that Sin from us, whoſe Age was pure,
When ſimple Beauty was accounted beſt;
The Time when Women had no other Lure
But Modeſty, pure Cheeks, a vertuous Breaſt,
This was the Pomp wherewith my Youth was bleſt:

These

These were the Weapons which mine Honour won,
In all the Conflicts which mine Eyes begun;

Which were not small, I wrought on no mean Object,
A Crown was at my Feet, Scepters obey'd me;
Whom Fortune made my King, Love made my Subject,
Who did command the Land, most humbly pray'd me,
Henry the Second, that so highly weigh'd me;
Found well (by Proof) the Privilege of Beauty,
That it had Power to countermand all Duty.

For after all his Victories in *France*,
And all the Triumphs of his Honour won;
Unmatch'd by Sword, was vanquish'd by a Glance,
And hotter Wars within his Breast begun:
Wars, whom whole Legions of Desires drew on;
Against all which, my Chastity contends
With force of Honour, which my Shame defends.

No Armour might be found that could defend
Transpiercing Rays of christal pointed Eyes;
No Stratagem, no Reason could amend,
No, not his Age; (yet old Men should be wise)
But Shews deceive, outward Appearance lies.
Let none for seeming so think Saints of others;
For all are Men, and all have suck'd their Mothers.

Who would have thought a Monarch would have ever
Obey'd his Hand-Maid of so mean Estate;
Vulture Ambition feeding on his Liver,
Age having worn his Pleasures out of date;
But Hap comes never, or it comes too late:
For such a Dainty which his Youth found not,
Unto his feeble Age did chance a Lot.

Ah Fortune! never absolutely good,
For that some Cross still counter-checks our Luck;
As here behold th' incompatible Blood
Of Age and Youth, was that whereon we stuck,
Whose loathing we from Nature's Breasts do suck;

As

As oppoſite to what our Blood requires,
For equal Age doth equal like Deſires.

But mighty Men, in higheſt Honour ſitting,
Nought but Applauſe and Pleaſure can behold:
Sooth'd in their liking, careleſs what is fitting,
May not be ſuffer'd once to think they're old:
Not truſting what they ſee, but what is told.
Miſerable Fortune to forget ſo far
The State of Fleſh, and what our Frailties are.

Yet muſt I need excuſe ſo great Defect
For drinking of the *Lethe* of mine Eyes,
He's forc'd to forget himſelf, and all Reſpect
Of Majeſty, whereon his State relies:
And now of Loves and Pleaſures muſt deviſe.
For thus reviv'd again, he ſerves and ſu'th,
And ſeeks all Means to undermine my Youth.

Which never by Aſſault he could recover,
So well encamp'd in Strength of chaſte Deſires:
My clean-arm'd Thoughts repell'd an unchaſt Lover,
The Crown that could command what it requires,
I leſſer priz'd than Chaſtity's Attires.
Th' unſtain'd Vail, which Innocents adorns,
Th' ungather'd Roſe, defended with the Thorns.

And ſafe mine Honour ſtood, till that in Truth,
One of my Sex, of Place and Nature bad,
Was ſet in Ambuſh to intrap my Youth.
One in the Habit of like Frailty clad,
One who the Liv'ry of like Weakneſs had.
A ſeeming Matron, yet a ſinful Monſter,
As by her Words the chaſter Sort may conſtrue.

She ſet upon me with the ſmootheſt Speech
That Court and Age could cunningly deviſe:
Th' one authentick, made her fit to teach,
The other learn'd her how to ſubtilize.
Both were enough to circumvent the Wiſe.

A Document that well might teach the Sage,
That there's no Truſt in Youth, nor Hope in Age.

Daughter (ſaid ſhe) behold thy happy Chance,
That haſt the Lot caſt down into thy Lap,
Whereby thou may'ſt thy Honour great advance,
Whilſt thou (unhappy) wilt not ſee thy Hap:
Such fond Reſpect thy Youth doth ſo inwrap,
T'oppoſe thy ſelf againſt thine own good Fortune,
That points thee out, and ſeems thee to importune.

Doſt thou not ſee, how that thy King (thy *Jove*)
Lightens forth Glory on thy dark Eſtate:
And ſhowers down Gold and Treaſure from Above,
Whilſt thou doſt ſhut thy Lap againſt thy Fate?
Fie, Fondling, fie, thou wilt repent too late
The Error of thy Youth; that canſt not ſee
What is thy Fortune that doth follow thee.

Thou muſt not think thy Flower can always flouriſh,
And that thy Beauty will be ſtill admir'd;
But that thoſe Rays which all theſe Flames do nouriſh,
Cancell'd with Time, will have their Date expired,
And Men will ſcorn what now is ſo deſired.
Our Frailties Doom is written in the Flowers,
Which flouriſh now, and fade e'er many Hours.

Read in my Face the Ruins of my Youth,
The Wreck of Years upon my aged Brow;
I have been fair (I muſt confeſs the Truth)
And ſtood upon as nice Reſpects as thou;
I loſt my Time, and I repent it now.
But were I to begin my Youth again,
I would redeem the Time I ſpent in vain.

But thou haſt Years and Privilege to uſe them,
Thy Privilege doth bear Beauty's great Seal;
Beſides, the Law of Nature doth excuſe them,
To whom thy Youth may have a juſt Appeal.
Eſteem not Fame more than thou doſt thy Weal.

Fame

Fame (whereof the World ſeems to make ſuch
Is but an Eccho, and an idle Voice. [Choice)

Then why ſhould this Reſpect of Honour bound us,
In th' imaginary Liſts of Reputation?
Titles which cold Severity hath found us,
Breath of the Vulgar, Foe to Recreation:
Melancholy's Opinion, Cuſtom's Relation;
Pleaſure's Plague, Beauty's Scourge, Hell to the Fair,
To leave the Sweet for Caſtles in the Air.

Pleaſure is felt, Opinion but conceiv'd,
Honour, a Thing without us, not our own;
Whereof we ſee how many are bereav'd,
Which ſhould have reap'd the Glory they had ſown:
Aud many have it, yet unworthy, known.
So breaths his Blaſt this many-headed Beaſt,
Whereof the wiſeſt have eſteemed leaſt.

The ſubtil City-women, better learn'd,
Eſteem them chaſt enough that beſt ſeem ſo:
Who tho' they ſport, it ſhall not be diſcern'd,
Their Face bewraies not what their Bodies do;
'Tis wary Walking that does ſafelieſt go.
With Shew of Vertue, as the Cunning knows,
Babes are beguil'd with Sweets, and Men with
(Shows.

Then uſe thy Tallent, Youth ſhall be thy Warrant,
And let not Honour from thy Sports detract:
Thou muſt not fondly think thy ſelf tranſparent,
That thoſe who ſee thy Face can judge thy Fact,
Let her have Shame that cannot cloſely act.
And ſeem the chaſte, which is the chiefeſt Art,
For what we ſeem each ſee, none knows our Heart.

What, doſt thou ſtand on this, that he is Old?
Thy Beauty hath the more to work upon,
Thy Pleaſure's Want ſhall be ſupply'd with Gold,
Cold Age dotes moſt, when Heat of Youth is gone:
Enticing Words prevail with ſuch a one.

Alluring

Alluring Shews moſt deep Impreſſion ſtrikes,
For Age is prone to credit what it likes.

Here interrupt, ſhe leaves me in a Doubt,
When lo! began the Combat in my Blood,
Seeing my Youth inviron'd round about,
The Ground uncertain where my Reaſons ſtood;
Small my Defence to make my Party good,
Againſt ſuch Powers which were ſo ſurely laid,
To overthrow a poor unskilful Maid.

Treaſon was in my Bones, my ſelf conſpiring
To ſell my ſelf to Luſt, my Soul to Sin:
Pure bluſhing Shame was even in retiring,
Leaving the ſacred Hold it gloried in.
Honour lay proſtrate for my Fleſh to win,
When cleaner Thoughts my Weakneſs gan upbray
Againſt my ſelf, and Shame did force me ſay;

Ah! *Roſamond*, what doth thy Fleſh prepare?
Deſtruction to thy Days, Death to thy Fame;
Wilt thou betray that Honour held with Care,
T' intomb with black Reproach a ſpotted Name?
Leaving thy Bluſh, the Colours of thy Shame?
Opening thy Feet to Sin, thy Soul to Luſt,
Graceleſs to lay thy Glory in the Duſt?

Nay firſt let the Earth gape wide to ſwallow thee,
And ſhut thee up in Boſom with her Dead,
E'er Serpent tempt thee taſte forbidden Tree,
Or feel the Warmth of an unlawful Bed,
Suffering thy ſelf by Luſt to be miſled;
So to diſgrace thy ſelf and grieve thine Heirs,
That *Clifford*'s Race ſhould ſcorn thee one of theirs.

Never wiſh longer to enjoy the Air,
Than that thou breath'ſt the Breath of Chaſtity:
Longer than thou preſerv'ſt thy Soul as fair
As thy Face, free from Impurity.
Thy Face, that makes thee admir'd in every Eye,

Where

Where Nature's Care ſuch Rarities enrol,
Which us'd amiſs, may ſerve to damn thy Soul.

But what? he is my King, and may conſtrain me,
Whether I yield or not I live defamed.
The World will think Authority did gain me,
I ſhall be judg'd his Love, and ſo be ſhamed,
We ſee the Fair condemn'd, that never gamed.
And if I yield, 'tis honourable Shame,
If not, I live diſgrac'd, yet thought the ſame.

What Way is left thee then (unhappy Maid!)
Whereby thy ſpotleſs Foot may wander out
This dreadful Danger, which thou ſeeſt is laid,
Wherein thy Shame doth compaſs thee about?
Thy ſimple Years cannot reſolve this Doubt.
Thy Youth can never guide thy Foot ſo even,
But (in deſpite) ſome Scandal will be given.

Thus ſtood I ballanc'd equally preciſe,
Till my frail Fleſh did weigh me down to Sin;
Till World and Pleaſure made me partialize,
And glittering Pomp my Vanity did win,
When to excuſe my Fault my Luſts begin,
And impious Thoughts alledg'd this wanton Clauſe,
That though I ſinn'd, my Sin had honeſt Cauſe.

So well the golden Balls caſt down before me,
Could entertain my Courſe, hinder my Way:
Whereat my wretchleſs Youth ſtooping to ſtore me,
Loſt me the Goal, the Glory and the Day.
Pleaſure had ſet my well-ſchool'd Thoughts to play,
And bid me uſe the Vertue of mine Eyes,
For ſweetly it fits the Fair to wantonize.

Thus wrought to Sin, ſoon was I train'd from Court,
T' a ſolitary Grange, there to attend
The Time the King ſhould thither make Reſort,
Where he Love's long deſired Work ſhould end.
Thither he daily Meſſages doth ſend,

With

With coſtly Jewels (Orators of Love,)
Which (ah! too well Men know) do Women move.

The Day before the Night of my Defeature,
He greets me with a Casket richly wrought;
So rare, that Art did ſeem to ſtrive with Nature,
T' expreſs the cunning Workman's curious Thought;
The Myſtery whereof I prying ſought,
And found engraven on the Lid above,
Amymone, how ſhe with *Neptune* ſtrove.

Amymone, old *Danaus* faireſt Daughter,
As ſhe was fetching Water all alone
At *Lerna:* whereas *Neptune* came and caught her,
From whom ſhe ſtriv'd and ſtruggled to be gone,
Bathing the Air with Cries and piteous Moan;
But all in vain, with him ſhe's forc'd to go,
'Tis ſhame that Men ſhould uſe poor Maidens ſo.

There might I ſee deſcribed how ſhe lay,
At thoſe proud Feet, not ſatisfy'd with Prayer:
Wailing her heavy Hap, curſing the Day,
In Act ſo pitious to expreſs Deſpair.
And by how much more griev'd, ſo much more fair.
Her Tears upon her Cheeks (poor careful Girl!)
Did ſeem againſt the Sun Chriſtal and Pearl:

Whoſe pure clear Streams (which lo ſo fair appears)
Wrought hotter Flames (O Miracle of Love)
That kindles Fire in Water, Heat in Tears,
And make neglected Beauty mightier prove,
Teaching afflicted Eyes Affect to move;
To ſhew that nothing ill becomes the Fair,
But Cruelty, which yields unto no Prayer.

This having view'd, and therewith ſomething moved,
Figured I find within the other Squares,
Transformed *Io*, *Iones* dearly lov'd;
In her Affliction how ſhe ſtrangely fares;
Strangely diſtreſs'd (O Beauty, born to Cares!)

Turn'd

Turn'd to a Heifer, kept with jealous Eyes,
Always in danger of her hateful Spies.

These Precedents presented to my View,
Wherein the Presage of my Fall was shown,
Might have forewarn'd me well what would ensue,
And others Harms have made me shun mine own;
But Fate is not prevented, though foreknown:
For that must hap, decreed by heavenly Powers,
Who work our Fall, yet make the Fault still ours.

Witness the World, wherein is nothing rifer,
Than Miseries unken'd before they come:
Who can the Characters of Chance decipher,
Written in Clouds of our concealed Doom?
Which though perhaps have been reveal'd to some,
Yet that so doubtful (as Success did prove them)
That Men must know they have the Heav'ns above [them.

I saw the Sin wherein my Foot was entring;
I saw how that Dishonour did attend it;
I saw the Shame whereon my Flesh was venting,
Yet had I not the Power for to defend it;
So weak is Sense, when Error hath condemn'd it,
We see what's Good, and thereto we consent;
But yet we chuse the Worst, and soon repent.

And now I come to tell the worst of Illness;
Now draws the Date of mine Affliction near.
Now when the Dark had wrapt up all in Stillness,
And dreadful Black had dispossest the Clear,
Come'd was the Night (Mother of Sleep and Fear)
Who with her sable Mantle friendly covers
The sweet stoll'n Sport of joyful meeting Lovers.

When, lo! I joy'd my Lover, not my Love,
And felt the Hand of Lust most undesired;
Enforc'd th' unproved bitter Sweet to prove,
Which yields no natural Pleasure when 'tis hired;
Love's not constrain'd, nor yet of due requited:

Judge they who are unfortunately wed,
What 'tis to come unto a loathed Bed.

But ſoon his Age receiv'd his ſhort Contenting,
And Sleep ſeal'd up his languiſhing Deſires;
When he turns to his Reſt, I to Repenting,
Into my ſelf my waking Thought retires;
My Nakedneſs had prov'd my Senſes Liars.
Now open'd were mine Eyes to look therein,
For firſt we taſte the Fruit, then ſee our Sin.

Now did I find my ſelf unparadis'd,
From thoſe pure Fields of my ſo clean Beginning:
Now I perceiv'd how ill I was adviſ'd,
My Fleſh gan loath the new-felt Touch of Sinning;
Shame leaves us by degrees, not at firſt winning:
For Nature checks a new Offence with loathing;
But uſe of Sin doth make it ſeem as nothing.

And uſe of Sin did work in me a Boldneſs;
And Love in him incorporates ſuch Zeal;
That Jealouſy increas'd with Age's Coldneſs,
Fearing to looſe the Joy of all his Weal,
Or doubting Time his Stealth might elſe reveal;
He's driven to deviſe ſome ſubtile Way,
How he might ſafelieſt keep ſo rich a Prey.

A ſtately Palace he forthwith did build,
Whoſe intricate innumerable Ways,
With ſuch confuſed Errors, ſo beguil'd
Th' unguided Entrers with uncertain Strays,
And doubtful Turnings kept them in Delays;
With bootleſs Labour leading them about,
Able to find no Way, nor in, nor out.

Within the cloſed Boſom of which Frame,
That ſerv'd a Centre to that goodly Round,
Were Lodgings, with a Garden to the ſame,
With ſweeteſt Flowers that e'er adorn'd the Ground,
And all the Pleaſures that Delight hath found

T'

T' entertain the Senſe of wanton Eyes,
Fuel of Love, from whence Luſts Flames ariſe.

Here I incloſ'd, from all the World aſunder,
The Miniature of Shame kept for Diſgrace;
The Monſter of Fortune, and the World's Wonder,
Liv'd cloiſtred in ſo deſolate a Caſe:
None but the King might come into the Place,
With certain Maids that did attend my Need,
And he himſelf came guided by a Thread.

O Jealouſy! Daughter of Envy and Love,
Moſt wayward Iſſue of a gentle Sire;
Foſter'd with Fears, thy Father's Joys t' improve;
Mirth-marring Monſter, born a ſubtle Liar;
Hateful unto thy ſelf, flying thine own Deſire;
Feeding upon Suſpect, that doth renew thee;
Happy were Lovers if they never knew thee.

Thou haſt a thouſand Gates thou entereſt by,
Condemning trembling Paſſions to our Heart:
Hundred-ey'd *Argus*, ever waking Spy,
Pale Hagg, infernal Fury, Pleaſures Smart,
Envious Obſerver, prying in every Part;
Suſpicious, fearful, gazing ſtill about thee;
O would to God that Love could be without thee.

Thou did'ſt deprive (through falſe ſuggeſting Fear)
Him of Content, and me of Liberty,
The only Good that Women hold ſo dear,
And turn'ſt my Freedom to Captivity,
Firſt made a Priſoner e're an Enemy:
Enjoyn'd the Ranſom of my Body's Shame,
Which though I paid, could not redeem the ſame.

What greater Torment ever could have been,
Than to enforce the Fair to live retir'd?
For what is Beauty if it be not ſeen?
Or what is't to be ſeen, if not admir'd?
And though admir'd, unleſs in Love deſir'd?

Never were Cheeks of Roſes, Locks of Amber,
Ordain'd to live impriſon'd in a Chamber.

Nature created Beauty for the View,
(Like as the Fire for Heat, the Sun for Light:)
The Fair do hold this Privilege as due,
By ancient Charter, to live moſt in ſight,
And ſhe that is debarr'd it, hath not right.
In vain our Frinds from this do us dehort,
For Beauty will be where is moſt Reſort.

Witneſs the faireſt Streets that *Thames* doth viſit,
The wondrous Concourſe of the glittring Fair;
For what rare Woman, deck'd with Beauty, is it,
That thither covets not to make repair?
The ſolitary Country may not ſtay her.
Here is the Centre of all Beauties beſt,
Excepting *Delia*, left t' adorn the *Weſt*.

Here doth the Curious, with judicial Eyes,
Contemplate Beauty glorioufly attired:
And herein all our chiefeſt Glory lies,
To live where we are prais'd and moſt deſired.
O! how we joy to ſee our ſelves admired,
Whilſt niggardly our Favours we diſcover;
We love to be belov'd, yet ſcorn the Lover.

Yet would to God my Foot had never mov'd
From Country-Safety, from the Fields of Reſt;
To know the Danger to be highly lov'd,
And live in Pomp to brave among the Beſt:
Happy for me, better had I been bleſt,
If I unluckily had never ſtray'd,
But liv'd at Home a happy Country Maid.

Whoſe unaffected Innocency thinks
No guileful Fraud, as doth the Courtly Liver;
She's deck'd with Truth; the River, where ſhe drinks,
Doth ſerve her for her Glaſs; her Counſel-giver
She loves ſincerely, and is loved ever.

Her Days are Peace, and ſo ſhe ends her Breath,
(True Life that knows not what's to die till Death.)

So ſhould I never have been regiſtred,
In the black Book of the Unfortunate;
Nor had my Name, inrol'd with Maids miſled,
Which bought their Pleaſures at ſo high a Rate:
Nor had I taught, (through my unhappy Fate)
This Leſſon (which my ſelf learnt with expence)
How moſt it hurts, that moſt delights the Senſe.

Shame follows Sin, Diſgrace is duly given;
Impiety will out, never ſo cloſely done:
No Walls can hide us from the Eye of Heaven;
For Shame muſt end what Wickedneſs begun;
Forth breaks Reproach when we leaſt think thereon;
And this is ever proper unto Courts,
That nothing can be done, but Fame reports.

Fame doth explore what lies moſt ſecret hidden,
Entring the Cloſet of the Palace-Dweller;
Abroad revealing what is moſt forbidden:
Of Truth and Falſhood both an equal Teller,
'Tis not a Guard can ſerve for to expel her:
The Sword of Juſtice cannot cut her Wings,
Nor ſtop her Mouth from uttering ſecret Things.

And this our Stealth ſhe could not long conceal,
From her whom ſuch a Forfeit moſt concern'd,
The wronged Queen, who could ſo cloſely deal,
That ſhe the whole of all our Practice learned,
And watch'd a Time when leaſt it was diſcerned,
In abſence of the King, to wreak her Wrong
With ſuch Revenge as ſhe deſired long.

The Labyrinth ſhe entred by that Thread,
That ſerv'd a Conduct to my abſent Lord;
Left there by chance, reſerv'd for ſuch a Deed,
Where ſhe ſurpriz'd me whom ſhe ſo abhor'd:
Enrag'd with Madneſs, ſcarce ſhe ſpeaks a Word,

But flies with eager fury to my Face,
Offering me moſt unwomanly Diſgrace.

Look how a Tygreſs that hath loſt her Whelp,
Runs fiercely ranging through the Woods aſtray;
And ſeeing her ſelf depriv'd of Hope or Help,
Furiouſly aſſaults what's in her Way,
To ſatisfy her Wrath (not for a Prey;)
So fell ſhe on me in outrageous wiſe,
As could Diſdain and Jealouſy deviſe.

And after all her vile Reproaches us'd,
She forc'd me take the Poyſon ſhe had brought,
To end the Life that had her ſo abus'd,
And free her Fears, and eaſe her jealous Thought;
No Cruelty her Wrath could leave unwrought;
No ſpiteful Act that to Revenge is common;
(No Beaſt being fiercer than a jealous Woman.)

Here take (ſaid ſhe) thou impudent unclean,
Baſe graceleſs Strumpet, take this next your Heart;
Your love-ſick Heart, that overcharg'd hath been
With Pleaſure's Surfeit, muſt be purg'd with Art;
This Potion hath a Power that will convert
To nought thoſe Humours that oppreſs you ſo;
And (Girl) I'll ſee you take it ere I go.

What! ſtand you now amaz'd; retire you back?
Tremble you (Minion?) come, diſpatch with ſpeed;
There is no help, your Champion now we lack,
And all theſe Tears you ſhed will nothing ſtedd;
Thoſe dainty Fingers needs muſt do the Deed:
Take it, or I will drench you elſe by force,
And trifle not, leſt that I uſe you worſe.

Having this bloody Doom from helliſh Breach,
My woful Eyes on every Side I caſt;
Rigor about me, in my Hand my Death,
Preſenting me the Horror of my laſt;
All hope of Pity and of Comfort paſt.

No Means, no Power, no Forces to contend,
My trembling Hands muſt give my ſelf my End.

Thoſe Hands that Beauty's Miniſters had been,
They muſt give Death, that me adorn'd of late;
That Mouth that newly gave conſent to ſin,
Muſt now receive Deſtruction in thereat;
That Body which my Luſt did violate,
Muſt ſacrifice it ſelf t' appeaſe the Wrong.
(So ſhort is Pleaſure, Glory laſts not long).

And ſhe no ſooner ſaw I had it taken,
But forth ſhe ruſhes (proud with Victory)
And leaves me alone, of all the World forſaken,
Except of Death, which ſhe had left with me.
(Death and my ſelf alone together be.)
To whom ſhe did her full Revenge refer.
Oh poor weak Conqueſt both for him and her.

Then ſtreight my Conſcience ſummons up my Sin
T' appear before me in a hideous Face;
Now doth the Terror of my Soul begin,
When ev'ry Corner of that hateful Place
Dictates mine Error, and reveals Diſgrace;
Whilſt I remain oppreſt in every Part,
Death in my Body, Horror at my Heart.

Down on my Bed my loathſome ſelf I caſt,
The Bed that likewiſe gives in Evidence
Againſt my Soul, and tells I was unchaſt,
Tells I was wanton, tells I followed Senſe,
And therefore caſt, by Guilt of mine Offence,
Muſt here the Right of Heaven needs ſatisfy,
And where I wanton lay, muſt wretched die.

Here I began to wail my hard Miſhap,
My ſudden, ſtrange unlook'd for Miſery,
Accuſing them that did my Youth intrap,
To give me ſuch a Fall of Infamy.
And poor diſtreſſed *Roſamond* (ſaid I)

Is this thy Glory got, to die forlorn
In Desarts where no Ear can hear thee mourn?

Nor any Eye of Pity to behold
The woful End of my sad Tragedy;
But that thy Wrongs unseen, thy Tale untold,
Must here in secret Silence buried lie.
And with thee, thine Excuse together die.
Thy Sin reveal'd, but thy Repentance hid,
Thy Shame alive, but dead what thy Death did.

Yet breathe out to these Walls the Breath of Moan,
Tell th' Air thy Plaints, since Men thou canst not tell.
And though thou perish desolate alone,
Tell yet thy self, what thy self knows too well:
Utter thy Grief wherewith thy Soul doth swell.
And let thy Heart pity thy Heart's Remorse,
And be thy self the Mourner and the Coarse.

Condole thee here, clad all in black Despair,
With Silence only, and a dying Bed;
Thou that of late, so flourishing, so fair,
Did'st glorious live, admir'd and honoured:
And now from Friends, from Succour hither led,
Art made a Spoil to Lust, to Wrath, to Death,
And in Disgrace, forc'd here to yield thy Breath.

Did Nature (for this Good) ingeniate,
To shew in thee the Glory of her best;
Framing thine Eye the Star of thy ill Fate,
Making thy Face the Foe to spoil the rest:
O Beauty, thou an Enemy professt
To Chastity, and us that love thee most,
Without thee, how w'are loath'd, and with thee lost?

You, you that proud with Liberty and Beauty,
(And well may you be proud that you be so)
Glitter in Court, lov'd and observ'd of Duty;
Would God I might so you but e're I go
Speak what I feel, to warn you by my Woe,

To keep your Feet in cleanly Paths of Shame,
That no Inticing may divert the ſame.

Seeing how 'gainſt your tender Weakneſs ſtill,
The Strength of Wit, and Gold, and all is bent;
And all th' Aſſaults that ever Might or Skill,
Can give againſt a chaſte and clean Intent:
Ah let not Greatneſs work you to conſent.
The Spot is foul, tho' by a Monarch made,
Kings cannot privilege what God forbade.

Lock up therefore the Treaſure of your Love,
Under the ſureſt Keys of Fear and Shame:
And let no Powers have Power chaſte Thoughts to move
To make a lawleſs Entry on your Fame.
Open to thoſe the Comfort of your Flame,
Whoſe equal Love ſhall march with equal Pace,
In thoſe pure Ways that lead to no Diſgrace.

For ſee how many diſcontented Beds,
Our own aſpiring or our Parents Pride
Have caus'd, whilſt that Ambition vainly weds
Wealth and not Love, Honour and nought beſide:
Whilſt married but to Titles, we abide
As wedded Widows, wanting what we have,
When Shadows cannot give us what we crave.

Or whilſt we ſpend the freſheſt of our Time,
The Sweets of Youth inplotting in the Air;
Alas, how oft we fall, hoping to climb;
Or whither as unprofitably fair,
Whilſt thoſe decays which are without Repair,
Make us neglected, ſcorned and reprov'd.
(And O what are we, if we be not lov'd?)

Faſten therefore upon Occaſions fit,
Leſt this, or that, or like Diſgrace as mine,
Do overtake your Youth or ruin it,
And cloud with Infamy your Beauty's Shine:
Seeing how many ſeek to undermine

The Treasury that's unpossest of any;
And hard 'tis kept that is desired of many.

And fly (O fly!) these Bed-Brokers unclean,
(The Monsters of our Sex) that make a Prey
Of their own Kind, by an unkindly Mean;
And e'en (like Vipers) eating out a Way
Thro' th' Womb of their own Shame, accurst they
Live by the Death of Fame, the Gain of Sin,
The Filth of Lust, Uncleanness wallows in.

As if 'twere not enough that we (poor we)
Have Weakness, Beauty, Gold and Men our Foes,
But we must have some of our selves to be
Traitors unto our selves, to joyn with those;
Such as our feeble Forces do disclose,
And still betray our Cause, our Shame, our Youth
To Lust, to Folly, and to Mens Untruth.

Hateful Confounders both of Blood and Laws,
Vile Orators of Shame, that plead Delight;
Ungracious Agents in a wicked Cause,
Factors for Darkness, Messengers of Night,
Serpents of Guile, Devils that do unite
The wanton Taste of that forbidden Tree,
Whose Fruit once pluck'd, will shew how foul we be.

You in the Habit of a grave Aspect;
(In Credit by the Trust of Years) can show
The cunning ways of Lust, and can direct
The fair and wily Wantons how to go;
Having (your loathsome selves) your Youth spent so:
And in Uncleanness ever have been fed,
By the Revenue of a wanton Bed:

By you have been the Innocent betray'd,
The blushing fearful boldned unto Sin,
The Wife made subtile, subtile made the Maid,
The Husband scorn'd, dishonoured the Kin;
Parents disgrac'd, Children infamous been:

Con-

Confus'd our Race, and falſified our Blood,
Whilſt Fathers Sons poſſeſs wrong Fathers Good.

This, and much more, I would have uttered then,
A Teſtament to be recorded ſtill,
Sign'd with my Blood, ſubſcrib'd with Conſcience Pen,
To warn the Fair and Beautiful from Ill;
Tho' I could wiſh (by the Example of my Will)
I had not left this Note unto the Fair,
But dy'd inteſtate to have had no Heir.

But now, the Poyſon ſpread through all my Veins,
Can diſpoſſeſs my living Senſes quite,
And nought reſpecting Death (the laſt of Pains)
Plac'd his pale Colours (th' Enſign of his Might)
Upon his new-got Spoil before his Right:
Thence chac'd my Soul, ſetting my Day e're Noon,
When I leaſt thought my Joys could end ſo ſoon.

And as convey'd t' untimely Funerals,
My ſcarce cold Coarſe not ſuffer'd longer ſtay:
Behold! the King (by chance) returning, falls
T' encounter with the ſame upon the Way,
As he repair'd to ſee his deareſt Joy;
Not thinking ſuch a Meeting could have been,
To ſee his Love, and ſeeing been unſeen.

Judge thoſe whom Chance deprives of ſweeteſt Treaſure,
What 'tis to loſe a Thing we hold ſo dear:
The beſt Delight wherein our Soul takes pleaſure,
The Sweet of Life, that penetrates ſo near.
What Paſſions feels that Heart, inforc'd to bear
The deep Impreſſion of ſo ſtrange a Sight,
That overwhelms us, or confounds us quite!

Amaz'd he ſtands, nor Voice nor Body ſtirs;
Words had no paſſage, Tears no iſſue found,
For Sorrow ſhut up Words, Wrath kept in Tears;
Confus'd Effects each other do confound;
Oppreſt with Grief, his Paſſions had no bound.

Striving

Striving to tell his Woes, Words would not come;
For light Cares ſpeak, when mighty Griefs are [dumb.

At length Extremity breaks out a Way,
Thro' which, th' impriſon'd Voice with Tears attended,
Wails out a Sound that Sorrows do bewray;
With Arms a-croſs, and Eyes to Heaven bended,
Vapouring out Sighs that to the Skies aſcended;
Sighs (the poor Eaſe Calamity affords) [Words.
Which ſerve for Speech, when Sorrow wanteth

O Heavens! (quoth he) why do mine Eyes behold
The hateful Rays of this unhappy Sun?
Why have I Light to ſee my Sins controul'd,
With Blood of mine own Shame thus wildly done?
How can my Sight endure to look thereon?
Why doth not black eternal Darkneſs hide
That from mine Eyes, my Heart cannot abide?

What ſaw my Life wherein my Soul might joy?
What had my Days, whom Troubles ſtill afflicted,
But only this, to counterpoiſe Annoy?
This Joy, this Hope, which Death hath interdicted;
This Sweet, whoſe Loſs hath all Diſtreſs inflicted;
This, that did ſeaſon all my Sour of Life,
Vex'd ſtill at Home with Broils, Abroad in Strife.

Vex'd ſtill at Home with Broils, Abroad in Strife;
Diſſention in my Blood, Jars in my Bed;
Diſtruſt at Board, ſuſpecting ſtill my Life,
Spending the Night in horror, Days in dread;
(Such Life hath Tyrants, and this Life I led.)
Theſe Miſeries go mask'd in glittering Shows,
Which wiſe Men ſee, the Vulgar little knows.

Thus, as theſe Paſſions do him overwhelm,
He draws him near my Body to behold it;
And as the Vine married unto the Elm,
With ſtrict Embraces, ſo doth he infold it:
And as he in his careful Arms doth hold it,
Viewing

Viewing the Face that even Death commends,
On ſenſeleſs Lips, Millions of Kiſſes ſpends.

Pitiful Mouth (ſaith he) that living gaveſt
The ſweeteſt Comfort, that my Soul could wiſh:
O be it lawful now, that dead thou haveſt,
This ſorrowing Farewel of a dying Kiſs.
And you fair Eyes, Containers of my Bliſs,
Motives of Love, born to be matched never,
Entomb'd in your ſweet Circles, ſleep for ever.

Ah, how methinks I ſee Death dallying ſeeks,
To entertain it ſelf in Love's ſweet Place;
Decayed Roſes of diſcoloured Cheeks,
Do yet retain dear Notes of former Grace:
And ugly Death ſits fair within her Face;
Sweet Remnants reſting of Vermillion red,
That Death it ſelf doubts whether ſhe be dead.

Wonder of Beauty, oh receive theſe Plaints,
Theſe Obſequies, the laſt that I ſhall make thee:
For lo, my Soul that now already faints,
(That lov'd the living, dead will not forſake thee)
Haſtens her ſpeedy Courſe to overtake thee.
I'll meet my Death, and free my ſelf thereby,
For (ah) what can he do that cannot die?

Yet e're I die, thus much my Soul doth vow,
Revenge ſhall ſweeten Death with eaſe of Mind:
And I will cauſe Poſterity ſhall know,
How fair thou wert above all Woman Kind,
And After-Ages Monuments ſhall find,
Shewing thy Beauty's Title, not thy Name,
Roſe of the World, that ſweetned ſo the ſame.

This ſaid, tho' more deſirous yet to ſay,
(For Sorrow is unwilling to give over)
He doth repreſs what Grief ſhould elſe bewray,
Leſt he too much his Paſſions ſhould diſcover,
And yet Reſpect ſcarce bridles ſuch a Lover,

So

So far transported that he knows not whither,
For Love and Majesty dwell ill together.

Then were my Funerals not long deferred,
But done with all the Rites Pomp could devise,
At *Godstow*, where my Body was interred,
And richly tomb'd in honourable wise,
Where yet as now scarce any Note descries
Unto these Times, the Memory of me,
Marble and Brass so little lasting be.

For those Walls which the Credulous devout,
And apt-believing Ignorant did found;
With willing Zeal, that never call'd in doubt,
That Time their Works should ever so confound,
Lie like confused Heaps as under Ground.
And what their Ignorance esteem'd so holy,
The wiser Ages do account as Folly.

And were it not thy favourable Lines
Re-edified the Wreck of my Decays,
And that thy Accents willingly assigns
Some farther Date, and give me longer Days,
Few in this Age had known my Beauty's Praise.
But thus renew'd, my Fame redeems some Time,
Till other Ages shall neglect thy Rhime.

Then when Confusion in her Course shall bring
Sad Desolation on the Times to come:
When mirthless *Thames* shall have no Swan to sing,
All Musick silent, and the Muses dumb;
And yet even then it must be known to some,
That once they flourish'd, tho' not cherish'd so,
And *Thames* had Swans as well as ever *Po*.

But here an End, I may no longer stay,
I must return t'attend at *Stygian* Flood:
Yet e're I go, this one Word more I pray,
Tell *Delia*, now her Sigh may do me good,
And will her note the Frailty of our Blood.

And

And if I paſs unto thoſe happy Banks,
Then ſhe muſt have her Praiſe, thy Pen her Thanks.

So vaniſh'd ſhe, and left me to return
To proſecute the Terror of my Woes:
Eternal Matter for my Muſe to mourn,
But (yet) the World hath heard too much of thoſe,
My Youth ſuch Errors muſt no more diſcloſe.
I'll hide the reſt, and grieve for what hath been,
Who made me known, muſt make me live unſeen.

4.12.49



A LETTER FROM *OCTAVIA* TO *Marcus Antonius.*



LONDON:

Printed in the Year M DCC XVII.

A

LETTER

FROM

OCTAVIA

TO

Marcus Antonius.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

The Right Honourable and moſt Virtuous Lady, the Lady

MARGARET,

Counteſs of *Cumberland.*

ALtho' the meaner Sort (whoſe Thoughts are plac'd,
As in another Region, far below
The Sphere of Greatneſs) cannot rightly taſte
What Touch it hath, nor right her Paſſions know:
Yet have I here adventur'd to beſtow
Words upon Grief, as my Griefs comprehend,
And made this great afflicted Lady ſhow,
Out of my Feelings, what ſhe might have penn'd:
And here the ſame, I bring forth to attend
Upon thy reverend Name, to live with thee
Moſt virtuous Lady, that vouchſaf'ſt to lend
Ear to my Notes, and Comfort unto me,
That one Day may thine own fair Virtues ſpread,
Being Secretary now but to the Dead.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

UPON *the second Agreement* (*the first being broken through Jealousy of a disproportion of Eminency*) *between the* Triumviri, Octavius Cæsar, Marcus Antonius, *and* Lepidus; Octavia, *the Sister of* Octavius Cæsar, *was married to* Antonius, *as a Link to combine that which never yet, the greatest Strength of Nature, or any Power of nearest respect could long hold together*; *who made but the Instrument of others Ends, and delivered up as an Ostage, to serve the Opportunity of Advantages, met not with that Integrity she brought; but as highly preferred to Affliction, encountred with all the Grievances that beat upon the misery of Greatness, exposed to stand betwixt the diverse tending Humours of unquiet Parties: For* Antony *having yet upon him the Fetters of* Egypt, *laid on by the Power of a most in-*

incomparable Beauty, could admit no new Laws into the State of his Affection, or diſpoſe of himſelf, being not himſelf; but as having his Heart turned Eaſtward, whither the Point of his Deſires are directed, touch'd with the ſtrongeſt Allurements that Ambition and a licentious Sovereignty could draw a Man unto, could not truly deſcend to the private Love of a civil nurtred Matron, whoſe Entertainment, bounded with Modeſty and the Nature of her Education, knew not to cloath her Affections in any other Colours, than the plain habit of Truth, wherein ſhe ever ſuited all her Actions, and uſed all her beſt Ornaments of Honeſty, to win the good liking of him that held her, but as a Curtain, drawn between him and Octavius, *to ſhadow his other Purpoſes withal, which the ſharp Sight of an equally jealous Ambition would ſoon pierce into, and as eaſily look through and over Blood and Nature, as he to abuſe it; And therefore, to prevent his aſpiring, he arms his Forces, either to reduce* Antony *to the Rank of his Eſtate, or elſe to diſrank him out of State and all. When* Octavia, *by the Employment of* Antony, *(as being not yet ready to put his Fortune to her Tryal) throws her ſelf, great with Child, and as big with Sorrow, into the Travail of a moſt labourſome Reconciliation: Taking her Journey from the fartheſt Part of* Greece *to find* Octavius, *with whom her Cares and Tears were ſo good Agents, that they affected their Commiſſion beyond all expectation, and for that Time quite diſarmed their Wrath, which yet long could not hold ſo. For* Antonius *falling into*

into the Relapse of his former Disease, watching his Opportunity, got over again into Egypt, *where he so forgot himself, that he quite put off his own Nature, and wholly became a Prey to his Pleasures, as if he had wound himself out of the Respect of his Country, Blood and Alliance, which gave to* Octavia *the Cause of much Affliction, and to me the Argument of this Letter.*

A

LETTER

SENT

From OCTAVIA, to her Husband MARCUS ANTONIUS into *Egypt*.

I.

TO thee (yet dear) tho most disloyal Lord,
Whom impious Love keeps in a barbarous Land,
Thy wronged Wife *Octavia* sendeth word
Of the unkind Wounds received by thy Hand;
Great *Anthony*, O! let thine Eyes afford
But to permit thy Heart to understand
The Hurt thou dost, and do but read her Tears,
That still is thine, though thou wilt not be hers.

II.

Altho perhaps, these my Complaints may come,
Whilst thou in th' Arms of that incestuous Queen,
The Stain of *Egypt*, and the Shame of *Rome*,
Shalt dallying sit, and blush to have them seen;
Whilst proud disdainful she, guessing from whom
The Message came, and what the Cause hath been,
Will scorning say, Faith this comes from your Dear,
Now, Sir, you must be shent for staying here.

From

III.

From her indeed it comes, delicious Dame,
(Thou royal Concubine and Queen of Luſt)
Whoſe Arms yet pure, whoſe Breaſts are void of blame,
And whoſe moſt lawful Flame proves thine unjuſt:
'Tis ſhe that ſends the Meſſage of thy Shame,
And his Untruth that hath betray'd thy Truſt;
Pardon, dear Lord, from her theſe Sorrows are,
Whoſe Bed brings neither Infamy nor War.

IV.

And therefore hear her Words, that too too much
Hath heard the Wrongs committed by thy Shame;
Although at firſt my Truth in thee was ſuch,
As it held out againſt the ſtrongeſt Fame;
My Heart would never let in once a Touch
Of leaſt Belief, till all confirm'd the ſame;
That I was almoſt laſt that would believe,
Becauſe I knew me firſt that moſt muſt grieve.

V.

How oft have poor abuſed I took part
With Falſhood, only for to make thee true?
How oft have I argued againſt my Heart,
Not ſuffering it to know that which it knew?
And for I would not have thee what thou art,
I made my ſelf unto my ſelf untrue:
So much my Love labour'd againſt my Sin,
To ſhut out Fear, which yet kept Fear within.

VI.

For I could never think the aſpiring Mind
Of worthy and victorious *Anthony*,
Could be by ſuch a Syren ſo declin'd,
As to be train'd a Prey to Luxury;
I could not think my Lord would be ſ' unkind,
As to deſpiſe his Children, *Rome* and me;
But O! how ſoon are they deceiv'd that truſt,
And more their Shame, that will be ſo unjuſt.

VII. But

VII.

But now that certain Fame hath open laid
Thy new Relapſe, and ſtrange Revolt from me;
Truth hath quite beaten all my Hopes away,
And made the Paſſage of my Sorrows free;
For now, poor Heart, there's nothing in the Way
Remains to ſtand betwixt Deſpair and thee;
All is thrown down, there comes no Succours new,
It is moſt true, my Lord is moſt untrue.

VIII.

And now I may with Shame enough pull in
The Colours I advanced in his Grace;
For that ſubduing Power that him did win,
Hath loſt me too the Honour of my Face:
Yet why ſhould I, bearing no part of Sin,
Bear ſuch a mighty part of his Diſgrace?
Yes, tho' it be not mine, it is of mine;
And his Renown being clips'd, mine cannot ſhine.

IX.

Which makes me, as I do, hide from the Eye
Of the misjudging Vulgar, that will deem,
That ſure there was in me ſome Reaſon why
Which made thee thus my Bed to diſeſteem:
So that alas! poor undeſerving I
A Cauſe of thy unclean Deſerts ſhall ſeem,
Though Luſt takes never Joy in what is due,
But ſtill leaves known Delights to ſeek out new.

X.

And yet my Brother *Cæſar* laboured,
To have me leave thy Houſe, and live more free;
But God forbid *Octavia* ſhould be led,
To leave to live in thine, though left by thee;
The Pledges here of thy forſaken Bed,
Are ſtill the Objects that remember me,
What *Anthony* was once, although falſe now,
And is my Lord, though he neglect his Vow.

XI.

Theſe Walls that here do keep me ought of ſight,
Shall keep me all unſpotted unto thee,
And teſtify that I will do thee Right,
I'll never ſtain thy Houſe, tho' thou ſhame me:
The now ſad Chamber of my once Delight,
Shall be the Temple of my Piety,
Sacred unto the Faith I reverence,
Where I will pay my Tears for thy Offence.

XII.

Altho' my Youth, thy Abſence, and this Wrong
Might draw my Blood to forfeit unto Shame,
Nor need I fruſtrate my Delights ſo long,
That have ſuch Means to carry ſo the ſame,
Since that the Face of Greatneſs is ſo ſtrong,
As it diſſolves Suſpect, and bears out Blame,
Having all ſecret Helps that long thereto,
That ſeldom wants there ought but Will to do.

XIII.

Which yet to do, e're Luſt this Heart ſhall frame,
Earth ſwallow me alive, Hell wrap me hence:
Shall I, becauſe deſpis'd, contemn my Shame,
And add Diſgrace to others Impudence?
What can my Power, but give more Power to Fame?
Greatneſs muſt make it great Incontinence:
Chambers are falſe, the Bed and all will tell,
No Door keeps in their Shame that do not well.

XIV.

Hath Greatneſs ought peculiar elſe alone,
But to ſtand Fair and Bright above the Baſe?
What doth divide the Cottage from the Throne,
If Vice ſhall lay both level with Diſgrace?
For if Uncleanneſs make them but all one,
What Privilege hath Honour by his Place?
What tho' our Sins go brave and better clad,
They are as thoſe in Rags, as baſe, as bad.

XV.

XV.

I know not how, but wrongfully I know
Hath undiſcerning Cuſtom plac'd our Kind
Under Deſert, and ſet us far below
The Reputation to our Sex aſſign'd:
Charging our wrong reputed Weakneſs, how
We are unconſtant, fickle, falſe, unkind:
And tho' our Life with thouſand Proofs ſhews no,
Yet ſince Strength ſays it, Weakneſs muſt be ſo.

XVI.

Unequal Partage, to b'allow'd no ſhare
Of Power to do of Life's beſt Benefit;
But ſtand, as if we interdicted were
Of Vertue, Action, Liberty and Might:
Muſt you have all, and not vouchſafe to ſpare
Our Weakneſs any Int'reſt of Delight?
Is there no Portion left for us at all,
But Sufferance, Sorrow, Ignorance and Thrall?

XVII.

Thrice happy you, in whom it is no Fault,
To know, to ſpeak, to do, and to be wiſe:
Whoſe Words have Credit, and whoſe Deeds, tho naught,
Muſt yet be made to ſeem far otherwiſe:
You can be only heard, whilſt we are taught
To hold our Peace, and not to exerciſe
The Powers of our beſt Parts, becauſe your Parts
Have with our Freedom robb'd us of our Hearts.

XVIII.

We, in this Priſon of our ſelves confin'd,
Muſt here ſhut up with our own Paſſions live
Turn'd in upon us, and deny'd to find
The Vent of outward Means that might relieve:
That they alone muſt take up all our Mind:
And no Room left us, but to think and grieve.
Yet oft our narrow'd Thoughts look more direct
Than your looſe Wiſdoms, born with wild Neglect.

XIX.

For ſhould we too (as God forbid we ſhould)
Carry no better Hand on our Deſires
Than your Strength doth, what Int'reſt could
Our wronged Patience pay you for your Hires?
What Mixture of ſtrange Generations would
Succeed the Fortunes of uncertain Sires?
What foul Confuſion in your Blood and Race,
To your immortal Shame and our Diſgrace?

XX.

What, are there Bars for us, no Bounds for you?
Muſt Levity ſtand ſure, tho' Firmneſs fall?
And are you privileg'd to be untrue,
And we no Grant to be diſpens'd withal?
Muſt we inviolable keep your Due,
Both to your Love and to your Falſhood thrall?
Whilſt you have ſtretch'd your Luſt upon your Will,
As if your Strength were licens'd to do ill.

XXI.

Oh! if you be more ſtrong, then be more juſt,
Clear this Suſpicion, make not th' World to doubt,
Whether in ſtrong or weak be better truſt,
If Frailty or elſe Valour be more ſtout:
And if we have ſhut in our Hearts from Luſt,
Let not your bad Example let them out,
Think that there is like Feeling in our Blood,
If you will have us good, be you then good.

XXII.

Is it that Love doth take no true Delight
In what it hath, but ſtill in what it would,
Which draws you on to do us this Unright,
Whilſt Fear in us of looſing what we hold,
Keeps us in ſtill to you, that ſet us light,
So that, what you unties, doth us infold?
Then Love, 'tis thou that doſt confound us ſo,
To make our Truth th' occaſion of our Woe.

XXIII.

XXIII.

Diſtreſſed Womankind, that either muſt,
For Loving looſe your Loves, or get Neglect:
Whilſt Wantons are more car'd for than the Juſt,
And Falſhood cheriſh'd, Faith without Reſpect:
Better ſhe fares in whom is leſſer Truſt,
And more is lov'd that is in more Suſpect.
Which (pardon me) ſhews no great Strength of Mind
To be moſt theirs, that uſe you moſt unkind.

XXIV.

Yet well it fits, for that Sin ever muſt
Be tortur'd with the Rack of his own Frame;
For he that holds no Faith, ſhall find no Truſt,
But ſowing wrong, is ſure to reap the ſame:
How can he look to have his Meaſure juſt,
That fills Deceit, and reckons not of Shame,
And being not pleas'd with what he hath in Lot,
Shall ever pine for that which he hath not?

XXV.

Yet if thou could'ſt not love, thou might'ſt have ſeem'd,
Tho' to have ſeem'd had likewiſe been unjuſt:
Yet ſo much are lean Shows of us eſteem'd,
That oft they feed, tho' not ſuffice our Truſt:
Becauſe our Nature grieveth to be deem'd
To be ſo wrong'd, altho' we be, and muſt;
And it's ſome Eaſe yet to be kindly us'd
In outward Show, tho' ſecretly abus'd.

XXVI.

But woe to her that both in Show deſpis'd,
And in effect diſgrac'd, and left forlorn,
For whom no Comforts are to be deviſ'd,
Nor no new Hopes can evermore be born:
O *Anthony*, could it not have ſuffic'd
That I was thine, but muſt be made her Scorn,
That envies all her Blood, and doth divide
Thee from thy ſelf, only to ſerve her Pride?

XXVII.

What Fault have I committed that ſhould make
So great Diſlike of me and of my Love?
Or doth thy Fault but an Occaſion take
For to diſlike what moſt doth it reprove?
Becauſe the Conſcience gladly would miſtake
Her own Miſdeeds, which ſhe would fain remove;
And they that are unwilling to amend,
Will take Offence, becauſe they will offend.

XXVIII.

Or having run beyond all Pardon quite,
They fly and joyn with Sin, as wholly his,
Making it now their Side, their Part, their Right,
And to turn back, would ſhew t' have done amiſs:
For now they think, not to be oppoſite
To what upbraids their Fault, were Wickedneſs:
So much doth Folly thruſt them into Blame,
That ev'n to leave off Shame, they count it Shame.

XXIX.

Which do not thou, dear Lord, for I do not
Purſue thy Fault, but ſue for thy Return
Back to thy ſelf, whom thou haſt both forgot
With me, poor me, that doth not ſpight, but mourn;
And if thou could'ſt as well amend thy Blot
As I forgive, theſe Plaints had been forborn:
And thou ſhould'ſt be the ſame unto my Heart,
Which once thou wert, not that which now thou art.

XXX.

Tho' deep doth ſit the hard recovering Smart
Of that laſt Wound (which God grant be the laſt)
And more doth touch that tender feeling Part
Of my ſad Soul, than all th' Unkindneſs paſt:
And *Anthony*, I appeal to thine own Heart,
(If th' Heart which once was thine, thou yet ſtill haſt)
To judge if ever Woman that did live
Had juſter Cauſe, than wretched I, to grieve?

XXXI.

XXXI.

For coming unto *Athens*, as I did,
Weary and weak with Toil, and all diſtreſs'd,
After I had with Sorrow compaſſed
A hard Conſent, to grant me that Requeſt:
And how my Travel was conſidered,
And all my Care and Coſt, thy ſelf knows beſt,
That would'ſt not move one Foot from Luſt for me,
That had left all was dear to come to thee.

XXXII.

For firſt, what great ado had I to win
My offended Brother *Caſar*'s backward Will?
And pray'd, and wept, and cry'd to ſtay the Sin
Of civil Rancour, riſing 'twixt you ſtill:
For in what Caſe ſhall wretched I be in,
Set betwixt both, to ſhare with both your Ill?
My Blood, ſaid I, with either of you goes,
Whoever win, I ſhall be ſure to looſe.

XXXIII.

For what Shame ſhould ſuch mighty Perſons get,
For two weak Womens Cauſe to diſagree?
Nay, what ſhall I that ſhall be deem'd to ſet
Th' inkindled Fire, ſeeming inflam'd for me?
O, if I be the Motive of this Heat,
Let theſe unguilty Hands the Quenchers be,
And let me trudge to mediate an Accord,
The Agent 'twixt my Brother and my Lord.

XXXIV.

With Prayers, Vows and Tears, with urging hard,
I wrung from him a ſlender Grant at laſt,
And with the rich Proviſions I prepar'd
For thy (intended) *Parthian* War, made haſte,
Weighing not how my poor weak Body far'd,
But all the tedious Difficulties paſt,
And came to *Athens*; whence I *Niger* ſent,
To ſhew thee of my coming and Intent.

XXXV.

Whereof when he had made Relation,
I was commanded to approach no near:
Then ſent I back, to know what ſhould be done
With th' Horſe, and Men, and Money I had there:
Whereat, perhaps, when ſome Remorſe begun
To touch thy Soul, to think yet what we were,
Th' Enchantreſs ſtrait ſtep'd 'twixt thy Heart and thee,
And intercepts all Thoughts that came of me.

XXXVI.

She arms her Tears, the Engines of Deceit,
And all her Battery to oppoſe my Love,
And bring thy coming Grace to a Retreat,
The Power of all her Subtilty to prove:
Now pale and faint ſhe languiſhes, and ſtrait
Seems in a Sound, unable more to move:
Whilſt her inſtructed Fellows ply thine Ears
With forged Paſſions, mix'd with feigned Tears.

XXXVII.

Hard-hearted Lord, ſay they, how can'ſt thou ſee
This mighty Queen, a Creature ſo divine,
Lie thus diſtreſs'd, and languiſhing for thee,
And only wretched, but for being thine?
Whilſt baſe *Octavia* muſt intitled be
Thy Wife, and ſhe eſteem'd thy Concubine:
Advance thy Heart, raiſe it unto his Right,
And let a Scepter baſer Paſſions quit.

XXXVIII.

Thus they aſſail thy Nature's weakeſt Side,
And work upon th' Advantage of thy Mind,
Knowing where Judgment ſtood leaſt fortified,
And how t' encounter Folly in her Kind:
But yet the while, O what doſt thou abide,
Who in thy ſelf ſuch wreſtling Thoughts doſt find?
In what confuſed Caſe is thy Soul in,
Rack'd betwixt Pity, Sorrow, Shame and Sin?

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

I cannot tell, but ſure I dare believe
My Travels needs muſt ſome Compaſſion move:
For no ſuch Lock to Blood could Nature give,
To ſhut out Pity, tho' it ſhut out Love:
Conſcience muſt leave a little Way to grieve,
To let in Horror, coming to reprove
The Guilt of thine Offence that caus'd the ſame,
For deepeſt wounds the Hand of our own Shame.

XL.

Never have unjuſt Pleaſures been compleat,
In Joys entire, but ſtill Fear kept the Door,
And held back ſomething from that full of Sweet,
To interſour unſure Delights the more:
For never did all Circumſtances meet
With thoſe Deſires which were conceiv'd before,
Something muſt ſtill be left to check our Sin,
And give a Touch of what ſhould not have been.

XLI.

Wretched Mankind! wherefore hath Nature made
The lawful undelightful, th' unjuſt Shame?
As if our Pleaſure only were forbad,
But to give Fire to Luſt, t' add greater Flame;
Or elſe, but as ordained more to load
Our Heart with Paſſions to confound the ſame;
Which though it be, yet add not worſe to Ill;
Do, as the beſt Men do, bound thine own Will.

XLII.

Redeem thy ſelf, and now at length make Peace
With thy divided Heart, oppreſs'd with Toil:
Break up this War, this Breaſt-Diſſention ceaſe,
Thy Paſſions to thy Paſſions reconcile:
I do not only ſeek my Good t' increaſe,
But thine own Eaſe and Liberty; the while
Thee in the Circuit of thy ſelf confine,
And be thine own, and then thou wilt be mine.

XLIII.

I know my pitied Love doth aggravate
Envy and Wrath for theſe Wrongs offered:
And that my Sufferings add with my Eſtate
Coals in thy Boſom, Hatred on thy Head:
Yet is not that my Fault, but my hard Fate,
Who rather wiſh t' have been unpitied
Of all but thee, than that my Love ſhould be
Hurtful to him that is ſo dear to me.

XLIV.

Cannot the buiſy World let me alone,
To bear alone the Burden of my Grief,
But they muſt intermeddle with my Moan,
And ſeek t' offend me with unſought Relief?
Whilſt my Afflictions labour to move none
But only thee: muſt Pity play the Thief,
To ſteal ſo many Hearts to hurt my Heart,
And move a Part againſt my deareſt Part?

XLV.

Yet all this ſhall not prejudice my Lord,
If yet he will but make Return at laſt,
His Sight ſhall raze out of the ſad Record
Of my inrolled Grief all that is paſt:
And I will not ſo much as once afford
Place for a Thought, to think I was diſgrac'd:
And Pity ſhall bring back again with me,
Th' offended Hearts that have forſaken thee.

XLVI.

And therefore come, dear Lord, leſt longer Stay
Do arm againſt thee all the Powers of Spight,
And thou be made at laſt the woeful Prey
Of full enkindled Wrath, and ruin'd quite:
But what preſaging Thought of Blood doth ſtay
My trembling Hand, and doth my Soul affright?
What Horror do I ſee, prepar'd t' attend
Th' Event of this? What End, unleſs thou end?

XLVII.

XLVII.

With what ſtrange Forms and Shadows ominous,
Did my laſt Sleep my griev'd Soul entertain?
I dreamt, yet O! Dreams are but frivolous,
And yet I'll tell it, and God grant it vain.
Methought a mighty *Hippopotamus* } *A Sea*
From *Nilus* floating, thruſts into the Main, } *Horſe*
Upon whoſe Back, a wanton Mermaid ſat,
As if ſhe rul'd his Courſe, and ſteer'd his Fate.

XLVIII.

With whom t' encounter, forth another makes,
Alike in Kind, of Strength and Power as good:
At whoſe ingrappling, *Neptune*'s Mantle takes
A purple Colour, dy'd with Streams of Blood;
Whereat this Looker-on amaz'd, forſakes
Her Champion there, who yet the better ſtood:
But ſeeing her gone, ſtrait after her he hies,
As if his Heart and Strength lay in her Eyes.

XLIX.

On follows Wrath upon Diſgrace and Fear,
Whereof th' Event forſook me with the Night,
But my wak'd Cares gave me, theſe Shadows were
Drawn but from Darkneſs to inſtruct the Light;
Theſe ſecret Figures Nature's Meſſage bear
Of coming Woes, were they deſciphered right;
But if as Clouds of Sleep thou ſhalt them take,
Yet credit Wrath and Spight that are awake.

L.

Prevent, great Spirit, the Tempeſts that begin,
If Luſt and thy Ambition have left Way
But to look out, and have not ſhut all in,
To ſtop thy Judgment from a true Survey
Of thy Eſtate, and let thy Heart within
Conſider in what Danger thou doſt lay
Thy Life and mine, to leave the Good thou haſt,
To follow Hopes with Shadows overcaſt.

LI.

LI.

Come, come away from Wrong, from Craft, from Toil,
Poſſeſs thine own with Right, with Truth, with Peace:
Break from theſe Snares, thy Judgment unbeguile,
Free thine own Torment, and my Grief releaſe.
But whither am I carried all this while
Beyond my Scope, and know not when to ceaſe?
Words ſtill with my increaſing Sorrows grow:
I know t' have ſaid too much, but not enough.
Wherefore no more, but only I commend
To thee the Heart that's thine; and ſo I end.

4:12:49

HYMEN's

TRIUMPH.

A

Paſtoral Tragi-Comedy.

Preſented at the QUEEN's Court in the *Strand*, at her Majeſty's magnificent Entertainment of the KING's moſt excellent Majeſty, being the NUPTIALS of the Lord *Roxborough*.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year M DCC XVII.

HYMEN'S TRIUMPH.

A

Pastoral Tragi-Comedy.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

Moſt Excellent MAJESTY of the Higheſt-born Princeſs, *ANNE* of *Denmark*, Queen of *England*, *Scotland*, *France* and *Ireland*.

HEre, what your ſacred Influence begat
(Moſt lov'd, and moſt reſpected Majeſty)
With humble Heart and Hand, I conſe-
Unto the Glory of your Memory: (crate
As being a Piece of that Solemnity,
Which your Magnificence did celebrate
In hallowing of thoſe Roofs (you rear'd of late)
With Fires and chearful Hoſpitality;
Whereby, and by your ſplendent Worthineſs,
Your Name ſhall longer live, than ſhall your Walls:
For that fair Structure Goodneſs finiſhes,
Bears off all Change of Times, and never falls.
And that is it hath let you in ſo far
Into the Heart of *England*, as you are.
And worthily, for never yet was Queen,
That more a People's Love have merited
By all good Graces, and by having been
The Means our State ſtands faſt eſtabliſhed,
And bleſt by your bleſt Womb, who are this Day
The higheſt-born Queen of *Europe*, and alone

Have

Have brought this Land more Bleſſings every Way,
Than all the Daughters of ſtrange Kings have done.
For we by you no Claims, no Quarrels have,
No Factions, no betraying of Affairs:
You do not ſpend our Blood, nor States, but ſave:
You ſtrength us by Alliance, and your Heirs.
Not like thoſe fatal Marriages of *France*,
For whom this Kingdom hath ſo dearly paid,
Which only our Afflictions did advance,
And brought us far more Miſeries than Aid.
Renowned *Denmark*, that haſt furniſhed
The World with Princes, how much do we owe
To thee for this great Good thou didſt beſtow,
Whereby we are both bleſt and honoured?
Thou did'ſt not ſo much hurt us heretofore,
But now thou haſt rewarded us far more.
But what do I on this high Subject fall
Here, in the Front of this low Paſtoral?
This a more grave and ſpacious Room requires,
To ſhew your Glory, and my deep Deſires.

Your Majeſty's moſt Humble Servant,

SAMUEL DANIEL.

THE

THE PROLOGUE.

Hymen, opposed by *Avarice*, *Envy* and *Jealousy*, the Disturbers of quiet Marriage, first enters.

Hymen.

IN this Disguise and Pastoral Attire,
Without my saffron Robe, without my Torch,
Or rather then Ensigns of my Duty,
I Hymen am come hither secretly,
To make Arcadia *see a Work of Glory,*
That shall deserve an everlasting Story.
Here shall I bring you two the most entire
And constant Lovers that were ever seen,
From out the greatest Sufferings of Annoy
That Fortune could inflict, to their full Joy:
Wherein no wild, no rude, no antick Sport,
But tender Passions, Motions soft and grave,
The still Spectators must expect to have.

For

For these are only Cynthia's *Recreatives*
Made unto Phœbus, *and are Feminine;*
And therefore must be gentle like to her,
Whose sweet Affections mildly move and stir.
And here, with this white Wand will I effect
As much as with my flaming Torch of Love:
And with the Power thereof, Affections move
In these fair Nymphs and Shepherds round about.

Envy. *Stay,* Hymen, *stay, you shall not have the Day*
Of this great Glory, as you make account;
We will herein, as we were ever wont,
Oppose you in the Matches you address,
And undermine them with Disturbances.

Hym. *Now, do thy worst, base* Envy, *thou canst do,*
Thou shalt not disappoint my Purposes.

Avarice. *Then will I,* Hymen, *in despite of thee,*
I will make Parents cross Desires of Love
With those Respects of Wealth, as shall dissolve
The strongest Knots of kindest Faithfulness.

Hym. *Hence, greedy* Avarice, *I know thou art*
A Hag that dost bewitch the Minds of Men:
Yet shalt thou have no Share at all herein.

Jeal. *Then will I,* Hymen, *do thou what thou canst,*
I will steal closely into linked Hearts;
And shake their Veins with cold Distrustfulness;
And ever keep them making in their Fears,
With Spirits, which their Imagination rears.

Hym. *Disquiet* Jealousy, *vile Fury, thou*
That art the ugly Monster of the Mind,
Avant, be gone, thou shalt have nought to do
In this fair Work of ours, nor ever more
Canst enter there, where Honour keeps the Door.

And

And therefore, hideous Furies, get you hence,
This Place is sacred to Integrity,
And clean Desires; your Sight most loathsome is
Unto so well dispos'd a Company.
Therefore be gone, I charge you by my Power,
We must have nothing in Arcadia, *sower.*

Envy. Hymen, *thou canst not chase us so away,*
For look, how long as thou mak'st Marriages,
So long will we produce Incumbrances;
And we will in the same Disguise as thou,
Mix us amongst the Shepherds, that we may
Effect our Work the better, being unknown;
For Ills shew other Faces than their own.

The

The SPEAKERS.

Thirſis.

Palæmon, Friend to *Thirſis.*

Clarindo, Silvia diſguiſed; the beloved of *Thirſis,* ſuppoſed to be ſlain by wild Beaſts.

Cloris, A Nymph whom *Clarindo* ſerved, and in Love with *Thirſis.*

Phillis, In Love with *Clarindo.*

Montanus, In Love with *Phillis.*

Lydia, Nurſe to *Phillis.*

Dorcas, } Forreſters.
Silvanus, }

Medorus, Father to *Silvia.*

Charinus, Father to *Thirſis.*

Chorus of Shepherds.

HY-

HYMEN's TRIUMPH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Thirsis, Palæmon.

SO to be reft of all the Joys of Life,
How is it poſſible, *Palæmon*, I
Should ever more a Thought retain
Of the leaſt Comfort upon Earth a-
gain? (hath receiv'd
No, I would hate this Heart, that
So deep a Wound, if it ſhould ever come
To be re-cur'd, or would permit a Room
To let in any other Thing than Grief. (Cauſe?
Pal. But *Thirſis*, you muſt tell me what's the
Thir. Think but what Cauſe I have; when having
paſs'd
The Fears, the Colds, the trembling Agonies
Of Fears, and Hopes, and all the ſtrange Aſſaults
Of Paſſion that a tender Heart could feel
In the Attempt, and Purſuit of his Love.
And then to be undone, when all was done,
To periſh in the Haven, after all
Thoſe Ocean Sufferings, and even then to have
My hopeful Nuptial Bed turn'd to a Grave,

Pal.

Pal. Good *Thirſis*, by what Means, I pray thee tell?

Thir. Tell thee? Alas *Palæmon*, how can I tell
And live? Do'ſt thou not ſee theſe Fields have loſt
Their Glory, ſince that Time *Silvia* was loſt;
Silvia, that only deck'd, that only made
Arcadia ſhine; *Silvia*, who was (ah, woe the while)
So miſerable rent from off the World, [*Sighs.*
So wrapt away, as that no Sign of her,
No Piece was left to tell us by what Means,
Save only this poor Remnant of her Vail,
All torn, and this dear Lock of her rent Hair;
Which holy Reliques here I keep with me,
The ſad Memorials of her diſmal Fate.
Who ſure devour'd was upon the Shore
By rav'nous Beaſts, as ſhe was walking there
Alone, it ſeems; perhaps in ſeeking me,
Or elſe retir'd to meditate a-part
The Story of our Love, and heavy Smart.

Pal. This is no News, you tell of *Silvia*'s Death.
That was long ſince: Why ſhould you wail her now?

Thir. Long ſince, *Palæmon*? Think you any Length
Of Time can ever have a Pow'r to make
A Heart of Fleſh not mourn, not grieve, not pine?
That knows, that feels, that thinks as much as mine.

Pal. But *Thirſis*, you know how her Father meant
To match her with *Alexis*, and a Day
To celebrate the Nuptials was prefix'd.

Thir. True, he had ſuch a Purpoſe, but in vain,
As oh, it was beſt known unto us twain.
And hence it grew that gave us both our Fears,
That made our Meeting Stealth, our Parting Tears.
Hence was it, that with many a ſecret Wile,
We robb'd our Looks th' Onlookers to beguile.
This was the Cauſe, oh miſerable Cauſe!
That made her by her ſelf to ſtray alone,
Which elſe, God knows, ſhe never ſhould have done.
For had our Liberty as open been,
As was our Loves, *Silvia* had not been ſeen
Without her *Thirſis*, never had we gone

But

But Hand in Hand, nor ever had Miſchance
Took us a ſunder; ſhe had always had
My Body interpos'd betwixt all Harms
And her. But ah, we had our Liberty
Lay'd faſt in Priſon, when our Loves were free.

Pal. But how know'ſt thou her Love was ſuch to thee? (Night?

Thir. How do I know the Sun, the Day from

Pal. Womens Affections do like Flaſhes prove,
They oft ſhew Paſſion when they feel ſmall Love.

Thir. Ah, do not ſo prophane that precious Sex,
Which I muſt ever reverence for her ſake,
Who was the Glory of her Kind; whoſe Heart
In all her Actions ſo tranſparent was,
As I might ſee it clear and wholly mine,
Always obſerving Truth in one Right Line.
How oft hath ſhe been urg'd by Father's Threats,
By Friends Perſuaſions, and *Alexis* Sighs,
And Tears and Prayers, to admit his Love,
Yet never could be won? How oft have I
Beheld the braveſt Herdſmen of theſe Plains,
(As what brave Herdſman was there in the Plains
Of all *Arcadia*, that had not his Heart
Warm'd with her Beams) to ſeek to win her Love.
Ah, I remember well (and how can I [*Sighs.*
But evermore remember well) when firſt
Our Flame began, when ſcarce we knew what was
The Flame we felt; when as we ſat and ſigh'd
And look'd upon each other, and conceiv'd
Not what we ail'd, yet ſomething we did ail;
And yet were well, and yet were not well,
And what was our Diſeaſe we could not tell.
Then would we kiſs, then ſigh, then look: And thus
In that firſt Garden of our Simpleneſs
We ſpent our Childhood: But when Years began
To reap the Fruit of Knowledge; ah how then
Would ſhe with graver Looks, with ſweet ſtern Brow,
Check my Preſumption and my Forwardneſs;
Yet ſtill would give me Flowers, ſtill would me ſhow
What ſhe would have me, yet not have me know.

Pal.

Pal. Alas! with what poor Coin are Lovers paid,
And taken with the ſmalleſt Bait is laid.
Thir. And when in Sport with other Company
Of Nymphs and Shepherds we have met Abroad,
How would ſhe ſteal a Look: and watch mine Eye
Which Way it went? And when at Barley-Break
It came unto my Turn to reſcue her,
With what an earneſt, ſwift, and nimble Pace
Would her Affection make her Feet to run,
And farther run than to my Hand? Her Race
Had no Stop, but my Boſom, where no End.
And when we were to break again, how late
And loth her trembling Hand would part with mine,
And with how ſlow a Pace would ſhe ſet forth
To meet th' encountering Party, who contends
T' attain her, ſcarce affording him her Fingers Ends?
Pal. Fie *Thirſis*, with what fond Remembrances
Do'ſt thou theſe idle Paſſions entertain?
For Shame leave off to waſt your Youth in vain,
And feed on Shadows; make your Choice anew.
You other Nymphs ſhall find, no doubt will be
As lovely, and as fair, and ſweet as ſhe.
Thir. As fair and ſweet as ſhe? *Palæmon*, Peace:
Ah, what can Pictures be unto the Life?
What Sweetneſs can be found in Images?
Which all Nymphs elſe beſides her ſeem to me.
She only was a real Creature, ſhe,
Whoſe Memory muſt take up all of me.
Should I another love, then muſt I have
Another Heart, for this is full of her,
And evermore ſhall be: Here is ſhe drawn
At Length, and Whole; and more, this Table is
A Story, and is all of her; and all
Wrought in the liveliеſt Colours of my Blood;
And can there be a Room for others here?
Should I diſfigure ſuch a Piece, and blot
The perfect ſt Workmanſhip that Love e'er wrought?
Palemon no, ah no, it coſt too dear,
It muſt remain intire whilſt Life remains,
The Monument of her and of my Pains.

Pal.

Pal. Thou may'ſt be ſuch a fond Idolater
To die for Love; tho' that were very ſtrange.
Love hath few Saints, but many Confeſſors.
And Time no Doubt will raze out all theſe Notes,
And leave a Room at length for other Thoughts.

Thir. Yes, when there is no Spring, no Tree, no Grove
In all *Arcadia*, to record our Love:
And tell me where we were (the Time we were)
How we did meet together, what we ſaid;
Where we did joy, and where we ſat diſmay'd.
And then I may forget her, not before.
Till then I muſt remember one ſo dear,
When every Thing I ſee tells me of her.

And you, dear Reliques of that martyr'd Saint
My Heart adores, you the perpetual Books
Whereon, when Tears permit, mine Eyes ſtill look:
Ah, you were with her laſt, and till my laſt
You muſt remain with me; you were reſerv'd
To tell me ſhe was loſt, but yet alas,
You cannot tell me how! I would you could.

White ſpotleſs Vail, clean, like her Womanhood,
Which whilome cover'd'ſt the moſt lovely Face
That ever Eye beheld, Was there no Meſſage ſent
From her by thee? Ah yes, there ſeems it was;
Here is a *T* made with her Blood, as if
She would have written, *Thirſis*, I am ſlain
In ſeeking thee; ſure ſo it ſhould have been,
And ſo I read it, and ſhall ever ſo.

And thou ſweet Remnant of the faireſt Hair,
That ever wav'd with Wind. Ah, thee I found
When her I hop'd to find, wrapt in a Round
Like to an *O*, the Character of Woe;
As if to ſay, *O Thirſis*, I die thine.
This much you tell me yet, dumb Meſſengers
Of her laſt Mind; and what you cannot tell,
That I muſt think, which is the moſt Extreme
Of Wofulneſs, that any Heart can think.

Pal. There is no dealing with this Man, I ſee;
This Humour muſt be let to ſpend it ſelf
Unto a leſſer Subſtance, e're that we

Can any way apply a Remedy.
But I lament his Caſe, and ſo I know
Do all that ſee him in this woful Plight:
And therefore will I leave him to himſelf,
For Sorrow that is full, hates others Sight. (*Ex.* Pal.

Thir. Come Boy, whilſt I contemplate theſe Remains
Of my loſt Love, under this myrtle Tree,
Record the dolefull'ſt Song, the ſighing Notes,
That Muſick hath to entertain bad Thoughts.
Let it be all at Flats my Boy, all grave,
The Tone that beſt befits the Grief I have.

The SONG.

Had Sorrow ever fitter Place
To act his Part,
Than is my Heart,
Where it takes up all the Space?
Where is no Vein
To entertain
A Thought that wears another Face.
Nor will I Sorrow ever have
Therein to be
But only thee,
To whom I full Poſſeſſion gave:
Thou in thy Name
Muſt hold the ſame,
Until thou bring it to the Grave.

Thir. So Boy, now leave me to my ſelf, that I May be alone to Grief, entire to Miſery.

SCENE II.

Cloris, Clarindo.

Clo. Now gentle Boy *Clarindo*, haſt thou brought My Flocks into the Field?
Cla. Miſtreſs I have.
Clo. And haſt thou told them?
Cla. Yes.

Clo. And are there all?

Cla. All.

Clo. And haſt thou left them ſafe my Boy?

Cla. Safe.

Clo. Then whilſt they feed, *Clarindo*, I muſt uſe
Thy Service in a ſerious Buſineſs.
But thou muſt do it well my Boy.

Cla. The beſt I can.

Clo. Do'ſt thou know *Thirſis*?

Cla. Yes.

Clo. But know'ſt him well?

Cla. I have good Reaſon to know *Thirſis* well.

Clo. What Reaſon Boy;

Cla. I oft have ſeen the Man.

Clo. Why then he knows thee too? (of late.

Cla. Yes I ſuppoſe, unleſs he hath forgotten me

Clo. But hath he heard thee ſing my Boy

Cla. He hath.

Clo. Then doubtleſs he doth well remember thee.
Well, unto him thou muſt a Meſſage do
From thy ſad Miſtreſs *Cloris*; but thou muſt
Do it exactly well, with thy beſt Grace,
Beſt Choice of Language, and beſt Countenance.
I know thou canſt do well, and haſt a Speech
And Faſhion pleaſing to perform the ſame.
Nor can I have a fitter Meſſenger
In this Employment than thy ſelf, my Boy.
For ſure methinks, noting thy Form and Grace,
That thou haſt much of *Silvia* in thy Face:
Which if he ſhall perceive as well as I,
Sure he will give thee Audience willingly,
And for her ſake, if not for mine, hear out
Thy Meſſage; for he ſtill (tho' ſhe be dead)
Holds Sparkles of her unextinguiſhed.
And that is Death to me: For tho' ſometimes
Silvia and I moſt dear Companions were,
Yet when I ſaw he did ſo much prefer
Her before me, I deadly hated her;
And was not ſorry for her Death, and yet
Was ſorry ſhe ſhould come to ſuch a Death.

But to the Purpoſe; go to *Thirſis*, Boy:
Say, thou art *Cloris* Servant, ſent to be
The Meſſenger of her diſtreſſed Tears:
Who languiſhes for him, and never ſhall
Have Comfort more, unleſs he give it her.

Cla. I will.

Clo. Nay, but ſtay Boy, there's ſomething elſe.
Tell him, his Cruelty makes me undo
My Modeſty, and to put on that Part
Which appertains to him, that is to woo:
And to diſgrace my Sex, to ſhew my Heart,
Which no Man elſe could have had Power to do.
And that unleſs he do reſtore me back
Unto myſelf, by his like Love to me,
I cannot live.

Cla. All this I'll tell him too.

Clo. Nay but ſtay Boy, there is yet more:
Tell him, it will no Honour be to him,
Whenever it ſhall come to be made known,
That he hath been her Death that was his own,
And how his Love hath fatal been to two
Diſtreſs'd Nymphs.

Cla. This will I tell him too.

Clo. Nay but ſtay Boy, wilt thou ſay nothing elſe,
As of thy ſelf, to waken up his Love?
Thou may'ſt ſay ſomething which I may not ſay,
And tell him how thou hold'ſt me full as fair,
Yea and more fair, more lovely, more compleat
Than ever *Silvia* was: More wiſe, more ſtay'd,
How ſhe was but a light and wav'ring Maid.

Cla. Nay, there I leave you, that I cannot ſay.

Clo. What ſay'ſt thou Boy?

Cla. Nothing, but that I will
Endeavour all I can to work his Love.

Clo. Do, good my Boy: But thou muſt yet add more,
As from thy ſelf, and ſay, what an unkind
And barbarous Part it is, to ſuffer thus
So beauteous and ſo rare a Nymph to pine
And periſh for his Love? and ſuch a one,
As if ſhe would have ſtoop'd to others Flame,

Hath

Hath had the gallant'ſt Herdſmen of theſe Fields
Fall at her Feet: All which ſhe hath deſpis'd,
Having her Heart before by thee ſurpriz'd,
And now doth nothing elſe, but ſit and mourn:
Speak *Thirſis*, weep *Thirſis*, ſigh *Thirſis*, and
Sleep *Thirſis* when ſhe ſleeps, which is but rare.
Beſides, good Boy, thou muſt not ſtick to ſwear,
Thou oft hath ſeen me ſwone, and ſink to Ground
In theſe deep Paſſions, wherein I abound.
For ſomething thou may'ſt ſay beyond the Truth,
By Reaſon of my Love, and of thy Youth.
Do, good *Clarindo* ſwear, and vow thus much.
But doſt thou now remember all I ſay?
Doſt thou forget no Parcel of my Speech?
Shall I repeat the ſame again to thee?
Or elſe wilt thou rehearſe it unto me?
That I may know thou haſt it perfect, Boy.

Cla. It ſhall not need: Be ſure I will report
What you enjoyn me, in moſt earneſt Sort,

Clo. Ah, do good Boy. Although I fear it will
Avail me little: For I doubt his Heart
Is repoſſeſſed with another Love.

Cla. Another Love! Who may that be, I pray?

Clo. With *Amarillis*, I have heard: For they,
Are thought, will in the End make up a Match.

Cla. With *Amarillis!* Well, yet will I go,
And try his Humour whether it be ſo:

Clo. Go good *Clarindo*, but thou muſt not fail
To work effectually for my Avail.
And do not ſtay, return with ſpeed good Boy,
My Paſſions are to great t' endure Delay.

SCENE III.

Clarindo Solus.

Thirſis in Love with *Amarillis!* Then
In what a Caſe am I? What doth avail
This alter'd Habit, that belies my Sex?
What boots it t' have eſcap'd from Pyrates Hands,

And with ſuch Wiles to have deceiv'd their Wills,
If I return to fall on worſer Ills?
In Love with *Amarillis*! Is that ſo?
Is *Silvia* then forgot, that hath endur'd
So much for him? Do all theſe Miſeries
(Caus'd by his Means) deſerve no better Hire?
Was it the greateſt Comfort of my Life,
To have return'd, that I might comfort him,
And am I welcom'd thus? Ah, did mine Eyes
Take never Reſt, after I was arriv'd
Till I had ſeen him, tho' unknown to him?
Being hidden thus, and cover'd with Diſguiſe
And Maſculine Attire, to temporize
Until *Alexis* Marriage-Day be paſt,
Which ſhortly as I hear will be; and which
Would free me wholly from my Father's Fear:
Who if he knew I were return'd, would yet
Undo I doubt that Match, to match me there.
Which would be more than all my Sufferings were.
Indeed methought when I beheld the Face
Of my dear *Thirſis*, I beheld a Face
Confounded all with Paſſion, which did much
Afflict my Heart: But yet I little thought
It could have been for any other's Love.
I did ſuppoſe the Memory of me,
And of my Wrapture, had poſſeſs'd him ſo,
As made him ſhew that Countenance of Woe.
And much ado had I then to forbear
From caſting me into his Arms, and yield
What Comfort my poor ſelf could yield, but that
I thought our Joys would not have been compleat,
But might have yielded us Annoys as great,
Unleſs I could come wholly his, and clear'd
From all thoſe former Dangers which we fear'd:
Which now a little Stay (tho' any Stay
Be Death to me) would wholly take away.
And therefore I reſolv'd my ſelf to bear
This Burthen of our Sufferings yet a while,
And to become a Servant in this Guiſe
To her I would have ſcorned otherwiſe:

And be at all Commands, to go, and come,
To trudge into the Fields, early and late.
Which tho' I know, it misbecomes my State,
Yet it becomes my Fortune, which is that,
Not *Phillis* whom I ſerve: But ſince I ſerve,
I will do what I do moſt faithfully.
But *Thirſis*, is it poſſible that thou
Should'ſt ſo forget me, and forgo thy Vow?
Or is it but a flying vain Report,
That ſlanders thine Affection in this Sort?
It may be ſo, and God grant it be ſo:
I ſhall ſoon find if thou be falſe or no:
But ah, here comes my Fury, I muſt fly.
[*Offers to go, but is ſtop'd by* Phillis.

SCENE IV.

Phillis, Clarindo.

Phil. Ah cruel Youth, whither away ſo faſt?
Cla. Good *Phillis* do not ſtay me, I have haſte.
Phil. What haſte ſhould'ſt thou have but to com-
Who hath no other Comfort but in thee? (fort me,
Cla. Alas, thou doſt but trouble me in vain,
I cannot help thee: 'Tis not in my Pow'r.
Phil. Not in thy Pow'r *Clarindo*? Ah, if thou
Had'ſt any Thing of Manlineſs, thou would'ſt.
Cla. But if I have not, what doth it avail
In this Sort to torment thy ſelf and me?
And therefore prithee *Phillis* let me go. (ſhalt be
Phil. Ah, whither can'ſt thou go, where thou
More dearly lov'd and cheriſh'd than with me?
Cla. But that my Purpoſe cannot ſatisfy,
I muſt be gone, there is no Remedy.
Phil. O cruel Youth, will thy Heart nothing move
Shew me yet Pity, if thou ſhew not Love.
Cla. Believe me *Phillis*, I do pity thee;
And more lament thy Error, ſo farewel. [*Ex. Cla.*

Phil. And art thou gone hard-hearted Youth? Haſt thou
Thus diſappointed my Deſires, and left
My Shame t' afflict me worſer than my Love?
Now in what Caſe am I, that neither can
Recal my Modeſty, nor thee again?
Ah, were it now to do again, my Paſſions ſhould
Have ſmother'd me to Death, before I would
Have ſhew'd the ſmalleſt Sparkle of my Flame.
But it is done, and I am now undone.
Ah, had'ſt thou been a Man, and had that Part
Of Underſtanding of a Woman's Heart,
My Words had been unborn, only mine Eyes
Had been a Tongue enough to one were wiſe.
But this it is to love a Boy, whoſe Years
Conceives not his own Good, nor weighs my Tears:
But this Diſgrace I juſtly have deſerv'd.

[*Enter Lydia.*

SCENE V.

Lydia, Phillis.

Lyd. So *Phillis* have you, and you're rightly ſerv'd.
Have you diſdain'd the gallant'ſt Forreſters,
And braveſt Herdſmen all *Arcadia* hath,
And now in love with one is not a Man?
Aſſure your ſelf this is a juſt Revenge
Love takes, for your Miſpriſon of his Pow'r.
I told you often there would come a Time,
When you would ſure be plagu'd for ſuch a Crime:
But you would laugh at me, as one you thought
Conceiv'd not of what Metral you were wrought.
Is this you, who would wonder any Nymphs
Could ever be ſo fooliſh as to love?
Who is ſo fooliſh now?

Phil. Peace *Lydia*, peace,
Add not more Grief t' a Heart that hath too much;
Do not inſult upon her Miſery,
Whoſe Flame, God wot, needs Water, and not Oyl;
Thou ſeeſt I am undone, caught in the Toil
Of an intangling Miſchief: Tell me how
I may recover, and unwind me now.

Lyd.

Lyd. That doth require more Time; we will apart
Conſult thereof, be you but rul'd by me,
And you ſhall find, I yet will ſet you free.

[*Exeunt.*

The SONG of the firſt Chorus.

Love is a Sickneſs full of Woes,
All Remedies refuſing:
A Plant that with moſt cutting grows,
Moſt barren with beſt uſing.
Why ſo?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it ſighing cries,
Hey ho.

Love is a Torment of the Mind,
A Tempeſt everlaſting;
And Jove *hath made it of a Kind,*
Not well, nor full nor faſting.
Why ſo?
More we enjoy it, more it dies,
If not enjoy'd, it ſighing cries,
Hey ho.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Silvanus, Dorcas, Montanus.

Sil. IN what a mean Regard are we now held,
We active and laborious Forresters?
Who tho' our living rural be and rough,
Yet heretofore were we for Valour priz'd,
And well esteem'd in all good Companies;
Nor would the daintiest Nymphs that Valljes haunt
Or Fields inhabit, ever have despis'd
Our silvane Songs, nor yet our plain Discourse;
But gracefully accepted of our Skill,
And often of our Loves, when they have seen
How faithful and how constant we have been.

Dor. It's true *Silvanus*, but you see the Times
Are alter'd now, and they so dainty grown,
By being ador'd, and woo'd, and follow'd so
Of those unsinew'd amorous Herdsmen, who
By Reason of their rich and mighty Flocks,
Supply their Pleasures with that Plenteousness,
As they disdain our Plainness, and do scorn
Our Company, as Men rude and ill born.

Sil. Well, so they do; but *Dorcas* if you mark
How oft they do miscarry in their Love,
And how disloyal these fine Herdsmen prove;
You shall perceive how their abundant Store
Pays not their Expectation nor Desires.
Witness these Groves, wherein they oft deplore
The miserable Passions they sustain;
And how perfidious, wayward and unkind
They find their Loves to be; which we, who are
The Eyes and Ears of Woods, oft see and hear.
For hither to these Groves they must resort.
And here one wails apart the Usage hard
Of her disordered, wild, and wilful Mate:

There

There mourns another her unhappy State,
Held ever in Reſtraint, and in Suſpect:
Another to her truſty Confident,
Laments how ſhe is match'd to ſuch a one
As cannot give a Woman her Content.
Another grieves how ſhe hath got a Fool,
Whoſe Bed, altho ſhe loath, ſhe muſt endure.
And thus they all, unhappy by that Means
Which they account would bring all Happineſs,
Moſt wealthily are plagued with rich Diſtreſs.

Dor. And ſo they are, but yet this was not wont
To be the Faſhion here; there was a Time
Before *Arcadia* came to be diſeas'd.
With theſe corrupted Humours reigning now,
That Choice was made of Vertue and Deſert,
Without reſpect of any other Ends:
When Love was only Maſter of their Hearts,
And rul'd alone: When ſimple Thoughts produc'd
Plain honeſt Deeds, and every one contends
To have his Fame to follow his Deſerts,
And not his Shows; to be the ſame he was,
Not ſeem'd to be: And then were no ſuch Parts
Of falſe Deceivings play'd, as now we ſee.
But after that accurſed Greedineſs
Of Wealth began to enter and poſſeſs
The Hearts of Men, Integrity was loſt,
And with it they themſelves, for nevermore
Came they to be in their own Power again.
That Tyrant vanquiſh'd them, made them all Slaves,
That brought baſe Servitude into the World,
Which elſe had never been; that only made
Them to endure all whatſoever Weights
Power could deviſe to lay upon their Neck.
For rather than they would not have, they would not be
But miſerable. So that no Device
Needs elſe to keep them under, they themſelves
Will bear far more than they are made, themſelves
Will add unto their Fetters, rather than
They would not be, or held to be great Men.

Sil. Then *Dorcas*, how much more are we to prize
Our mean Eſtate, which they ſo much deſpiſe?
Conſidering that we do enjoy thereby,
The deareſt Thing in Nature, *Liberty*.
And are not tortur'd with thoſe Hopes and Fears,
Th' Affliction laid on Superfluities,
Which make them to obſcure, and ſerve the Times:
But are content with what the Earth, the Woods
And Rivers near do readily afford,
And therewithal furniſh our homely Board.
Thoſe unbought Cates pleaſe our unlearned Throats,
That underſtand not Dainties, even as well
As all their Delicates, which do but ſtuff
And not ſuſtain the Stomach: and indeed
As well obſerving Belly doth make much
For Liberty; for he that can but live,
Altho with Roots, and have no Hopes, is free
Without the Verge of any Sov'raignty.
And is a Lord at Home, commands the Day
As his till Night, and then repoſes him
At his own Hours, thinks on no Stratagem,
But how to take his Game, hath no Deſign
To croſs next Day; no Plots to undermine.

Dor. But why *Montanus*, do you look ſo ſad?
What is the Cauſe your Mind is not as free
As your Eſtate? What, have you had of late
Some coy Repulſe of your diſdainful Nymph,
To whom Love hath ſubdu'd you? Who indeed
Our only Maſter is, and no Lord elſe
But he, hath any Power to vex us here;
Which had he not, we too too happy were.

Mon. In troth I muſt confeſs, when now you two
Found me in yonder Thicket, I had loſt
My ſelf, by having ſeen that which I would
I had not had theſe Eyes to ſee; and judge
If I great Reaſon have not to complain:
You ſee I am a Man, tho not ſo gay
And delicately clad, as are your fine
And amorous dainty Herdſmen; yet a Man,
And that not baſe, not unally'd to *Pan*;

And

And of a Spirit doth not degenerate
From my robuſtious manly Anceſtors,
Being never foil'd in any wreſtling Game,
But ſtill have born away the chiefeſt Prize
In every brave and active Exerciſe.
Yet notwithſtanding that diſdainful Maid,
Proud *Phillis*, doth deſpiſe me and my Love,
And will not deign ſo much as hear me ſpeak,
But doth abjure, forſooth, the Thought of Love.
Yet ſhall I tell you (yet aſham'd to tell;)
This coy unloving Soul, I ſaw e're while,
Soliciting a Youth, a ſmooth-fac'd Boy,
Whom in her Arms ſhe held (as ſeem'd to me,
Being cloſely buſh'd a pretty Diſtance off,)
Againſt his Will; and with ſtrange Paſſion urg'd
His Stay, who ſeem'd, ſtruggling to get away,
And yet ſhe ſtaid him, yet intreats his Stay.
At which ſtrange Sight, imagine I that ſtood
Spectator, how confoundedly I ſtood,
And hardly could forbear from running in
To claim for mine, if ever Love had Right,
Thoſe her Embraces caſt away in Sight:
But ſtaying to behold the End, I ſtaid
Too long; the Boy gets looſe, her ſelf retires,
And you came in; but if I live, that Boy
Shall dearly pay for his Misfortune, that
He was belov'd of her, of whom I would
Have none on Earth beloved, but my ſelf.

Dor. That were to bite the Stone, a Thing unjuſt,
To puniſh him for her conceived Luſt.

Mon. Tuſh, many in this World we ſee are caught,
And ſuffer for Misfortune, not their Fault.

Sil. But that would not become your Manlineſs,
Montanus, it were ſhame for valiant Men
To do unworthily.

Mon. Speak not of that, *Silvanus*, if my Rage
Irregular be made, it muſt work like Effects.

Dor. Theſe are but Billows, tumbling after Storms,
They laſt not long; come let ſome Exerciſe
Divert that Humour, and convert your Thoughts

To

To know your ſelf; ſcorn her who ſcorneth you;
Idolatrize not ſo that Sex, but hold
A Man of Straw more than a Wife of Gold. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Lydia, Phillis.

Lyd. You muſt not, *Phillis*, be ſo ſenſible
Of theſe ſmall Touches which your Paſſion makes.
Phil. Small Touches, *Lydia*, do you count them ſmall?
Can there unto a Woman worſe befal
Than hath to me? What, have not I loſt all
That is moſt dear to us, Love and my Fame?
Is there a third Thing, *Lydia*, you can name
That is ſo precious as to match with theſe?
Lyd. Now, ſilly Girl, how fondly do you talk?
How have you loſt your Fame? What for a few
Ill-favour'd loving Words, uttered in jeſt
Unto a fooliſh Youth? Cannot you ſay,
You did but to make Trial how you could,
If ſuch a peeviſh Qualm of Paſſion ſhould
(As never ſhall) oppreſs your tender Heart,
Frame your Conceit to ſpeak, to look, to ſigh
Like to a Heart-ſtruck Lover; and that you
Perceiving him to be a baſhful Youth,
Thought to put Spirit in him, and make you Sport.
Phil. Ah, *Lydia*! but he ſaw I did not ſport,
He ſaw my Tears, and more, what ſhall I ſay?
He ſaw too much, and that which never Man
Shall ever ſee again, whilſt I have Breath.
Lyd. Are you ſo ſimple as you make your ſelf?
What did he ſee? A counterfeited Shew
Of Paſſion, which you may, if you were wiſe,
Make him as eaſily to unbelieve,
As what he never ſaw, and think his Eyes
Conſpir'd his Underſtanding to deceive.
How many Women, think you, being eſpy'd
In nearer-touching Caſes by Miſchance,

Have

Have yet not only fac'd their Lovers down
For what they ſaw, but brought them to believe
They had not ſeen the Thing which they had ſeen,
Yea, and to ſwear it too; and to condemn
Themſelves? Such Means can Wit deviſe
To make Mens Minds uncredit their own Eyes.
And therefore let not ſuch a Toy as this
Diſeaſe your Thoughts; and for your Loſs of Love,
It is as much as nothing. I would turn
A Paſſion upon that ſhould overturn
It clean, and that is Wrath; one Heat
Expels another. I would make my Thoughts of Scorn
To be in Heighth ſo much above my Love,
As they ſhou'd eaſe and pleaſe me more by far.
I would diſdain to caſt a Look that Way
Where he ſhould ſtand, unleſs it were in Scorn,
Nor think a Thought of him, but how to work
Him all Diſgrace that poſſibly I could.

Phil. That *Lydia*, can I never do, let him
Do what he will to me, report my Shame,
And vaunt his Fortune, and my Weakneſs blame.

Lyd. Nay, as for that, he ſhall be ſo well charm'd
E'er I have done, as you ſhall fear no Tales.

Phil. Ah, *Lydia*, could that be without his Harm,
How bleſſed ſhould I be.----But ſee where comes
My great Tormentor, that rude Forreſter.

[*Enter* Montanus.

Good *Lydia* let us fly, I hate his Sight
Next to the Ill I ſuffer; let us fly,
We ſhall be troubled with him wofully.

Lyd. Content you *Phillis*, ſtay and hear him ſpeak:
We may make uſe of him more than you think.

Phil. What Uſe can of ſo groſs a Piece be made?

Lyd. The better Uſe be ſure; for being groſs,
Your ſubtler Spirits, full of their Fineſſes,
Serve their own Turns in others Buſineſſes.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Montanus, Lydia, Phillis.

Mont. Aſide.] What Pleaſure can I take to chace
wild Beaſts,
When I my ſelf am chac'd more eagerly
By mine own Paſſions, and can find no Reſt?
Let them who have their Heart at Liberty
Attend thoſe Sports, I cannot be from hence;
Where I receiv'd my Hurt, here muſt I tread
The Maze of my perplexed Miſery.
And here ſee where ſhe is, the Cauſe of all:
And now, what ſhall I do? What ſhall I ſay?
How ſhall I look? how ſtand? Which utter firſt,
My Love or Wrath? Alas! I know not which.
Now were it not as good have been away,
As thus to come, and not tell what to ſay?
Phil. See, *Lydia*, ſee, how ſavagely he looks.
Good let us go, I never ſhall endure
To hear him bellow.
Lyd. Prethee *Phillis* ſtay,
And give him yet the Hearing, in reſpect
He loves you, otherwiſe you ſhew your ſelf
A Savage more than he.
Phil. Well, if I hear,
I will not anſwer him a Word, you ſhall reply;
And prethee *Lydia* do, reply for me.
Lyd. For that we ſhall, *Phillis*, do well enough
When he begins, who ſeems is very long
To give the Onſet; ſure the Man is much
Perplexed, or he ſtudies what to ſay.
Phil. Good *Lydia* ſee how he hath trick'd himſelf.
Now ſure this gay freſh Suit, as ſeems to me,
Hangs like green Ivy on a rotten Tree.
Lyd. Some Beaſts do wear grey Beards beſide your
Goats: (Thoughts.
And bare within him, this Suit bewrays young
Mon.

Mon. Aside.] Ah was it not enough to be oppreſs'd
With that confounding Paſſion of my Love
And her Diſdain, but that I muſt be torn
With Wrath and Envy too, and have no Vein,
Free from the Rack of Sufferings, that I can,
Nor ſpeak, nor think, but moſt diſtractedly?
How ſhall I now begin, that have no Way
To let out any Paſſion by it ſelf,
But that they all will thruſt together ſo
As none will be expreſſed as they ought?
But ſomething I muſt ſay now I am here.
And be it what it will; Love, Envy, Wrath,
Or altogether in a Cumberment,
My Words muſt be like me, perplext and rent,
And ſo I'll to her.

Phil. Lydia, ſee he comes.

Lyd. He comes indeed, and as methinks doth ſhew
More Trouble in his Face by far, than Love.

Mon. Fair *Phillis*, and too fair for ſuch a one,
Unleſs you kinder were, or better than
I know you are; how much I have endur'd
For you, altho you ſcorn to know, I feel,
And did imagine, that in being a Man
Who might deſerve Regard, I ſhould have been
Preferr'd before a Boy. But well, I ſee
Your Seeming and your Being diſagree. (he thus

Phil. What *Lydia*, doth he brawl? What means
To ſpeak and look in this ſtrange ſort on me?

Mon. Well, modeſt *Phillis*, never look ſo coy,
Theſe Eyes beheld you dallying with a Boy.

Phil. Me with a Boy, *Montanus!* When? where? how?

Mon. To Day, here, in moſt laſcivious ſort.

Lyd. Ah, ha, he ſaw you *Phillis*, when
This Morning you did ſtrive with *Cloris* Boy
To have your Garland, which he ſnatch'd away,
And kept it from you by ſtrong Force and Might:
And you again laid hold upon the ſame,
And held it faſt, until with much ado
He wrung it from your Hands, and got away.
And this is that great Matter which he ſaw. Now

Now fie *Montanus*, fie, are you ſo groſs,
T' imagine ſuch a worthy Nymph as ſhe
Would be in love with ſuch a Youth as he?
Why now you have undone your Credit quite,
You never can make her amends for this
So impious a Surmize; nor ever can
She, as ſhe Reaſon hath, but muſt deſpiſe
Your Groſſneſs, who ſhould rather have come in
And righted her, than ſuffer ſuch a one
To offer an Indignity ſo vile,
And you ſtand prying in a Buſh the while.

Mon. What do I hear! what am I not my ſelf?
How! have mine Eyes double undone me then?
Firſt ſeeing *Phillis* Face, and now her Fact,
Or elſe the Fact ſaw, I did not ſee?
And ſince thou haſt my Underſtanding wrong'd,
And Traytor-like given falſe Intelligence,
Whereby my Judgment comes to paſs amiſs. -----
And yet I think my Sence was in the right: ---
And yet in this Amaze I cannot tell, ---
But howſoe'er, I in an Error am,
In loving, or believing, or in both.
And therefore *Phillis*, at thy Feet I fall,
And Pardon crave for this my groſs Surmize.

Lyd. But this, *Montanus*, will not now ſuffice,
You quite have loſt her, and your Hopes and all.

Mon. Good *Lydia*, yet intreat her to relent,
And let her but command me any thing
That is within the Power of Man to do,
And you ſhall find *Montanus* will perform
More than a Gyant, and will ſtead her more
Than all the Herdſmen in *Arcadia* can.

Lyd. She will command you nothing: But I wiſh
You would a little terrify that Boy,
As he may never dare to uſe her Name
But in all Reverence as is fit for her.
But do not you examine him a Word;
For that were neither for your Dignity
Nor hers, that ſuch Boy as he ſhould ſtand
And juſtify himſelf in ſuch a Caſe,
Who would but fain Untruths unto your Face. And

And herein you ſome Service ſhall perform,
As may perhaps make her to think on you.

Mon. Alas! this is a Work, ſo far, ſo low
Beneath my Worth, as I account it none.
Were it t' encounter ſome fierce Mountain Beaſt
Or Monſter, it were ſomething fitting me.
But yet this will I do, and do it home,
Aſſure you *Lydia*: As I live I will.

Phil. But yet I would not have you hurt the Youth,
For that were neither Grace for you nor me.

Mon. That as my Rage will tolerate muſt be
(*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Cloris, Clarindo.

Clo. Here comes my long expected Meſſenger,
God grant the News he brings may make amends
For his long Stay; and ſure, I hope it will.
Methinks his Face bewrays more jollity
In his returning than in going hence.

Cla. Aſide. Well, all is well; no *Amarillis* hath
Supplanted *Silvia*'s Love in *Thirſis* Heart,
Nor any ſhall: But ſee where *Cloris* looks
For what I ſhall not bring her at this Time.

Clo. Clarindo, though my Longing would be fain
Diſpatch'd at once, and hear my Doom pronounc'd
All in a Word of either Life or Death,
Yet do not tell it but by Circumſtance.
Tell me the Manner where, and how thou found'ſt
My *Thirſis*, what he ſaid, how look'd, how far'd,
How he receiv'd my Meſſage, uſed thee;
And all in brief, but yet be ſure tell all.

Cla. All will I tell, as near as I can tell.
Firſt after tedious ſearching up and down,
I found him all alone, like a hurt Deer,
Got under Covert in a ſhady Grove,
Hard by a little Chryſtal purling Spring,
Which but one ſullen Note of Murmur held;

And

And where no Sun could ſee him, where no Eye
Might overlook his lovely Privacy.
There in a Path of his own making, trod
Bare as a common Way, yet led no way
Beyond the Turns he made, (which were but ſhort)
With Arms acroſs, his Hat down on his Eyes,
(As if thoſe Shades yielded not Shade enough
To darken them) he walks with often Stops,
Uneven Pace, like Motions to his Thoughts.
And when he heard me coming, for his Ears
Were quicker Watches than his Eyes, it ſeem'd;
He ſuddenly looks up, ſtays ſuddenly,
And with a Brow that told how much the Sight
Of any Interrupter troubl'd him,
Beheld me, without ſpeaking any Word,
As if expecting what I had to ſay.
I finding him in this confus'd Diſmay,
Who heretofore had ſeen him otherwiſe;
I muſt confeſs, (for tell you all I muſt,)
A trembling Paſſion overwhelm'd my Breaſt,
So that I likewiſe ſtood confus'd and dumb,
And only look'd on him, as he on me.
In this ſtrange Poſture like two Statues we
Remain'd a while; but with this Difference ſet:
He bluſh'd, and I look'd pale; my Face did ſhew
Joy to ſee him; his Trouble to be ſeen.
At length bethinking me for what I came,
What Part I had to act, I rows'd my Spirits,
And ſet myſelf to ſpeak; altho' I wiſh'd
He would have firſt begun; and yet before
A Word would iſſue, twice I bow'd my Knee,
Twice kiſs'd my Hand; my Action ſo much was
More ready than my Tongue: At laſt I told
Whoſe Meſſenger I was, and how I came
To intimate the ſad diſtreſſed Caſe
Of an afflicted Nymph, whoſe only Help
Remain'd in him: He, when he heard the Nam
Of *Cloris*, turns away his Head, and ſhrinks,
As if he griev'd that you ſhould grieve for him.

Clo.

Clo. No, no, it troubl'd him to hear my Name;
Which he deſpiſes; is he ſo perverſe
And way-ward ſtill? Ah, then I ſee no hope.
Clarindo, would to God thou had'ſt not gone,
I could be but, as now I am, undone.

Cla. Have Patience Miſtreſs, and but hear the reſt.
When I perceiv'd his Sufferings, with the Touch
And ſudden Stop it gave him, preſently
I laid on all the Weights that Motion might
Procure, and him beſought, adjur'd, invok'd,
By all the Rights of Nature, Piety
And Manlineſs, to hear my Meſſage out;
Told him how much the Matter did import
Your Safety and his Fame: How he was bound
In all Humanity to right the ſame. (then?

Clo. That was well done my Boy; what ſaid he

Cla. He turns about, and fix'd his Eyes on me,
Content to give his Ears a quiet Leave
To hear me, when I fail'd not to relate
All what I had in charge; and all he hears,
And looks directly on me all the while.

Clo. I doubt he noted thee more than thy Words.
But now *Clarindo*, what was his Reply?

Cla. Thus, tell fair *Cloris*, my good Boy, how
I am not ſo diſnatured a Man, (that
Or ſo ill born to diſeſteem her Love,
Or not to grieve, (as I proteſt I do)
That ſhe ſhould ſo afflict herſelf for me.
But -----

Clo. Ah, now comes that bitter Word of But,
Which makes all nothing, that was ſaid before,
That ſmooths, and wounds, that ſtrokes and daſhes more
Than flat Denials, or a plain Diſgrace.
But tell me yet what follow'd on that *But*?

Cla. Tell her (ſaid he) that I deſire ſhe would
Redeem her ſelf at any Price ſhe could,
And never let her think on me, who am
But e'en the Bark and Outſide of a Man,
That trades not with the Living, neither can
Nor ever will keep other Company Than

Than with the Dead. My *Silvia*'s Memory
Is all that I muſt ever live withal.
With that his Tears, which likewiſe forced mine,
Set me again upon another Rack
Of Paſſion, ſo that of my ſelf I ſought
To comfort him the beſt I could deviſe.
And I beſought him that he would not be
Tranſported thus; but know that with the Dead
He ſhould no more converſe: And how his Love
Was living, that would give him all Content,
And was all his intire, and pure, and wiſh'd
To live no longer than ſhe ſhould be ſo.
When more I would have ſaid, he ſhook his Head,
And will'd me ſpeak no farther at that Time,
But leave him to himſelf, and to return
Again anon, and he would tell me more;
Commending me for having done the Part
Both of a true and moving Meſſenger.
And ſo I took my Leave, and came my Way.

Clo. Return again. No, to what End,
If he be ſo conceited, and ſo fond
To entertain a Shadow? I have done,
And wiſh, that I had never done ſo much.
Shall I deſcend below my ſelf, to ſend
To one is not himſelf? Let him alone
With his dead Image: You ſhall go no more.
Have I here fram'd with all the Art I could
This Garland, deck'd with all the various Flowers
Arcadia yields, in hope he would ſend back
Some Comfort, that I might therewith have crown'd
His Love, and witneſs'd mine in th' endleſs Round
Of this fair Ring, the Character of Faith?
But now he ſhall have none of it, I rather will
Rend it in Pieces, and diſhatter all
Into a Chaos, like his formleſs Thoughts.
But yet thou ſay'ſt he will'd thee to return,
And he would tell thee more.

Cla. Yes ſo he ſaid.

Clo. Perhaps thy Words might yet ſo work with him
As that he takes this Time to think on them,

And

And then I ſhould do wrong to keep the back.
Well thou ſhalt go, and carry him from me
This Garland, work it what Effect it will.
But yet I know it will do nothing. Stay,
Thou ſhalt not go, for ſure he ſaid but that
To put thee off, that he might be alone
At his Idolatry, in Worſhipping
A Nothing, but his ſelf-made Images.
But yet he may be weary'd with thoſe Thoughts
As having worn them long, and end they muſt:
And this my Meſſage coming in fit Time,
And movingly deliver'd, may take hold:
He ſaid thou wert a moving Meſſenger,
Clarindo, did he not?

Cla. Yes ſo he ſaid.

Clo. Well, thou ſhalt go; and yet if any Thought
Of me ſhould move him, he knows well my Mind
(If not too well) and where he may me find:
Thou ſhalt not go *Clarindo*, nor will I
Diſgrace me more with Importunity:
And yet if ſuch a Motion ſhould take Fire,
And find no Matter ready, it would out,
And Opportunities muſt not be ſlack'd:
Clarindo, thou ſhalt go, and as thou goeſt,
Look to my Flock, and ſo God ſpeed the well.

SCENE V.

Clarindo, alias *Silvia*, *Solus*.

Cla. Well this Employment makes for my avail,
For hereby have I Means to ſee my Love;
Who likewiſe ſees me, tho' he ſees me not;
Nor do I ſee him as I would I did.
But I muſt by ſome Means or other make
Him know I live; and yet not ſo as he
May know that I am I, for fear we might
Miſcarry in our Joys by over Haſte.
But it is more than Time his Sufferings were
Reliev'd in ſome cloſe Sort; and that can I deviſe

No

No way to do, but by relating how
I heard of an Escape a Nymph did make
From Pyrates lately, and was safe return'd,
And so to tell some Story that contains
Our Fortunes, and our Loves, in other Names;
And wish him to expect the like Event.
For I perceive him very well content
To hear me speak; and sure he hath some Note,
Altho' so darkly drawn, as that his Eyes
Cannot expressly read it; yet it shows
Him something, which he rather feels, than knows.

The SONG of the second Chorus.

Desire, that is of Things ungot,
See what Travail it procureth,
And how much the Mind endureth,
To gain what yet it gaineth not:
For never was it paid,
The Charge defray'd,
According to the Price of Thought.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Charinus, the Father of *Thirſis*, *Palæmon*.

Cha. *Palæmon*, you methinks might ſomething (work
With *Thirſis* my aggriev'd Son, and found
His Humour what it is; and why he thus
Afflicts himſelf in Solitarineſs.
You two were wont to be moſt inward Friends,
And glad I was to ſee it; knowing you
To be a Man well temper'd, fit to ſort
With his raw Youth; can you do nothing now,
To win him from this vile Captivity
Of Paſſion, that withholds him from the World?

Pal. In troth, *Charinus*, I have oftentimes,
As one that ſuffer'd for his Grievances,
Eſſay'd to find a Way into the Cauſe
Of his ſo ſtrange Diſmay; and by all Means
Advis'd him make Redemption of himſelf,
And come to Life again, and be a Man
With Men; but all ſerves not, I find him lock'd
Faſt to his Will, alledge I what I can.

Cha. But will he not impart to you the Cauſe?

Pal. The Cauſe is Love: but it is ſuch a Love,
As is not to be had.

Cha. Not to be had!
Palæmon, if his Love be regular,
Is there in all *Arcadia* any ſhe,
Whom his Ability, his Shape and Worth
May not attain, he being my only Son?

Pal. She is not in *Arcadia* whom he loves,
Nor in the World, and yet he dearly loves.

Cha. How may that be, *Palæmon*, tell me plain?

Pal. Thus plainly, he's in Love with a dead Wo-
And that ſo far, as with the Thought of her (man,
Which hath ſhut out all other, he alone
Lives, and abhors to be, or ſeen, or known,
Cha. What was this Creature could poſſeſs him ſo?
Pal. Fair *Silvia*, old *Medorus* Daughter, who
Was two Years paſt reported to be ſlain
By ſavage Beaſts upon our Country Shore.
Cha. Is that his Grief? Alas! I rather thought
It appertain'd unto another's Part
To wail her Death: *Alexis* ſhould do that,
To whom her Father had diſpoſed her,
And ſhe eſteemed only to be his.
Why ſhould my Son afflict him more for her
Than doth *Alexis*, who this Day doth wed
Fair *Galatea*, and forgets the Dead?
And here the Shepherds come to celebrate
His joyful Nuptials with all Merriment,
Which doth increaſe my Cares, conſidering
The Comforts other Parents do receive:
And therefore, good *Palæmon*, work all Means
You can to win him from his peeviſh Will,
And draw him to theſe Shews, to Companies,
That others Pleaſures may inkindle his.
And tell him what a Sin he doth commit,
To waſte his Youth in Solitarineſs,
And take a Courſe to end us all in him.
Pal. Aſſure your ſelf *Charinus*, as I have,
So will I ſtill employ my utmoſt Pow'r
To ſave him; for methinks it pity were,
So rare a Piece of Worth ſhould ſo be loſt,
That ought to be preſerved at my Coſt.

SCENE II.

Charinus, Medorus.

Cha. Medorus come, we two muſt ſit and mourn
Whilſt others revel. We are not for Sports,
Or Nuptial Shews, which will but ſhew us more
Our Miſeries, in being both depriv'd, The

The Comforts of our Iſſue, which might have
(And was as like to have) made our Hearts
As joyful now as others are in theirs.

Med. Indeed *Charinus*, I for my Part have
Juſt Cauſe to grieve amidſt theſe Feſtivals,
For they ſhould have been mine. This Day I ſhould
Have ſeen my Daughter *Silvia* how ſhe would
Have woman'd it; theſe Rites had been her Grace,
And ſhe had ſat in *Galatea*'s Place,
And now had warm'd my Heart to ſee my Blood
Preſerv'd in her; had ſhe not been ſo wrapt
And rent from off the Living as ſhe was.
But your Caſe is not parallel with mine,
You have a Son *Charinus*, that doth live,
And may one Day to you like Comforts give.

Cha. Indeed I have a Son; but yet to ſay he lives,
I cannot; for who lives not to the World,
Nor to himſelf, cannot be ſaid to live:
For ever ſince that you your Daughter loſt,
I loſt my Son; for from that Day he hath
Embark'd in Shades and Solitarineſs,
Shut himſelf up from Light or Company
Of any Living: and as now I heard,
By good *Palæmon*, vows ſtill ſo to do.

Med. And did your Son, my Daughter love ſo dear?
Now good *Charinus*, I muſt grieve the more,
If more my Heart could ſuffer than it doth;
For now I feel the Horror of my Deed,
In having croſs'd the worthieſt Match on Earth.
Now I perceive why *Silvia* did refuſe
To marry with *Alexis*, having made
A worthier Choice; which oh, had I had Grace
To have foreſeen, perhaps this diſmal Chance
Never had been, and now they both had had
Joy of their Loves, and we the like of them.
But ah, my greedy Eye, viewing the large
And ſpacious Sheep-Walks joyning unto mine,
Whereof *Alexis* was poſſeſs'd, made me,
As Worldlings do, deſire to marry Grounds,
And not Affections, which have other Bounds.

How oft have I with Threats, with Promiſes,
With all Perſuaſions, ſought to win her Mind
To fancy him, yet all would not prevail!
How oft hath ſhe again upon her Knees
With Tears beſought me, Oh dear Father mine,
Do not enforce me to accept a Man
I cannot fancy: Rather take from me,
The Life you gave me, than afflict it ſo!
Yet all this would not alter mine Intent,
This was the Man ſhe muſt affect or none.
But ah, what Sin was this to torture ſo
A Heart forevow'd unto a better Choice,
Where Goodneſs met in one the ſelf ſame Point,
And Vertues anſwer'd in an equal Joynt!
Sure, ſure, *Charinus*, for this Sin of mine
The Gods bereaſt me of my Child, and would
Not have her be, to be without her Heart,
Nor me take Joy, where I did none impart.

Cha. Medorus, thus we ſee Man's Wretchedneſs
That learns his Errors but by their Succeſs,
And when there is no Remedy; and now
We can but wiſh it had been otherwiſe.

Med. And in that Wiſh, *Charinus*, we are rack'd;
But I remember now, I often have
Had Shadows in my Sleep, that Figures bear
Of ſome ſuch Liking betwixt your Child and mine:
And this laſt Night a pleaſing Dream I had,
(Tho' Dreams of Joy make Wakers Minds more ſad)
Methought my Daughter *Silvia* was return'd
In moſt ſtrange Faſhion, and upon her Knees
Craves my good Will for *Thirſis*, otherwiſe
She would be gone again and ſeen no more.
I at the Sight of my dear Child, was wrapt
With that Exceſs of Joy, as gave no Time
Either for me to anſwer her Requeſt,
Or leave for Sleep to figure out the reſt.

Cha. Alas! *Medorus*, Dreams are Vapours, which
Ingender'd with Day Thoughts, fall in the Night
And vaniſh with the Morning; are but made

Afflictions unto Man, to th' End he might
Not reſt in Reſt, but toil both Day and Night.
[*Enter Thirſis.*

But ſee here comes my ſolitary Son:
Let us ſtand cloſe *Medorus* out of Sight,
And note how he behaves himſelf in this
Affliction, and diſtreſs'd Caſe of his.

SCENE III.

Thirſis Solus.

Thir. This is the Day, the Day, the lamentable Day
Of my Deſtruction, which the Sun hath twice
Return'd unto my Grief, which keep one Courſe
Continually with it in like Motion.
But that they never ſet: This Day doth claim
Th' eſpecial Tribute of my Sighs and Tears,
Tho' every Day I duly pay my Tears
Unto that Soul which this Day left the World.
And yet I know not why; methoughts the Sun
Aroſe this Day with far more chearful Rays,
With brighter Beams, then uſually it did;
As if it would bring ſomething of Releaſe
Unto my Cares, or elſe my Spirit hath had
Some manner of Intelligence with Hope
Wherewith my Heart is unacquainted yet:
And that might cauſe mine Eye with quicker Senſe,
To note th' Appearing of the Eye of Heaven;
But ſomething ſure I feel which doth bare up
The Weight of Sorrow eaſier than before.

SCENE IV.

Palæmon, Thirſis.

Pal. What, *Thirſis*, ſtill in Paſſion? ſtill one Man?
For ſhame ſhew not your ſelf ſo weakly ſet,
So feebly jointed, that you cannot bear
The Fortunes of the World like other Men.
Believe me, *Thirſis*, you much wrong your Worth:
This is to be no Man, to have no Powers.
Paſſions are Womens Parts, Actions ours.
I was in hope t' have found you otherwiſe.

Thir. How otherwiſe *Palæmon*? Do not you
Hold it to be a moſt heroick Thing
To act one Man, and do that Part exact?
Can there be in the World more Worthineſs
Than to be conſtant? Is there any thing
Shews more a Man? What, would you have me change?
That were to have me baſe, that were indeed
To ſhew a feeble Heart, and weakly ſet.
No, no, *Palæmon*, I ſhould think my ſelf
The moſt unworthy Man of Men, ſhould I
But let a Thought into this Heart of mine
That might diſturb or ſhake my Conſtancy.
And think, *Palæmon*, I have Combates too,
To be the Man I am, being built of Fleſh,
And having round about me Traytors too
That ſeek to undermine my Powers, and ſteal
Into my Weakneſſes; but that I keep
Continual Watch and Ward upon my ſelf,
Leſt I ſhould be ſurpriz'd at unawares
And taken from my Vows with other Snares.
And even now at this Inſtant I confeſs,
Palæmon, I do feel a certain Touch
Of Comfort, which I fear to entertain,
Leſt it ſhould be ſome Spy, ſent as a Train
To make Diſcovery of what Strength I am.

Pal. Ah, worthy *Thirſis*, entertain that Spirit
Whatever elſe thou do: ſet all the Doors
Of thine Affections open thereunto.

Thir.

Thir. Palæmon, nō; Comfort and I have been
So long Time Strangers, as that now I fear
To let it in, I know not how t' acquaint
My self therewith, being us'd to converse
With other Humours, that affect me best,
Nor do I love to have mix'd Company
Whereto I must of Force my self apply.

Pal. But, *Thirsis*, think that this must have an end,
And more it would approve your Worth to make
The same your Work, than Time should make it his.

Thir. End sure it must *Palæmon*, but with me:
For so I by the Oracle was told
That very Day wherein I lost the Day,
And Light of Comfort that can never rise
Again to me; when I the saddest Man
That ever breath'd before those Altars fell,
And there besought to know what was become
Of my dear *Silvia*, whether dead, or how
Reft from the World; but that I could not learn.
Yet thus much did that Voice divine return:
Go Youth, reserve thy self, the Day will come
Thou shalt be happy; and return again.
But when shall be the Day, demanded I?
The Day thou diest, reply'd the Oracle.
So that you see, it will not be in these,
But in the *Elisian* Fields, where I shall joy,
The Day of Death must bring me Happiness.

Pal. You may mistake the Meaning of those Words
Which is not known before it be fulfilled.
Yield you to what the Gods command, if not
Unto your Friends Desires; reserve your self
For better Days, and think the Oracle
Is not untrue, altho' not understood.
But howsoever, let it not be said
That *Thirsis* being a Man of so rare Parts,
So understanding and discreet, should pine in Love
And languish for a silly Woman thus;
To be the Fable of the Vulgar, made
A Scorn, and laugh'd at by inferior Wits.

Thir. In Love *Palæmon*, know you what you say?

Do you eſteem it light to be in Love?
How have I been miſtaken in the Choice
Of ſuch a Friend, as I held you to be,
That ſeems not, or elſe doth not underſtand
The nobleſt Portion of Humanity,
The worthieſt Piece of Nature ſet in Man!
Ah know, that when you mention Love, you name
A ſacred Myſtery, a Deity,
Not underſtood of Creatures built of Mud,
But of the pureſt and refined Clay
Whereto th' eternal Fires their Spirits convey.
And for a Woman, which you prize ſo low,
Like Men that do forget whence they are Men;
Know her to be th' eſpecial Creature, made
By the Creator of the Complement
Of this great Architect the World; to hold
The ſame together, which would otherwiſe
Fall all aſunder; and is Nature's chief
Vicegerent upon Earth, ſupplies her State.
And do you hold it Weakneſs then to love?
And love ſo excellent a Miracle
As is a Woman! Ah then let me
Still be ſo weak, ſtill let me love and pine
In Contemplation of that clean, clear Soul,
That made mine ſee that nothing in the World
Is ſo ſupreamly beautiful as it.
Think not it was thoſe Colours, white and red
Laid but on Fleſh, that could affect me ſo.
But ſomethingelſe, which Thought holds under Lock,
And hath no Key of Words to open it.
They are the ſmalleſt Pieces of the Mind
That paſs this narrow Organ of the Voice.
The great remain behind in that vaſt Orb
Of th' Apprehenſion, and are never born.
And therefore if your Judgment cannot reach
Unto the underſtanding of my Caſe,
You do not well to put your ſelf into
My Jury, to condemn me as you do.
Let th' Ignorant out of their Dulneſs laugh
At theſe my Sufferings, I will pity them.

To

To have been ſo ill born, ſo miſcompos'd
As not to know what Thing it is to love.
And I to great *Apollo* here appeal,
The Soveraign of the Muſes, and of all
Well-tun'd Affections, and to *Cynthia* bright,
And glorious Lady of clear Faithfulneſs;
Who from above look down with bliſsful Beams
Upon our humble Groves, and joy the Hearts
Of all the World, to ſee their mutual Loves;
They can judge what Worthineſs there is
In worthy Love. Therefore *Palamon* peace,
Unleſs you did know better what it were.
And this be ſure, when as that Fire goes out
In Man, he is the miſerableſt Thing
On Earth, his Day-light ſets, and is all dark
And dull within; no Motions of Delight,
But all oppreſs'd, lies ſtruggling with the Weight
Of worldly Cares; and this old *Damon* ſays,
Who well had felt what Love was in his Days.
Phil. Well, *Thirſis*, well, however you do gild
Your Paſſions, to endear them to your ſelf,
You never ſhall induce me to believe,
That Sickneſs can be of ſuch Effect.
And ſo Farewel, until you ſhall be well.

SCENE V.

Medorus, Carinus.

Med. O Gods! *Carinus*, What a Man is this?
Who ever heard of ſuch a Conſtancy?
Had I but known him in enjoying him,
As now I do, too late in looſing him,
How bleſs'd had been mine Age? But ah I was
Unworthy of ſo great a Bleſſedneſs.
Cha. You ſee, *Medorus*, how no Counſel can
Prevail to turn the Current of his Will,
To make it run in any other Courſe

Than what it doth; so that I see I must
Esteem him irrecoverably lost.
But hark, the Shepherds Festivals begin,
Let us from hence, where Sadness were a Sin.

[Exeunt.

Here was presented a Rural Marriage, conducted with this SONG.

From the Temple to the Board,
From the Board unto the Bed,
We conduct your Maidenhead:
Wishing Hymen *to afford*
All the Pleasures that he can,
'Twixt a Woman and a Man.



ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Thirsis Solus.

I Thought these simple Woods, these gentle Trees
Would, in regard I am their daily Guest,
And harbour underneath their shady Roofs,
Nor have consented to delude my Griefs;
And mock my Miseries with false Reports:
But now I see they will afflict me too.
For as I came by yonder spreading Beech,
Which often hath the Secretary been
To my sad Thoughts, while I have rested me
(If Love had ever Rest) under his gentle Shade,
I found incarv'd, and fair incarv'd, these Words:
Thy Silvia, Thirsis, *lives; and is return'd.*
Ah me, that any Hand would thus add Scorn
Unto Affliction; and a Hand so fair
As this may seem to be; which were more fit,
Methinks, for Good, than to do Injury;
For sure no Vertue should be ill imploy'd.
And which is more; the Name of *Silvia* was
Carv'd in the self same kind of Character
Which she alive did use, and where withal
Subscrib'd her Vows to me, who knows it best;
Which shews the Fraud the more, and more the Wrong.
Therefore, you Stars of that high Court of Heaven,
Which do reveal Deceits, and punish them,
Let not this Crime, to counterfeit a Hand
To couzen my Desires, escape the Doom.
Nor let these Riots of Intrusion, made
Upon my Lowness by strange Company,
Afflict me thus, but let me have some rest.
Come then, Refresher of all Living Things,
Soft Sleep, come gently, and take Truce with these

Op-

Oppreſſors, but come ſimple and alone,
Without theſe Images of Fantaſy,
Which hurt me more than thou canſt do me good:
Let me not ſleep, unleſs I could ſleep all.
[*Lies down.* ---- *Enter to him* Palæmon.

SCENE II.

Palæmon, Thirſis.

Pal. Alas! he here hath laid him down to reſt,
It were now Sin his Quiet to moleſt;
And God forbid I ſhould; I will retire
And leave him, for I know his Griefs require
This poor Relievement of a little Sleep.
Thir. What Spirit here haunts me? What no Time (free?
Ah, is it you *Palæmon!* would to God
You would forbear me but a little while:
You ſhew your Care of me too much in this,
Unſeaſonable Love ſcarce Kindneſs is.
Pal. Good *Thirſis*, I am ſorry I ſhould give
The leaſt occaſion of Diſeaſe to you;
I will be gone and leave you to your Reſt.
Thir. Do, good *Palæmon*, go your way, Farewel;
And yet *Palæmon* ſtay, perhaps you may
By Charms you have, cauſe Sleep to cloſe mine Eyes;
For you were wont, I do remember well,
To ſing me Sonnets, which in Paſſion I
Compoſed in my happier Days, when as
Her Beams inflam'd my Spirits, which now are ſet.
And if you can remember it, I pray
Sing me the Song, which thus begins; *Eyes hide my*
Which I did write upon the earneſt Charge (*Love*,
She gave unto me to conceal our Love.

The SONG.

Eyes hide my Love and do not ſhew
To any but to her my Notes,
Who only doth that Cypher know,
Wherewith we paſs our ſecret Thoughts:

Bely,

Bely your Looks in others ſight;
And wrong your ſelves to do her Right.

Pal. So, now he ſleeps, or elſe doth ſeem to ſleep;
But howſoe'er, I will not trouble him. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Clarindo, Thirſis.

Cla. See where he lies, whom I ſo long to ſee;
Ah, my dear *Thirſis*, take thy quiet Reſt,
I know thou need'ſt it, ſleep thy fill, ſweet Love
Let nothing trouble thee; be calm O Winds,
Be ſtill you Herds, chirp not ſo loud ſweet Birds,
Leſt you ſhould wake my Love: thou gentle Bank
That thus are bleſt to bear ſo dear a Weight,
Be ſoft unto thoſe dainty Limbs of his,
Ply tender Graſs, and render ſweet Refreſh
Unto his weary Senſes, whilſt he reſts.
Oh could I now but put off this Diſguiſe,
With thoſe Reſpects that fetter my Deſire,
How cloſely would I neighbour that ſweet Side!
But ſtay, he ſtirs; I fear my Heart hath brought
My Feet too near, and I have wakened him.

Thir. It will not be, Sleep is no Friend of mine,
Or ſuch a Friend, as leaves a Man, when moſt
He needs him. See! a new Aſſault! Who now?
Ah, 'tis the Boy that were with me e'er whiles,
That gentle Boy; I am content to ſpeak [*Riſes.*
With him, he ſpeaks ſo prettily, ſo ſweet,
And with ſo good reſpective Modeſty:
And much reſembles one I knew once well:
Come hither, gentle Boy, what haſt thou there?

Cla. A Token ſent you from the Nymph I ſerve.

Thir. Keep it my Boy, and wear it on thy Head.

Cla. The Gods forbid! that I, a Servant, ſhould
Wear on my Head, that which my Miſtreſs hath
Prepar'd for yours: Sir, I beſeech you urge
No more a Thing ſo ill-becoming me.

Thir.

Thir. Nay, ſure I think, it better will become
Thy Head than mine; and therefore Boy, thou muſt
Needs put it on.

Cla. I truſt your Lowneſs hath not ſo
Uncivil'd you, to force a Meſſenger
To do againſt good Manners, and his Will.

Thir. No, good my Boy, but I intreat thee now
Let me but put it on, hold ſtill thy Head,
It ſhall not be thy Act, but only mine:
Let it alone good Boy, for if thou ſaw'ſt
How well it did become thee, ſure thou would'ſt.
Now, can'ſt thou ſing, my Boy, ſome gentle Song?

Cla. I cannot ſing, but I could weep.

Thir. Weep! Why?

Cla. Becauſe I am not as I wiſh to be.

Thir. Why ſo are none; be not diſpleas'd for this;
And if you cannot ſing, tell me ſome Tale
To paſs the Time.

Cla. That I can do, did I but know what kind
Of Tale you lik'd.

Thir. No merry Tale my Boy, nor yet too ſad,
But mixed, like the Tragic-Comedies.

Cla. Then ſuch a Tale I have, and a true Tale,
Believe me, Sir, altho' not written yet
In any Book, but ſure it will; I know
Some gentle Shepherd, mov'd with Paſſion, muſt
Record it to the World, and well it will
Become the World to underſtand the fame,
And this it is: There was ſometimes a Nymph,
Iſulia nam'd, and an *Arcadian* born;
Fair can I not avouch ſhe was, but chaſte;
And honeſt ſure, as the Event 'twill prove;
Whoſe Mother dying, left her very young
Unto her Father's Charge, who carefully
Did breed her up until ſhe came to Years
Of Womanhood, and then provides a Match
Both rich and young, and fit enough for her.
But ſhe, who to another Shepherd had,
Call'd *Sirtbis*, vow'd her Love, as unto one
Her Heart eſteem'd more worthy of her Love,

Could

Could not by all her Father's Means be wrought
To leave her Choice; and to forget her Vow.

Thir. No more could my dear *Silvia* be from me.

Cla. Which cauſed much Affliction to them both.

Thir. And ſo the ſelf ſame Cauſe did unto us.

Cla. This Nymph one Day, ſurcharg'd with Love and Grief,
Which commonly (the more the pity) dwell
As Inmates both together, walking forth
With other Maids to fiſh upon the Shoar;
Eſtrays apart, and leaves her Company
To entertain her ſelf with her own Thoughts:
And wanders on ſo far, and out of Sight,
As ſhe at length was ſuddenly ſurpriz'd
By Pyrates, who lay lurking underneath
Thoſe hollow Rocks, expecting there ſome Prize.
And notwithſtanding all her pitious Cries,
Intreaties, Tears, and Prayers, thoſe fierce Men
Rent Hair, and Vail, and carry'd her by Force
Into their Ship, which in a little Creek
Hard by, at Anchor lay, and preſently hoiſted Sail,
And ſo away.

Thir. Rent Hair, and Vail; and ſo
Both Hair, and Vail of *Silvia*, I found rent,
Which here I keep with me. But now, alas!
What did ſhe? What became of her, my Boy?

Cla. When ſhe was thus inſhipp'd, and woefully
Had caſt her Eyes about to view that Hell
Of Horror, whereunto ſhe was ſo ſuddenly
Emplung'd, ſhe ſpies a Woman ſitting with a Child
Sucking her Breaſt, which was the Captain's Wife.
To her ſhe creeps, down at her Feet ſhe lies;
O Woman, if that Name of a Woman may
Move you to Pity, pity a poor Maid;
The moſt diſtreſſed Soul that ever breath'd;
And ſave me from the Hands of thoſe fierce Men,
Let me not be defil'd and made unclean,
Dear Woman now, and I will be to you
The faithfull'ſt Slave that ever Miſtreſs ſerv'd;
Never poor Soul ſhall be more dutiful,
To do whatever you command, than I. No

No Toil will I refuſe; ſo that I may
Keep this poor Body clean and undeflower'd,
Which is all I will ever ſeek. For know
It is not fear of Death lays me thus low,
But of that Stain will make my Death to bluſh.

Thir. What, would not all this move a Woman's Heart? (Heart,

Cla. All this would nothing move the Woman's
Whom yet ſhe would not leave, but ſtill beſought;
Oh Woman, by that Infant at your Breaſt,
And by the Pains it coſt you in the Birth,
Save me, as ever you deſire to have
Your Babe to joy and proſper in the World.
Which will the better proſper ſure, if you
Shall Mercy ſhew, which is with Mercy paid.
Then kiſſes ſhe her Feet, then kiſſes too
The Infant's Feet; and oh, ſweet Babe, (ſaid ſhe)
Could'ſt thou but to thy Mother ſpeak for me,
And crave her to have pity on my Caſe,
Thou might'ſt perhaps prevail with her ſo much
Altho' I cannot; Child, ah could'ſt thou ſpeak.
The Infant, whether by her touching it,
Or by Inſtinct of Nature, ſeeing her weep,
Looks earneſtly upon her, and then looks
Upon the Mother, then on her again,
And then it cries, and then on either looks:
Which ſhe perceiving, bleſſed Child, (ſaid ſhe)
Altho' thou can'ſt not ſpeak, yet doſt thou cry
Unto thy Mother for me. Hear thy Child,
Dear Mother, it's for me it cries,
It's all the Speech it hath: Accept thoſe Cries,
Save me at his Requeſt from being defil'd:
Let Pity move thee, that thus moves thy Child.
The Woman, tho' by Birth and Cuſtom rude,
Yet having Veins of Nature, could not be
But piercable, did feel at length the Point
Of Pity enter ſo, as out guſh'd Tears,
(Not uſual to ſtern Eyes) and ſhe beſought
Her Husband to beſtow on her that Prize,
With Safeguard of her Body at her Will.

The Captain seeing his Wife, the Child, the
All crying to him in this piteous sort, (Nymph,
Felt his rough Nature shaken too, and grants
His Wife's Request, and seals his Grant with Tears:
And so they wept all four for Company,
And some Beholders stood not with dry Eyes;
Such Passion wrought the Passion of their Prize.

Thir. In troth my Boy, and even thy telling of it
Moves me likewise, thou dost so feelingly
Report the same, as if thou had'st been by.
But I imagine now how this poor Nymph
When she receiv'd that Doom, was comforted?

Cla. Sir, never was there Pardon, that did take
Condemned from the Block, more joyful than
This Grant to her. For all her Misery
Seem'd nothing to the Comfort she receiv'd,
By being thus saved from Impurity:
And from the Woman's Feet she would not part,
Nor trust her Hand to be without some hold
Of her, or of the Child, so long as she remain'd
Within the Ship, which in few Days arrives
At *Alexandria*, whence these Pyrates were;
And there this woeful Maid for two Years Space
Did serve, and truly serve this Captain's Wife,
Who would not loose the Benefit of her
Attendance, for her Profit otherwise.
But daring not in such a Place as that
To trust her self in Woman's Habit, pray'd
That she might be apparel'd like a Boy,
And so she was, and as a Boy she serv'd.

Thir. And two Years 'tis, since I my *Silvia* lost.

Cla. At two Years end, her Mistress sends her forth
Unto the Port for some Commodities,
Which whilst she sought for, going up and down,
She heard some Merchantmen of *Corinth* talk,
Who spake that Language the *Arcadians* did,
And were next Neighbours of one Continent.
To them, all wrapt with Passion, down she kneels,
Tells them she was a poor distressed Boy,
Born in *Arcadia*, and by Pyrates took,

And

And made a Slave in *Egypt*, and beſought
Them, as they Fathers were of Children, or
Did hold their native Country dear, they would
Take pity on her, and relieve her Youth
From that ſad Servitude wherein ſhe liv'd;
For which ſhe hop'd that ſhe had Friends alive
Would thank them one Day, and reward them too;
If not, yet that ſhe knew the Heav'ns would do.
The Merchants mov'd with pity of her Caſe,
Being ready to depart, took her with them,
And landed her upon her Country Coaſt.
Where when ſhe found her ſelf, ſhe proſtrate falls,
Kiſſes the Ground, Thanks gives unto the Gods,
Thanks them who had been her Deliverers.
And on ſhe trudges thro' the Deſart Woods,
Climes over craggy Rocks, and Mountains ſteep,
Wades thorough Rivers, ſtruggles thorough Bogs,
Suſtained only by the Force of Love;
Until ſhe came unto the Native Plains,
Unto the Fields, where firſt ſhe drew her Breath.
There ſhe lifts up her Eyes, ſalutes the Air,
Salutes the Trees, the Buſhes, Flowers and all:
And oh, dear *Sirbis*, here I am, ſaid ſhe,
Here notwithſtanding all my Miſeries,
I am the ſame I was to thee; a pure,
A chaſte, and ſpotleſs Maid: Oh that I may
Find thee the Man, thou did'ſt profeſs to be.
Thir. Or elſe no Man; for Boy, who truly loves,
Muſt ever ſo; that Dye will never out:
And who but would love truly ſuch a Soul?
Cla. But now, the better to have Notice how
The State of Things then ſtood, and not in haſte
To caſt her ſelf on new Incumbrances,
She kept her Habit ſtill, and put her ſelf
To ſerve a Nymph, of whom ſhe had made Choice,
Till Time were fitting to reveal her ſelf.
Thir. This may be *Silvia*'s Caſe, this may be ſhe;
But it is not: Let me conſider well:
The Teller and the Circumſtance agree.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Montanus, Thirsis, Chorus.

Mon. Ah Sirrah, have I found you? Are you here
You Princock Boy? And with your Garland on?
Doth this Attire become your peevish Head?
Come, I must teach you better Manners, Boy.
[*He stabs* Clarindo, *and rushes off his Garland.*
So *Phillis*, I have done my Task, and here
I bring the Trophy to confirm the same.
[*Exit, with the Garland.*

Thir. Ah Monster Man! vile Wretch, what hast thou done?
Alas! in what a Strait am I engaged here?
If I pursue Revenge, I leave to save.
Help, help, you gentle Swains, if any now be near;
Help, help: Ah hark! e'en Eccho joyns with me in crying help.
[*Enter Chorus.*

Cho. What means this Outcry? sure some Savage Beast
Disturbs our Herds, or else some Wolf hath seiz'd
Upon a Lamb.

Thir. A worse Thing then a Wolf,
More bloody than a Beast, hath murther'd here
A gentler Creature than a Lamb: Therefore
Good Swains pursue, pursue the Homicide,
That ugly Wretch, *Montanus*, who hath stab'd
This silly Creature here, at unawares.

Cho. *Montanus*? Why, we met him, but even now
Deck'd with a Garland, grumbling to himself;
We will attack that Villain presently:
Come, Sirs, make haste, and let us after him.
[*Exeunt Chorus.*

SCENE V.

Palemon, Thirsis.

Pal. Alas! what Accident is here fallen out?
My dear Friend *Thirsis*! how comes this to pass?

Thir.

Thir. That Monſter Man, *Montanus*, here hath ſtab'd
A harmleſs Youth, in Meſſage ſent to me.
Now good *Palemon* help me hold him up,
And ſee if that we can recover him.

Pal. It may be *Thirſis*, more his Fear than Hurt:
Stay him a while, and I will haſte and ſend
For *Lamia*, who with Ointments, Oils and Herbs,
If any Help remains, will help him ſure.

Thir. Do good *Palemon*, make what haſte you may,
Seek out for Help, and be not long away. [*Ex. Pal.*
Alas, ſweet Boy! that thou ſhould'ſt ever have
So hard Misfortune coming unto me,
And end thy Tale with this ſad Tragedy;
That Tale which well reſembl'd *Silvia*'s Caſe,
Which thou reſembl'ſt; for ſuch Brows had ſhe,
Such a proportion'd Face, and ſuch a Neck.
What have we here? the Mole of *Silvia* too?
What and her Breaſts? What and her Hair? What all?
All *Silvia*! Yes, all *Silvia*, and all dead.
And art thou thus return'd again to me?
Art thou thy ſelf that ſtrange deliver'd Nymph?
And did'ſt thou come to tell me thine Eſcape
From Death, to die before me? had I not
Enough to do, to wail reported Harms,
But thou muſt come to bleed within my Arms?
Was not one Death ſufficient for my Griefs
But that thou muſt die twice? Why thou wert dead
To me before. Why muſt thou die again?
Ah, better had it been ſtill to be loſt
Than thus to have been found; yet better found
Tho' thus, then ſo loſt as was thought before.
For howſoever, now I have thee yet
Tho' in the ſaddeſt Faſhion that may be.
Yet *Silvia*, now I have thee, and will I
No more for ever part with thee again:
And we this Benefit ſhall have thereby
Tho' Fate would not permit us both to have
One Bed, yet *Silvia*, we ſhall have one Grave.
And that is ſomething, and much more than I
Expected ever could have come to paſs. And

And ſure the Gods but only ſent thee thus
To fetch me, and to take me hence with thee;
And *Silvia*, ſo thou ſhalt. I ready am
T' accompany thy Soul, and that with ſpeed.
The Strings I feel, are all diſſolv'd, that hold
This woeful Heart, reſerv'd it ſeems for this,
And well reſerv'd, for this ſo dear an End.

SCENE VI.

Chorus, Palæmon.

Cho. So, we have took the Villain, and him bound
Faſt to an Oak, as rugged as himſelf.
And there he ſtares and gapes in th' Air, and raves
Like a wild Beaſt that's taken in the Toil:
And ſo he ſhall remain, till Time we ſee
What will become of this his ſavage Act.
Pal. Cheer *Thirſis*, *Lamia* will come preſently
And bring the beſt Preſervatives ſhe hath.
What now! Who lies diſcover'd here? Ay me!
A Woman Dead? Is this that Boy transform'd!
Why this is *Silvia*. O good *Thirſis*, how
Comes this to paſs? Friend *Thirſis*, *Thirſis* ſpeak.
Good *Thirſis* tell me. Out, alas, he ſwoons
As well as ſhe, and both ſeem gone alike.
Come gentle Herdſmen, come and carry them
To yonder Sheep-Cote quickly, that we may
(If poſſible) recover them again.
If not perform thoſe Rites that appertain
Unto ſo rare a Couple. Come my Friends make haſte.
[*Exeunt.*

The fourth SONG of the Chorus.

Qu. *Were ever chaſte and honeſt Hearts*
Expos'd unto ſo great Diſtreſſes?

Anſ.

Ans. *Yes: They that act the worthiest Parts,*
Most commonly have worst Successes,
Great Fortunes follow not the best,
It's Vertue that is most distress'd.

Then Fortune why do we admire
The Glory of thy great Excesses?
Since by thee what Men acquire,
Thy Work and not their Worths expresses.
Nor dost thou raise them for their Good:
But t' have their Ills more understood.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Chorus.

Cho. DID ever yet *Arcadia* hear before
Of two ſo worthy Lovers, as we find
Thirſis and *Silvia* were? Or ever had
Clear Truth, and ſimple conſtant Honeſty,
So lamentable an Event as this?
But here comes forth *Palemon*, we ſhall now } *Enter*
Learn all of him, what hath been done within. } Pal.

Pal. Go *Pollio*, ſummon all th' *Arcadia* Youth
Here, round about, and will them to prepare
To celebrate with all Delights they can
This joyful Hour, that hath reſtor'd to us
The worthieſt Pair of Hearts that ever were.
Will them to ſhew the Height of Muſick's Art,
And all the Strains of Cunning they can ſhew:
That we may make theſe Rocks and Hills about,
Ring with the Eccho of redoubled Notes.
And will *Charinus* and *Medorus* too,
The aged Parents of this worthy Pair,
To come with ſpeed, whoſe Joy, good Souls, will be
More than their Speed; and yet their Speed I know,
Will be beyond th' Allowance of their Years,
When they ſhall underſtand this happy News.
And ſummon likewiſe all the Train of Nymphs
That glorify our Plains, and all that can
Give Honour to this Day.
Go, *Pollio*, haſte away, and as you go
Unbind *Montanus*, that rude ſavage Swain;
And tho' he be unworthy to be here,
Yet let him come. He hath been in his Days
Held a good Fellow, howſoever now
His Rage and Love tranſported him in this.

Cho.

Cho. Palæmon, we are glad to ſee you thus
Delightful, now we hope there is good News.
Pal. Good News my Friends, and I will tell it you!
Silvia and *Thirſis* being to my Cottage brought,
The skilful *Lamia* comes and ſearch'd the Wound
Which *Silvia* had receiv'd of this rude Swain,
And finding it not deadly, ſhe apply'd
Thoſe Remedies ſhe knew of beſt Effect.
And binds it up, and pours into her Mouth
Such Cordial Waters as revive the Spirits:
And ſo much wrought, as ſhe at length perceiv'd
Life was not quite gone out, but lay oppreſs'd.
With like Endeavours we on *Thirſis* work,
And miniſtred like Cordials unto him:
At length we might hear *Silvia* fetch a Groan,
And therewithal *Thirſis* perceiv'd to move;
Then *Thirſis* fetch'd a Groan, and *Silvia* mov'd,
As if their Lives were made both of one Piece.
Whereat we joy'd, and then remov'd and ſet
Each before other, and held up their Heads,
And chaf'd their Temples, rub'd and ſtroak'd their Cheeks.
Wherewith firſt *Silvia* caſt up her dim Eyes,
And preſently did *Thirſis* lift up his.
And then again they both together ſigh'd,
And each on other fix'd an unſeeing Eye:
For yet 'twas ſcarce the Twilight of their new
Returning Day, out of the Night of Death.
And tho' they ſaw, they did not yet perceive
Each other, and yet both turn'd to one Point
As touch'd alike, and held their Looks direct.
At length we might perceive, as Life began
T' appear; and make the Morning in their Eyes,
Their Beams were clearer, and their opener Looks
Did ſhew as if they took ſome little Note
Of each the other: yet not ſo as they
Could thoroughly diſcern who themſelves were.
And then we took and joyn'd their Hands in one,
And held them ſo a while, until we felt
How e'en each others Touch the Motion gave

Unto

Unto their Feeling, and they trembling wrung
Their Hands together, and ſo held them lock'd,
Look'd ſtill upon each other, but no Words at all.
Then we call'd out to *Thirſis*, *Thirſis* look,
It is thy *Silvia* thou here behold'ſt, ſhe is
Return'd, reviv'd, and ſafe; *Silvia*, behold thou haſt
Thy *Thirſis*, and ſhalt ever have him thine.
Then did we ſet them both upon their Feet,
And there they ſtood in Act, e'en as before,
Looking upon each other, Hand in Hand:
At laſt we ſaw a bluſhing Red appear
In both their Cheeks, which Senſe ſet as a Lamp
To light their Underſtanding. And forthwith
The Tears guſh'd forth their Eyes, which hindred them
A while from ſeeing each other, till they had
Clear'd them again. And then as if new-wak'd
From out a fearful Dream, they ſtand and doubt
Whether they were awake indeed, or elſe
Still in a Dream, diſtruſting their own Eyes.
Their long indured Miſeries would not
Let them believe their ſudden Happineſs,
Altho' they ſaw it: till with much ado
They had confirm'd their Credit, and had kiſs'd
Each other and embrac'd, and kiſs'd again,
And yet ſtill dumb; their Joy now ſeem'd to be
Too buiſy with their Thoughts, t'allow them Words.
And then they walk'd a little, then ſtood ſtill,
Then walk'd again, and ſtill held other faſt,
As if they fear'd, they ſhould be loſt again.
And when at laſt they ſpake, it was but thus,
O *Silvia*, and O *Thirſis*, and there ſtop'd.
We, leſt our Sight and Preſence (being there
So many) hinder might the Paſſage of
Their modeſt, ſimple, and unpractis'd Love,
Came all our Way, and only *Lamia* left,
Whoſe Spirit, and that ſufficient Skill ſhe hath
Will ſerve no doubt, to ſee they ſhall do well.
Cho. Well may they do dear Couple, who have thus
Grac'd our *Arcadia* with their Faithfulneſs.

SCENE II.

Phillis, Lydia, Cloris.

Phil. What ſhall we now do *Lydia*? Now am I
Utterly ſham'd: this Youth turn'd Woman is.
Clarindo, *Silvia* is become; how now
Can I for ever look on her again?
Or come in any Company for ſhame?
Now muſt I needs be made a common Jeſt,
And Laughing-ſtock to every one, that ſhall
But hear how groſly I behav'd my ſelf.
Lyd. Faith, *Phillis*, as 'tis fall'n out, your Caſe
Is very crazy, and to make it whole
There is no Way, but e'en to laugh it out,
And ſet as good a Face, as you can do
Upon the Matter, and ſay thus: How you
Knew well enough it was no Man whom you
Affected ſo, who never could love Man
Nor ever would, and that by mere Inſtinct
And Simpathy of Sex, you fancied him.
So put it off, and turn it to a Jeſt.
Phil. That ſhall I never do, but ever bluſh
Either to think what ſhe will think of me,
Who did bewray my ſelf ſo fooliſhly.
Lyd. Are you here *Cloris*? You are bleſt to Day
For being Miſtreſs unto ſuch a Boy:
You may rejoyce that ever this fell out.
Clo. Rejoyce! Ah *Lydia*, never was there Nymph
Had more occaſion to be ſad than I,
For I am quite undone and ſham'd hereby.
For I employ'd this my ſuppoſed Boy
In Meſſage unto *Thirſis*, whom I lov'd,
I muſt confeſs, more dearly than my Life:
And told him all the Secrets of my Heart.
And therefore with what Face can ever I
Look upon them that know thus much by me?
No, *Lydia*, I will now take *Thirſis* Courſe:
Hide me for ever in theſe deſert Woods,

And

And never come in Company again;
They ſhall not laugh at me in their great Joys.
Lyd. But *Cloris*, I would laugh with them, were
And howſoever felt my ſelf within, (I as you.
Yet would I ſeem be otherwiſe without.
Cannot you ſay, that you knew well enough
How it was *Silvia* that you entertain'd,
Altho' you would not ſeem to take ſuch Note,
And thereupon employ'd her in that ſort
To *Thirſis*, knowing who it was would give
To him the greateſt Comfort upon Earth.
And thus, fair Nymphs, you fitly may excuſe
Theſe ſimple Slips, and know that they ſhall ſtill
Have Croſſes with their Piles, who thus do play
Their Fortunes with their Loves, as you two did:
But you muſt frame your Countenance thereto,
And look with other Faces than your own;
As many elſe do here, who in their Parts
Set ſhining Looks upon their cloudy Hearts.
And let us mix us with this Company,
That here appears with Mirth and Jollity.

The Song of the Fifth Chorus.

Whoever ſaw ſo fair a Sight,
Love and Vertue met aright:
And that Wonder Conſtancy,
Like a Comet to the Eye
Seldom ever ſeen ſo bright?
Sound out aloud ſo rare a Thing,
That all the Hills and Vales may ring.

Look, Lovers look, with Paſſion ſee,
If that any ſuch there be:
As there cannot but be ſuch
Who do feel that noble Touch
In this glorious Company,
Sound out aloud, &c.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

An ODE.

NOW each Creature joys the other,
Passing happy Days and Hours,
One Bird reports unto another,
In the Fall of silver Showers,
Whilst the Earth (our common Mother)
Hath her Bosom deck'd with Flowers.

Whilst the greatest Torch of Heaven,
With bright Rays warms Flora's Lap,
Making Nights and Days both even,
Chearing Plants with fresher Sap:
My Field of Flowers quite bereaven,
Wants Refresh of better Hap.

Eccho, Daughter of the Air,
(Babling Guest of Rocks and Hills,)
Knows the Name of my fierce Fair,
And sounds the Accents of my Ills.
Each Thing pities my Despair,
Whilst that she her Lover kills.

Whilst that she (O cruel Maid)
Doth me and my Love despise,
My Life's Flourish is decay'd,
That depended on her Eyes:
But her Will must be obey'd,
And well he ends, for Love who dies.

4:12:49

THE

THE

QUEEN'S *ARCADIA.*

A

Paſtoral Tragi-Comedy.

Preſented to her MAJESTY and her LADIES, by the Univerſity of *Oxford* in *Chriſt's Church*, in *Auguſt* 1605.



LONDON:

Printed in the Year M DCC XVII.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

QUEEN's most Excellent Majesty.

THAT which their Zeal, whose only Zeal
To shew the best they could that might delight
Your Royal Mind, did lately represent,
Renown'd Empress, to your Princely Sight:
Is now the Offering of their Humbleness,
Here consecrated to your glorious Name;
Whose happy Presence did vouchsafe to bless
So poor Presentments, and to grace the same.
And tho' it be in th' humblest Rank of Words,
And in the lowest Region of our Speech,
Yet is it in that Kind, as best accords
With rural Passions, which use not to reach
Beyond the Gröves, and Woods, where they were bred:
And best become a Cloistral Exercise,
Where Men shut out retir'd, and sequestred

From publick Faſhion, ſeem to ſympathize
With innocent and plain Simplicity:
And living here under the awful Hand
Of Diſcipline and ſtrict Obſervancy,
Learn but our Weakneſſes to underſtand.
And therefore dare not enterprize to ſhow
In lower Stile the hidden Myſteries,
And Arts of Thrones, which none that are below
The Sphere of Action, and the Exerciſe
Of Power, can truly ſhew; tho' Men may ſtrain
Conceit above the Pitch where it ſhould ſtand,
And form more monſtrous Figures than contain
A Poſſibility, and go beyond
The Nature of thoſe Managements ſo far,
As oft their common Decency they mar:
Whereby the Populace (in which ſuch Skill
Is needleſs) may be brought to apprehend
Notions, that may turn all to a Taſte of Ill,
Whatever Power ſhall do, or Might intend:
And think all Cunning, all proceeding one,
And nothing ſimple, and ſincerely done:
Yet th' Eye of Practice, looking down from High
Upon ſuch over-reaching Vanity,
Sees how from Error t' Error it doth float,
As from an unknown Ocean into a Gulf:
And how tho' th' Wolf would counterfeit the Goat,
Yet every Chink bewrays him for a Wolf.
And therefore in the View of State t' have ſhow'd
A Counterfeit of State, had been to light
A Candle to the Sun, and ſo beſtow'd
Our Pains to bring our Dimneſs unto Light.

For

For Majesty and Power can nothing see
Without it self, that can sight-worthy be.
And therefore durst not we but on the Ground,
From whence our humble Argument hath Birth,
Erect our Scene, and thereon are we found,
And if we fall, we fall but on the Earth, [*bring;*
From whence we pluck'd the Flow'rs that here we
Which if at their first opening they did please,
It was enough, they serve but for a Spring,
The first Scent is the best in Things as these:
A Musick of this Nature on the Ground,
Is ever wont to vanish with the Sound.
But yet your Royal Goodness may raise now;
Grace but the Muses, they will honour you.

Chi non fa, non falla.

The Names of the ACTORS.

Melibæus, } Two ancient *Arcadians*.
Ergastus, }

Colax, A corrupted Traveller.

Techne, A subtile Wench of *Corinth*.

Amyntas, } The Lovers of *Cloris*.
Carinus, }

Cloris.

Palamon, } Jealous Lovers.
Silvia, }

Mirtillus.

Dorinda.

Amarillis, In love with *Carinus*.

Daphne, Abused by *Colax*.

Alcon, A Quack-salver.

Lincus, A Petty-fogger.

Montanus, The Father of *Amyntas*.

Meryssus, The Father of *Cloris*.

THE

THE QUEEN'S ARCADIA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Ergastus, Melibæus.

HOW is it *Melibæus*, that we find (chang'd
Our Country, fair *Arcadia*, so much
From what it was; that was thou know-
est of late,
The gentle Region of plain Honesty,
The modest Seat of undisguised Truth,
Inhabited with simple Innocence.
And now, I know not how, as if it were
Unhallow'd and divested of that Grace,
Hath put off that fair Nature which it had,
And grows like ruder Countries, or more bad.

Mel. Indeed *Ergastus*, I have never known
So universal a Distemperature
In all Parts of the Body of our State,
As now there is; nor ever have we heard
So much complaining of Disloyalty
Amongst our younger Nymphs, nor ever found
Our Herdsmen so deluded in their Loves,
As if there were no Faith on either Side. We

We never had in any Age before
So many ſpotleſs Nymphs, ſo much diſtain'd
With black Report, and wrongful Infamy,
That few eſcape the Tongue of Malice free.
Erg. And methinks too, our very Air is chang'd,
Our wholeſome Climate grown more maladous,
The Foggs and the Syrene offends us more,
(Or we may think ſo) than they did before;
The Winds of Autumn now are ſaid to bring
More Noyſomneſs, than thoſe do of the Spring:
And all of us feel new Infirmities,
New Fevers, new Catarrhs, oppreſs our Powers,
The Milk wherewith we cur'd all Maladies,
Hath either loſt the Nature, or we ours.
Mel. And we that never were accuſtomed
To quarrel for our Bounds, how do we ſee
Montanus and *Acryſius* interſtrive
How far their ſeveral Sheep-Walks ſhould extend,
And cannot be agreed do what we can:
As if ſome underworking Hand ſtruck Fire,
To th' apt inkindling Tinder of Debate,
And foſtred their Contention and their Hate.
Erg. And methinks too, the Beauty of our (Nymphs
Is not the ſame as it was wont to be.
That Roſy Hue, the Glory of the Cheek,
Is either ſtoln, or elſe they have forgot
To bluſh with Shame, or to be pale with Fear:
Or elſe their Shame doth make them always bluſh,
For always doth their Beauties bear one Hue,
And either Nature's falſe, or that untrue.
Mel. Beſides their various Habits grow ſo ſtrange,
As that altho' their Faces certain are,
Their Bodies are uncertain ev'ry Day,
And always differing from themſelves ſo far,
As if they ſcorn'd to be the ſame they are.
And all of us are ſo transform'd, that we
Diſcern not an *Arcadian* by th' Attire,
Our ancient Paſtoral Habits are deſpis'd,
And all is ſtrange, Hearts, Cloaths, and all diſguis'd.

Erg.

Erg. Indeed unto our Grief we may perceive,
The whole Complexion of *Arcadia* chang'd,
Yet cannot find the Occasion of this Change:
But let us with more wary Eye observe
Whence the Contagion of these Customs rise,
That have infected thus our honest Plains,
With cunning Discord, idle Vanity,
Deceitful Wrong, and causeless Infamy;
That by th' Assistance of our graver Swains,
We now at first may labour to prevent
The farther Course of Mischiefs, and restore
Our late clean Woods, to what they were before.

Mel. Content *Ergastus*, and ev'n here will be
A Place convenient for so fit a Work:
For here our Nymphs and Herdsmen on this Green,
Do usually resort, and in this Grove
We may observe them best, and be unseen.

SCENE II.

Colax, Techne.

Co. Come my dear *Techne*, thou and I must plot
More cunning Projects yet, more strange Designs,
Amongst these simple gross *Arcadians* here,
That know no other World but their own Plains,
Nor yet can apprehend the subtle Trains
We lay, to mock their rural Ignorance.
But see, here comes two of their amorous Swains
In hot Contention, let us close convey
Ourselves, here underneath this Coverture,
And overhear their passionate Discourse.

Tech. *Colax*, this Place well such a Purpose fits,
Let us lie close, and faith it shall go hard,
Unless we make some Profit by their Wits.

Car.

Carnius, *Amyntas*, (poſſeſs'd

Car. Now fond *Amyntas*, how cam'ſt thou
With ſuch a vain Preſumption, as thou art,
To think that *Cloris* ſhould affect thee beſt,
When all *Arcadia* knows I have her Heart?

Am. And how *Carinus* can'ſt thou be ſo mad,
T' imagine *Cloris* can or doth love thee,
When by ſo many Signs as I have had,
I find her whole Affection bent to me? (caſt,

Car. What are thoſe Signs by which you come to
And calculate the Fortune of your Hopes?

Am. More certain Signs than thou can'ſt ever ſhew.

Car. But they are more than Signs, that I can ſhew.

Am. Why let each then produce the beſt he can,
To prove which may be thought the likelieſt Man.

Car. Content *Amyntas*, and do thou begin.

Am. And I am well contented to begin.
Firſt, if by chance, whilſt ſhe at Barley-break
With other Nymphs, do but perceive me come,
Streight looks her Cheek with ſuch a Roſy Red,
As gives the ſetting Sun unto the Weſt,
When Morrow Tempeſts are prefigured.

Car. Even ſo that Hue prognoſticates her Wrath,
Which brings to thee the ſtormy Winds of Sighs.

Am. And if I find her with her Fellow Nymphs
Gathering of Flowers by ſome ſweet Rivers Side,
At my Approach ſhe ſtraightway ſtands upright,
Forgets her Work and down lets ſlide her Lap,
And out fall all her Flowers upon the Ground.

Car. So doth the ſilly Sheep forget to feed,
When it perceives the greedy Wolf at Hand.

Am. And if ſhe meet but with my Dog, ſhe takes
And ſtrokes him on the Head, plays with his Ears,
Spits in his Mouth, and claps him on the Back,
And ſays, come, come *Melampus*, go with me.

Car. She may love what is thine, but yet hate thee.

Am. Whilſt at a Chryſtal Spring the other Day,
She waſh'd her lovely Face, and ſeeing me come,

She

She takes up Water with her dainty Hand,
And with a downcaſt Look beſprinkles me. (thee
Car. That ſhews that ſhe would gladly quench in
The Fire of Love, or elſe like Love doth bear,
As did the *Delian* Goddeſs, when ſhe caſt
Diſdainful Water on *Acteon*'s Face.
Am. As *Silvia* one Day ſat with her alone,
Binding of certain choice ſelected Herbs
To her left Arm againſt bewitching Spells,
(And I at th' Inſtant coming) ſhe perceiv'd
Her Pulſe with far more Violence to beat
(As ſh' after told me) than it did before.
Car. The like is felt when Nature's Enemy,
The hateful Fever, doth ſurprize our Powers.
Am. And even but Yeſter Night, ſhe going before
With other Maids, and ſeeing me follow her,
Lets fall this dainty Noſegay, having firſt
Beſtow'd a Kiſs thereon, to th' End I might
Receive it ſo, and with it do the like. (know
Car. Poor wither'd Favours, they might teach thee
That ſhe eſteems thee, and thy Love as light
As thoſe dead Flowers, ſhe wore but for a Show
The Day before, and caſt away at Night.
Am. Now Friend *Carinus*, thou that muttereſt ſo
At theſe plain ſpeaking Figures of her Love,
Tell by what Sign thou doſt her Favours prove?
Car. Now ſilly Man, doſt thou imagine me
So fond to blab the Favours of my Love?
Am. Was't not a Pact agreed 'twixt thee and me?
Cor. A Pact to make thee tell thy Secrecy.
Am. And haſt thou then betray'd my eaſy Truſt,
And dally'd with my open Simpleneſs?
Car. And fitly art thou ſery'd, that ſo wilt vaunt
Th' imagin'd Favours of a gentle Nymph;
And this is that which makes us feel that Dearth
Of Grace, t' have Kindneſs at ſo high a Rate.
This makes them wary how they do beſtow
The leaſt Regard of common Courteſy,
When ſuch as you, poor, credulous, devout
And humble Souls, make all Things Miracles

Your Faith conceives, and vainly do convert
All Shadows to the Figure of your Hopes.

Am. Carinus, now thou doſt me double Wrong,
Firſt to deride my eaſy Confidence,
And then t' upbraid my Truſt, as if my Tongue
Had here prophan'd fair *Cloris* Excellence,
In telling of her Mercies, or had ſin'd
In uttering th' Honour of a modeſt Grace,
Beſtowing Comfort in ſo juſt a Caſe.

Car. Why Man, thou haſt no Way deſerv'd her Love.

Am. Deſert I cannot urge, but Faith I can,
If that may have Reward, then happy Man.

Car. But you know how I ſav'd her from the Hands
Of that rude Satyr, who had elſe undone
Her Honour utterly; and therefore ought
My Love of due reign Sovereign in her Thought.

Am. But how that free and unſubdued Heart,
Infranchis'd by the Charter of her Eyes,
Will bear the Impoſition of a Due
I do not ſee, ſince Love knew never Lord
That could command the Region of our Will.
And therefore urge thy Due, I for my Part
Muſt plead Compaſſion, and a faithful Heart.

Car. Plead thou thy Faith, whilſt I will get thy Love,
For you kind Souls do ſeldom graceful prove.

Am. The more unkind they; who ſhould better weigh
Our honeſt Vows, and Love for Love repay,
But oft they bear the Pennance of their Will,
And for the Wrong they do, they ſpeed as ill.

SCENE III.

Colax, Techne.

Col. Alas! poor Fools, how hotly they contend
Who ſhall poſſeſs a Prey that's yet ungot.
But, *Techne*, I muſt by thy Help foreſtal
The Mart of both their Hopes, and whilſt they ſhall
Purſue the Air, I muſt ſurprize their Gain.

And fitly now, thou may'st Occasion take
By these Advantages discover'd here,
T' impress in *Choris* tender Heart that Touch
Of deep Dislike of both their Vaunteries,
As may convert her wholly unto me.

Tech. Why will you then *Dorinda*'s Love forsake,
For whom you travell'd so, and made me take
Such Labour to intice her to your Love?

Col. Tush *Techne*, we desire not what we have,
But what we would, our Longings never stay
With our Attainings, but they go beyond.

Tech. And why? *Dorinda* is as fair as she.

Col. That I confess, but yet that pays not me;
For *Cloris* is another, and 'tis that,
And only that, which *Techne* I desire.
Something there is peculiar, and alone
To every Beauty that doth give an Edge
To our Desires, and more we will conceive
In that we have not, than in that we have.
And I have heard Abroad, where best Experience
And Wit is learn'd, that all the fairest Choice
Of Women in the World, serve but to make
One perfect Beauty, whereof each brings Part.
One hath a pleasing Smile, and nothing else:
Another but some silly Mole to grace
Th' Air of a disproportioned Face;
Another pleases not but when she speaks,
And some in Silence only graceful are:
Some till they laugh, we see seem to be fair;
Some have their Bodies good, their Gestures ill,
Some please in Motion, some in sitting still;
Some are thought lovely that have nothing fair,
Some again fair that nothing lovely are.
So that we see how Beauty doth consist
Of divers Pieces, and yet all attract;
And therefore unto all my Love aspires,
As Beauty varies, so doth my Desires.

Tech. Ah, but yet, *Colax*, do not so much wrong
Unto a Nymph, now when thou hast subdu'd
And won her Heart, and know'st she hold'st thee dear.

Col.

Col. Tush, Wrong is as Men think it, and I see
It keeps the World the best in Exercise,
That else would languish and have nought to do.
Discord in Parts makes Harmony in the Whole,
And some must laugh, whilst other some condole.
And so it be not of the Side we are,
Let others bear it, what need we to care,
And now *Dorinda* something hath to do,
Now she may sit, and think, and vex, and plot;
For Ease, and joying of her full Delight,
Would but have dull'd her Spirits, and mar'd her quite.

Tech. Alas! yet I must pity her poor Soul
In this Distress, I being one myself
Of the frail Corporation, and do know
That she will take it very grievously,
And yet in troth she's serv'd but well enough,
That would neglect *Mirtillus* honest Love,
And trust strong Protestations, and new Oaths,
Be won with guarded Words, and gaudy Cloths.

Col. Well, well, *Dorinda* shall not wail alone,
She shall have others to consort her Moan;
For since my last Return from *Telos* Court,
I have made twenty of their coyest Nymphs
Turn Lovers, with a few protesting Words,
And some choice complemental Perjuries;
I made *Palamon* to suspect the Faith
Of his chaste *Silvia*, and chaste *Silvia* his,
In hope thereby to work her Love to me.
I wrought coy *Daphne* to infringe her Vow
Made to *Menalchas*, and I told her how
Those Fetters, which so heavily were laid
Upon our free Affections, only were
But customary Bands, not natural.
And I think *Techne*, thou hast done thy Part,
Here in this gentle Region of kind Hearts,
Since thou cam'st hither, for I see thou thriv'st.

Tech. Indeed whilst I in *Corinth* did remain,
I hardly could procure the Means to live,
There were so many of my Trade, that sold
Complexions, Dressings, Tiffanies and Tyres,

De-

Deviſors of new Faſhions and ſtrange Wyers;
Bed-Brokers, Night-Worms and Impreſſitors;
That tho' I knew theſe Arts as well as they,
Yet being ſo many, we could get ſmall Pay.
Here, who but *Techne* now is all in all?
Techne is ſent for, *Techne* only ſhews
New ſtrange Deviſes to the choiceſt Nymphs:
And I think *Techne* teaches them thoſe Tricks
As they will not forget again in haſte.
I have ſo open'd their unapt Conceits
Unto that Underſtanding of themſelves,
As they will ſhew in Time they were well taught,
If they obſerve my Rules, and hide a Fault.

Col. Ah, well done *Techne*. Thus muſt thou and I
Trade for our Profit with their Ignorance,
And take our Time, and they muſt have their Chance.
But prethee *Techne*, do not thou forget
To lay a Train for *Cloris*. So Adieu.

Tech. *Colax*, I will not, and the rather too,
For that I bear a little leaning Love
To ſweet *Amyntas*, for methinks he ſeems
The lovelieſt Shepherd all *Arcadia* yields,
And I would gladly intercept his Love.

SCENE IV.

Melibeus, *Ergaſtus*.

Mel. So this is well, here's one Diſcovery made;
Here are the Heads of that Diſtemperature, (Nymphs
From whence this ſtrange Debau'ſhments of our
And vile Deluding of our Shepherds ſprings:
Here is a Monſter, that hath made his Luſts
As wide as is his Will, and left his Will
Without all Bonds, and cares not whom he wrongs,
So that he may his own Deſires fulfil,
And being all foul himſelf, would make all ill.
This is that *Colax*, that from foreign Lands,
Hath brought Home that Infection that undoes

His

His Country Goodneſs, and impoyſons all,
His being Abroad would mar us quite at Home.
'Tis ſtrange to ſee, that by his going out,
He hath out-gone that Native Honeſty,
Which here the Breeding of his Country gave.
For here I do remember him a Child,
The Son of *Nicogimus* of the Hill,
A Man tho' low in Fortune, yet in Mind
High ſet, a Man ſtill practiſing
T' advance his forward Son beyond the Train
Of our *Arcadian* Breed, and ſtill methought
I ſaw a Diſpoſition in the Youth
Bent to a ſelf-conceited Surlineſs,
With an inſinuating Impudence.

Erg. A Man the fitter made for Courts Abroad,
Where I would God he had remained ſtill,
With thoſe looſe-living wanton *Sybarites*,
Where Luxury had made her utmoſt Proof;
From whence I hear he comes, and hither brings
Their Shames, to brand us with the like Reproach.

And for this other Viper which you ſaw,
I do remember how ſhe came of late
For Succour to theſe Parts, and ſought to teach
Our younger Maids to dreſs and try our Flax,
To uſe the Diſtaff, and to make a Hem,
And ſuch like Skill, being Skill enough for them;
But ſince I ſee ſhe hath preſum'd to deal
In Points of other Science, different far
From that plain Art of honeſt Huſwifery,
And as it ſeems hath often made Repair
Unto the Neighbour Cities round about,
From whom ſhe hath theſe ſtrange Diſguiſes got,
T' abuſe our Nymphs, and as it ſeems deſires
To ſuit their Minds as light as their Attires;
But we ſhall ſoon prevent this growing Plague
Of Pride, and Folly, now that ſhe deſcries
The true Symptoma of this Malady;
And by this Overture thus made, we truſt
We ſhortly ſhall diſcover all the reſt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Silvia, Cloris.

Sil. O *Cloris*, here have thou and I full oft
Sate and been merry in this ſhady Grove.
Here have we ſung full many a Roundelay,
Told Riddles, and made Noſegays, laugh'd at Love
And other Paſſions, whilſt myſelf was free
From that intolerable Miſery,
Whereto Affection now invaſſels me.
Now *Cloris*, I ſhall nevermore take Joy
To ſee, or to be ſeen with mortal Eye,
Now Sorrow muſt be all my Company.

Clo. Why *Silvia*, whence ſhould all this Grief ariſe?

Sil. I am undone *Cloris*, let that ſuffice.

Clo. Tell me ſweet *Silvia*, how comes that to paſs?

Sil. O *Cloris*, if thou be as once I was
Free from that miſerable Plague of Love,
Keep thee ſo ſtill, let my Affliction warn
Thy Youth, that never Man have Power to move
Thy Heart to Liking; for believe me this,
They are the moſt unfaithful impious Race
Of Creatures on the Earth; never believe
Their Proteſtations, nor their Vows, nor Tears,
All is Deceit, none means the Thing he ſwears.
Truſt a Man's Faith! nay rather will I go
And give myſelf a Prey to ſavage Beaſts;
For all they ſeek, and all they labour for,
Is but t' undo us, and when that is done,
They go and triumph on the Spoil they've won.
Truſt Men, or take Compaſſion when they grieve,
O *Cloris*, is to cheriſh and relieve
The frozen Snake, which with our Heat once warm'd,
Will ſting us to the Heart in Recompence.

And

And O no Marvel, that the Satyr ſhun'd
To live with Man, when he perceiv'd he could
With one and the ſame Breath blow Heat and Cold.
Who would have ever thought *Palamon's* Oaths
Would have prov'd falſe? Who would have judg'd the Face,
That promis'd ſo much Faith, and Honeſty,
Had been the Viſor but of Treachery?

Clo. Is't poſſible *Palamon* ſhould b' untrue?

Sil. 'Tis poſſible, *Palamon* is untrue.

Clo. If it be ſo, dear *Silvia*, I think then
That thou ſay'ſt Truth, there is no Truſt in Men.
For I proteſt I never ſaw a Face
That promis'd better of a Heart than his,
And if he fail, whoſe Faith then conſtant is?

Sil. O *Cloris*, if thou did'ſt but know how long,
And with what earneſt Sute, he ſought my Love,
What Vows he us'd, what Oaths, what Tears among,
What Shows he made, his Conſtancy to prove,
You would admire? And then again to ſee
How I, altho' I lov'd him with my Heart,
Stood out, and would by no Means urged be,
To ſhew the leaſt Affection of my Part.
For I had heard that, which (O now too well)
I find, that Men were cunning, and would not
Regard the Thing that eaſily was got.

Clo. Silvia, indeed and I have heard ſo too.

Sil. And therefore I would try him, and not ſeem
His Vows, nor Proteſtations to eſteem;
At length one Day, here in this ſelf-ſame Place,
(Which I ſhall ever, and good Cauſe I have
To think on whilſt I live) walking with me,
After he had urged me moſt earneſtly:
O *Silvia*, ſaid he, ſince nor Oath, nor Vow,
Nor Tears nor Prayers have the Power to move,
Nor all that I can do, can make thee know
How true a Heart I offer to thy Love;
I muſt try ſome way elſe to ſhew the ſame,
And make thy undiſcerning wilful Youth
Know, tho' too late, (perhaps unto thy Shame)

Thy

Thy wayward Error, and my conſtant Truth;
When thou may'ſt ſigh, and ſay in Grief of Mind,
Palamon lov'd, and *Silvia* was unkind.
With that wringing my Hand, he turns away,
And tho' his Tears would hardly let him look,
Yet ſuch a Look did thro' his Tears make way,
As ſhew'd how ſad a Farewel there he took.
And up tow'rds yonder craggy Rock he goes,
His Arms incroſs'd, his Head down on one ſide,
With ſuch a mournful Pace, as ſhew'd his Woes
Weigh'd heavier than his Paſſions could abide;
Fain would I have recall'd him back; but Shame
And Modeſty could not bring forth his Name:
And fain would I have follow'd, yet methought
It did not fit the Honour of a Maid
To follow one; yet ſtill I ſent from me
T' attend his going, Fear and a careful Eye.
At length when he was gotten to the Top,
I might perceive how with infolded Arms,
And Looks up bent to Heaven, he ſtands and turns
His woeful Face unto the other ſide,
Whereas that hideous fearful Downfal is:
And ſeem'd as if he would have thrown him off:
And as I thought, was now upon the Point,
When my affrighted Pow'rs could hold no more,
But Pity breaking all thoſe Bands of Shame,
That held me back; I ſhriek'd, and ran God knows,
With all the Speed my feeble Feet could make,
And clamb'ring up at length (with much ado)
Breathleſs I got, and took him by the Hand,
And glad I had his Hand, and was not come
Too late to have it, and I pull'd him back;
But could not ſpeak one Word, no more did he,
Senſe ſeem'd to fail in him, and Breath in me.
And on before I went and led him on,
And down conducted him into this Plain.
And yonder, lo! under that fatal Tree,
Look *Cloris* there, ev'n in that very Place,
We ſat us down, my Arm about his Neck,
Which *Jove* thou know'ſt held never Man before:

There

There only did my Tears confer with his,
Words we had none, it was enough to think,
For Paſſion was too buſy now within,
And had no Time to come Abroad in Speech.
And tho' I would have ſpoken, yet methought
I ſhould not, but my Silence told him this,
That told too much, that all I was, was his.

Clo. Well *Silvia*, I have heard ſo ſad a Tale,
As that I grieve to be a Woman born,
And that by Nature we muſt be expos'd
Unto the Mercy of unconſtant Men.
But, what ſaid then *Palamon* in the End?

Sil. O what he ſaid, and what deep Vows he made,
When Joy and Grief had let his Senſes looſe,
Witneſs O gentle Tree, under whoſe Shade
We ſat the while, witneſs if ever Maid
Had more Aſſurances by Oaths of Man.
And well may you bear Witneſs of this Deed,
For in a Thouſand of your Barks he hath
Incarv'd my Name, and under-wrote his Vows,
Which will remain ſo long as you bear Bows.
But, *Cloris*, learn this Leſſon well of me;
Take heed of Pity, Pity was the Cauſe
Of my Confuſion, Pity hath undone
Thouſands of gentle Natures in our Sex,
For Pity is ſworn Servant unto Love,
And this be ſure, where-ever it begins
To make the Way, it lets its Maſter in.

Clo. But what Aſſurance have you of his Fraud?
It may be you ſuſpect him without Cauſe.

Sil. Ah, *Cloris*, *Cloris*, would I had no Cauſe.
He who beheld him wrong me in theſe Woods,
And heard him Courting *Niſa*, and proteſt
As deep to her as he had done to me,
Told me of all his wicked Treachery.

Col. Pray who was that? Tell me good *Silvia*, tell.

Sil. Why it was *Colax*, one I know full well
Would not report Untruths to gain the World,
A Man of Vertue, and of worthy Parts,
He told me all, and more than I will ſhew;
I would I knew not half of that I know. Ah,

Ah, had he none but *Niſa*, that baſe Trull,
The Scorn and Jeſt of all *Arcadia*, now
To ſerve his Luſts, and falſify his Vow?
Ah, had it yet been any elſe, the Touch
Of my Diſgrace had never been ſo much.
But to be left for ſuch a one as ſhe,
The Stale of all, what will Folk think of me?
Cloris, in troth, it makes me ſo much loath
Myſelf, theſe Woods, and even hate the Day,
As I muſt hide my Griefs out of the way:
I will be gone, *Cloris*, I leave thee here,
I cannot ſtay, and prethee, *Cloris*, yet
Pity thy poor Companion *Silvia*'s Care,
And let her Fortune make thee to beware.

Clo. Silvia Adieu, the Gods relieve thy Woes,
Since Men thus fail, and Love no Pity ſhows.

SCENE II.

Cloris, Techne.

Clo. Love! nay, I'm taught for loving whilſt I live,
Silvia, thy Counſel hath lock'd up my Heart
So faſt from Love, as let from Sigh and Grief,
And pine and wail who will, I for my Part
Will pity none of all this Race of Men,
I ſee what Shows ſoever they pretend,
Their Love is never deadly, none of theſe
That languiſh thus, have dy'd of this Diſeaſe,
That ever I could hear: I ſee all do
Recover ſoon, that happen thereinto.
And if they did not, there were no great Hurt,
They may endure, they are of ſtronger Pow'rs:
Better their Hearts ſhould ake, than they break ours.
Well, had I not thus been forewarn'd to Day,
Out of all Queſtion, I had ſhortly fall'n
Into the melting Humour of Compaſſion too,
That tender Pity that betrays us thus.
For ſomething I began to feel methought
To move within me, when as I beheld

Amyntas walk so sadly, and so pale,
And every where I went, still in my Way;
His Looks bent all to me, his Care of me,
Which well I saw, but would not seem to see;
But now, he hath his Errand, let him go,
Pity shall never cure that Heart of his
T' undo mine own, the Grief is best where 'tis.

Tech. What, *Cloris* all alone now, fie for shame,
How ill doth this become so fair a Face,
And that fresh Youth to be without your Love?

Clo. Love *Techne*? I have here as many Loves
As I intend to have whilst I have Breath.

Tech. Nay, that you have not, never hault with me,
For I know two at least Possessors be
Of your kind Favours, as themselves do boast.

Clo. Boast of my Favours, no Man rightly can,
And otherwise, let them do what they can.

Tech. No *Cloris*, did not you the other Night
A gallant Nosegay to *Amyntas* give?

Clo. I ne'er gave him a Nosegay in my Life.

Tech. Then trust me, *Cloris*, he doth wrong you much,
For he produc'd it there in open Sight,
And vaunted to *Carinus*, that you first
Did kiss the same, then gave it unto him,
And told too, how far gone you were in Love;
What Passion you would use when he was by,
How you would jest with him, and wantonly
Cast Water in his Face, call his Dog yours,
And shew him your Affections by your Eye.
And then *Carinus*, on the other Side,
He vaunts that since he had redeemed you
Out of the Satyr's Hands, he could command
Your Love and all, that you were only his.
This and much more, I heard them I protest,
Give out of you, how truly you know best.

Clo. Techne, their idle Talk shall not vex me,
I know the Ground I stand on, and how free
My Heart and I enjoy our Liberty,
And if *Amyntas* hath interpreted
My Looks according to his own Conceit,

He hath miſtook the Text, and he ſhall find
Great Difference 'twixt his Comment and my Mind.
And for his Noſegay, it ſhall make me take
More care hereafter, how I ſcatter Flow'rs:
Let him preſerve it well, and let him make
Much of his Gains, he gets no more of ours;
But thus had I been ſerv'd, had I reveal'd
The leaſt Regard of common Courteſy
To ſuch as theſe: But I do thank the Gods,
I have reſerv'd me from that Vanity:
For ever I ſuſpected this to be
The Vein of Men, and this now ſettles me.
And for *Carinus*, let him vaunt what Good
He did for me, he can but have again
My hearty Thanks, the Payment for his Pains,
And that he ſhall, and ought in Womanhood.
And as for Love, let him go look on her
That ſits, and grieves and languiſhes for him,
Poor *Amarillis*, who affects him dear,
And ſought his Love with many a woeful Tear,
And well deſerves a better Man than he,
Tho' he be rich *Lupinus* Son, and ſtands
Much on his Wealth, and his Ability;
She's witty, fair and full of Modeſty.
And were ſhe of my Mind, ſhe rather would
Pull out her Eyes, than that ſhe would be ſeen
To offer up ſo dear a Sacrifice
To his wild Youth, that ſcorns her in that wiſe.

Tech. *Cloris*, in troth I like thy Judgment well,
In not affecting of theſe home-bred Swains,
That know not how to manage true Delight,
Can neither hide their Love, nor ſhew it right.
Who would be troubl'd with groſs Ignorance,
That underſtands not truly how to love?
No, *Cloris*, if thou did'ſt but know how well
Thou art eſteem'd, of one that knows indeed
How to obſerve thy Worth, and his own Ways;
How to give true Delight, how to proceed
With Secrecy and Wit in all Eſſays;
Perhaps you might think one Day of the Man.

Clo. What is this Creature then you praiſe, a Man?
Tech. A Man? Yes *Cloris*, what ſhould he be elſe?
Clo. Nought elſe, it is enough he be a Man.
Tech. Yea, and ſo rare a Man as ever yet
Arcadia bred, that may be proud ſhe bred
A Perſon of ſo admirable Parts;
A Man that knows the World, hath ſeen Abroad,
Brings thoſe Perfections, that do truly move
A gallant Spirit, and underſtanding Love.
O if you did but know how ſweet it were
To come unto the Bed of Worthineſs,
Of Knowledge, of Conceits, where ſtrange Delights,
With ſtrange Diſcourſes, ſtill ſhall entertain
Your pleaſed Thoughts with freſh Variety;
Ah, you would loath to have your Youth confin'd,
For ever more between th' unskilful Arms
Of one of theſe rude unconceiving Swains,
Who would but ſeem a Trunk without a Mind;
As one that never ſaw but theſe poor Plains,
Knows but to keep his Sheep, and ſet his Fold,
Pipe on an Oaten Reed ſome Roundelays,
And dance a Morris on the Holy Days.
And ſo ſhould you be always ſweetly ſped
With Ignorance, and two Fools in a Bed.
But with this other gallant Spirit, you ſhould
Be ſure to overpaſs that Tediouſneſs,
And that Society which cloys this Life
With ſuch a variable Chearfulneſs,
As you will bleſs the Time t' have been his Wife.
Clo. What hath this Man you thus commend a Name? (Name?
Tech. A Name? Why yes, no Man but hath a
His Name is *Colax*, and is one I ſwear
Doth honour e'en the Ground whereon you tread,
And oft, and many Times, God knows,
Hath he with tender Paſſion talk'd of you;
And ſaid, well, there is one within theſe Woods,
(Meaning by you) that yet of all the Nymphs
Mine Eyes have ever ſeen upon the Earth,
In all Perfections doth exceed them all.
For all the Beauties in that glorious Court Of

Of *Telos*, where I liv'd, nor all the Stars
Of *Greece* beſide, could kindle in my Heart
The Fire of any Heat, but only ſhe.
Then would he ſtay, and ſigh; and then again,
Ah what great pity ſuch a Creature ſhould
Be ty'd unto a Clog of Ignorance,
Whoſe Body doth deſerve to be embrac'd
By the moſt mighty Monarch upon Earth.
Ah that ſhe knew her Worth, and how unfit
That private Woods ſhould hide that Face, that Wit.
Thus hath he often ſaid, and this I ſay,
Obſerve him when you will, you ſhall not ſee
From his high Fore-head to his ſlender Foot,
A Man in all Parts better made than he.

Clo. Techne, methinks the Praiſes that you give
Shews your own Love, and if he be that Man
You ſay, 'twere good you kept him for your ſelf.

Tech. I muſt not love Impoſſibilities,
Cloris, he were a moſt fit Man for you.

Clo. For me, alas! *Techne*, you move too late.

Tech. Why have you paſs'd your Promiſe t' any yet?

Clo. Yes ſure, my Promiſe is already paſs'd.

Tech. And if it be, I truſt you are ſo wiſe
T' unpaſs the ſame again, for your own Good.

Clo. No that I may not, when it is once paſt.

Tech. No *Cloris*, I preſume that Wit of yours
That is ſo piercive, can conceive how that
Our Promiſe muſt not prejudice our Good:
And that it is no Reaſon that the Tongue
Tie the whole Body to eternal Wrong.

Clo. The Tongue is but the Agent of the Heart,
And only as Commiſſioner allow'd
By Reaſon and the Will, for the whole State,
Which warrants all it ſhall negotiate.

Tech. But prithee tell me to what ruſtick Swain
You paſs'd your Word to caſt away your ſelf?

Clo. No I have paſs'd my Word to ſave my ſelf
Of treacherous Men, and vow'd unto my Heart
Until I ſee more Faith than yet I ſee,
None of them all ſhall triumph over me.

Tech. Nay then, an't be no otherwiſe, 'tis well,
We ſhall have other Time to talk of this.
But *Cloris*, I have fitted you in Faith,
I have here brought the moſt conceited Tyre,
The rareſt Dreſſing ever Nymph put on,
Worth Ten of that you wear, that now methinks
Doth not become you, and beſides 'tis ſtale.

Clo. Stale, why? I have not worn it ſcarce a Month.

Tech. A Month, why you muſt change them twice a Day.
Hold hither *Cloris*, this was not well laid;
Here is a Fault you have not mix'd it well
To make it take, or elſe it is your Haſte
To come Abroad ſo ſoon into the Air;
But I muſt teach you to amend theſe Faults,
And e'er I ſhall have done with you, I think,
I ſhall make ſome of theſe inamour'd Youths
To hang themſelves, or elſe run mad for Love.
But go, let's try this Dreſſing I have brought.

SCENE III.

Palamon, Myrtillus.

Pal. Myrtillus, did *Dorinda* ever vow,
Or make thee any Promiſe to be thine?

Myr. Palamon no, ſhe never made me Vow;
But I did ever hope ſhe would be mine.
For that I had deliver'd up my Youth,
My Heart, my All, a Tribute to her Eyes,
And had ſecur'd her of my conſtant Truth,
Under ſo many Specialties,
As that altho' ſhe did not grant again
With any Show the Acquitance of my Love,
Yet did ſhe ever ſeem to entertain
My Affections, and my Services t' approve,
Till now of late, I know not by what Means
(Ill fare that Means) ſhe grew to that Deſpight,
As ſhe not only clouds her Favours clean,
But alſo ſcorn'd to have me in her Sight;
That now I am not for her Love thus mov'd,
But only that ſhe will not be belov'd.

Pal.

Pal. If this be all th' Occaſion of thy Grief,
Myrtillus, thou art then in better Caſe
Than I ſuppos'd, and therefore chear thy Heart,
And good Cauſe too, be'ng in the State thou art;
For if thou did'ſt but hear the Hiſtory
Of my Diſtreſs, and what Part I have ſhar'd
Of ſad Affliction, thou wilt then ſoon ſee
There is no Miſery, unleſs compar'd.
For all *Arcadia*, all theſe Hills, and Plains,
Theſe Holts, and Woods, and every Chryſtal Spring,
Can teſtify my Tears, and tell my Flames,
And with how clean a Heart, how clear a Faith,
Palamon loved *Silvia*, and how long.
And when conſum'd with Grief, and dry'd with Care,
E'en at the Point to ſacrifice my Life
Unto her Cruelty, then lo! ſhe yields,
And was content for ever to be mine:
And gave m' Aſſurance underneath her Hand,
Sign'd with a faithful Vow, as I conceiv'd,
And witneſſed with many a lovely Kiſs,
That I thought ſure I had attain'd my Bliſs.
And yet (try me) I got not what I got,
Silvia I have, and yet I have her not.

Myr. How may that be, *Palamon*, pr'ithee tell?

Pal. O know *Myrtillus*, that I rather could
Run to ſome hollow Cave, and burſt and die
In Darkneſs, and in Horror, than unfold
Her ſhameful Stain, and mine own Infamy.
But yet it will Abroad, her Impudence
Will be the Trumpet of her own Diſgrace,
And fill the wide and open Mouth of Fame
So full, as all the World ſhall know the ſame.

Myr. Why, what is *Silvia* falſe, or is ſhe gone?

Pal. Silvia is falſe, and I am quite undone!

Myr. Ah out, alas! whoever would have thought,
That modeſt Look, ſo innocent a Face,
So chaſte a Bluſh, that ſhame-fac'd Countenance,
Could ever have told how to wantoniſe?
Ah, what ſhall we poor Lovers hope for now,
Who muſt to win, conſume; and having won
With hard and much ado, muſt be undone? *Pal.*

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Who muſt to win, conſume; and having won
With hard and much ado, muſt be undone?

Pal.

Pal. Ah, but *Myrtillus*, if thou did'ſt know who
Is now the Man her Choice hath lighted on,
How would'ſt thou wonder, for that paſſes all,
That I abhor too tell, yet tell I ſhall;
For all that would will ſhortly know't too well:
It is baſe *Thirſis*, that wild hare-brain'd Youth,
Whom ev'ry Milk-Maid in *Arcadia* ſcorns:
Thirſis is now the Man with whom ſhe walks
Alone, in Thickets, and in Groves remote.
Thirſis is all in all, and none but he,
With him ſhe dallies under every Tree.
Truſt Women! ah *Myrtillus*, rather truſt
The Summer Winds, th' Ocean's Conſtancy,
For all their Subſtance is but Levity:
Light are their waving Vails, light their Attires,
Light are their Heads, and lighter their Deſires:
Let them lay on what Coverture they will
Upon themſelves, of Modeſty and Shame,
They cannot hide the Woman with the ſame,
Truſt Women! ah *Myrtillus*, rather truſt
The falſe devouring Crocodiles of *Nile*,
For all they work is but Deceit and Guile:
What have they but is feign'd? Their Hair is feign'd,
Their Beauty feign'd, their Stature feign'd, their Pace,
Their Jeſture, Motion, and their Grace is feign'd:
And if that all be feign'd without, what then
Shall we ſuppoſe can be ſincere within?
For if they do but weep, or ſing, or ſmile,
Smiles, Tears, and Tunes are Engines to beguile;
And all they are, and all they have of Grace,
Conſiſts but in the Outſide of a Face.
O Love and Beauty, how are you ordain'd
Like unto Fire, whoſe Flames far off delight,
But if you be embrac'd conſume us quite?
Why cannot we make at a lower Rate
A Purchaſe of you, but that we muſt give
The Treaſure of our Hearts, and yet not have
What we have bought ſo dearly for all that?
O *Silvia* if thou needs would'ſt have been gone,

Thou

Thou ſhould'ſt have taken all away of thee;
And nothing left to have remain'd with me.
Thou ſhould'ſt have carry'd hence the Portraiture
Which thou haſt left behind within my Heart,
Set in the Table-Frame of Memory,
That puts me ſtill in Mind of what thou wer't
Whilſt thou wer't honeſt, and thy Thoughts were pure.
So that I might not thus in every Place,
Where I ſhall ſet my careful Foot, confer
With it of thee, and evermore be told,
That here ſat *Silvia* underneath this Tree,
And here ſhe walk'd, and lean'd upon mine Arm,
There gather'd Flow'rs, and brought them unto me.
Here by the Murmurs of this ruſling Spring,
She ſweetly lay, and in my Boſom ſlept:
Here firſt ſhe ſhew'd me Comforts when I pin'd,
As if in every Place her Foot had ſtept,
It had left *Silvia* in a Print behind.
But yet, O theſe were *Silvia*'s Images,
Then whilſt her Heart held fair, and ſhe was chaſte,
Now is her Face all ſullied with her Fact,
And why are not thoſe former Prints defac'd?
Why ſhould ſhe hold ſtill in the Form ſhe was,
Be'ng now deform'd, and not the ſame ſhe was?
O that I could, *Myrtillus*, lock her out
Of my Remembrance, that I might no more
Have *Silvia* here, when ſhe will not be here.

Myr. But good *Palamon*, tell what Proofs haſt thou
Of her Diſloyalty, that makes thee ſhow
Theſe heavy Paſſions, and to grieve ſo much?

Pal. Myrtillus, Proofs that are alas! too plain;
For *Colax*, one thou know'ſt can well obſerve
And judge of Love, a Man both ſtay'd and wiſe,
A gentle Herdſman, out of Love and Care
He had for me, came and reported all:
And how he ſaw them divers Times alone,
Embracing each the other in the Woods.
Beſides ſhe hath of late with ſullen Looks,
That ſhew'd Diſliking, ſhun'd my Company,

Kept her aloof, and now I think to Day,
Is gone to hide her quite out of the Way.
But *Silvia*, tho' thou go and hide thy Face,
Thou can'ſt not hide thy Shame and thy Diſgrace;
No ſecret Thicket, Grove, nor yet cloſe Grot,
Can cover Shame, and that immodeſt Blot.
Ah did'ſt thou lend thy Hand in kind Remorſe,
To ſave me from one Death to give m' a worſe?
Had it not yet been better I had dy'd
By thy unſpotted honeſt Cruelty,
Than now by thy diſgraced Infamy?
That ſo I might have carry'd to my Grave,
The Image of chaſte *Silvia* in my Heart,
And not have had theſe Notions to engrave
A ſtained *Silvia* there, as now thou art?
Ah yes, it hath been better far, I prove,
T' have periſh'd for thy Love, than with thy Love.

Myr. Ah good *Palamon* ceaſe theſe ſad Complaints,
And moderate thy Paſſions, thou ſhalt ſee
She may return, and theſe Reports be found
But idle Fictions on uncertain Ground.

Pal. Myrtillus, I perceive my tedious Tale
Begins to be diſtaſteful to thine Ear;
And therefore will I to ſome Deſart Vale,
To ſome cloſe Grove to wail, where none ſhall hear,
But Beaſts and Trees, whoſe Senſe I ſhall not tire
With Length of Moan, for Length is my Deſire:
And therefore gentle Shepherd, now Adieu,
And truſt not Women for they are untrue.

Myr. Adieu *Palamon*, and thy ſad Diſtreſs
Shall make me weigh *Dorinda*'s Loſs the leſs:
For if I ſhould be hers, and ſhe prove ſo,
Better to be mine own and let her go.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Ergastus, Melibæus.

Erg. Now *Melibæus*, who would have suppos'd,
That had not seen these impious Passages,
That ever monstrous Wretch could have expos'd
Two honest Hearts to these Extremities,
T' attain his wicked Ends? by having wrought
First in their easy Confidence
A way, by an Opinion to be thought
Honest, discreet, of great Experience.
Whereby we see open-fac'd Villany
Without a Mask no Mischief could have done,
It was the Coverture of Honesty
That laid the Snare, whereby they were undone,
And that's the Engine that confounds us all,
That makes the Breach whereby the World is sack'd,
And made a Prey to Cunning, when we fall
Into the Hands of wise Dishonesty;
When as our weak Credulity is wrack'd
By that Opinion of Sufficiency,
To all the Inconveniencies that Guile
And impious Craft can practise to beguile,
And note but how these Cankers always seize
The choicest Fruits with their Infections,
How they are still ordained to disease
The Natures of the best Complexions.

Mel. 'Tis true; and what an Instrument hath he
To be the Agent of his Villany? (there got,
How truly she negotiates, and doth plot
To undermine frail Imbecillity?
How strong these Spirits combine them in a Knot
To circumvent plain open honesty?
And what a Creature there is to converse
With feeble Maids, whose Weakness soon is led
With Toys and new Disguises to reverse
The Course wherein by Custom they were bred;

And

And when that Fitneſs too her Trade affords,
To traffick with the Secrets of their Heart,
And cheapen their Affections with fair Words,
Which Woman ſtreight to Woman will impart;
And then to ſee how ſoon Example will
Diſperſe it ſelf, being met with our Deſire;
How ſoon it will enkindle others Ill,
Like *Nepthe*, that takes fire by ſight of Fire:
So that unleſs we run with all the ſpeed
We can, to quench this new ariſing Flame
Of Vanity and Luſt, it will proceed
T' undo us, e're we ſhall perceive the ſame:
How far already is the Miſchief run,
Before we ſcarce perceiv'd it was begun?

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Alcon, Lincus.

Al. WHat, my Friend *Lincus!* now in troth tell me,
Lin. Well met, good *Alcon*, this falls happily,
That we two thus encounter all alone,
Who had not any Conference ſcarce this Month.
Al. In troth I long'd to hear how you proceed
In your new Practice here, among theſe Swains,
For you and I muſt grace each other's Art;
Tho' you knew me, when I in *Patræ* dwelt,
And waited on a poor Phyſician's Man,
And I knew you a Pronotary's Boy,
That wrote Indentures at the Town-Houſe Door.
Yet are you here now a great Man of Law,
And I a grave Phyſician full of Skill,
And here we two are held the only Men.
But how thrive you in your new Practice now?
Lin. Alcon in troth not any thing to ſpeak,
For theſe poor People of *Arcadia* here
Are ſoon contented each Man with his own,
As they deſire no more, nor will be drawn
To any Conteſtation, nor indeed
Is there any Frame compos'd, whereby
Contention may proceed in practick Form:
For if they had this Form once to contend,
Then would they brawl and wrangle without end.
For then might they be taught, and counſell'd how
To litigate perpetually you know;
And ſo might I be ſure to do ſome good:
But having here no Matter whereupon
To furniſh real Actions, as elſewhere;

No Tenures, but a cuſtomary Hold
Of what they have from their Progenitors
Common, without Individuity;
No Purchaſings, no Contracts, no Commerce,
No politick Commands, no Services,
No general Aſſemblies but to feaſt,
And to delight themſelves with freſh Paſtimes,
How can I hope that ever I ſhall thrive?

Al. Is't poſſible that a Society
Can with ſo little Noiſe and Sweat ſubſiſt?

Lin. It ſeems it may, before Men have transform'd
Their State of Nature in ſo many Shapes
Of their own Managements, and are caſt out
Into Confuſion, by their Knowledges.
And either I muſt pack me hence, or elſe
Muſt labour wholly to diſſolve the Frame
And Compoſition of their ſtrange built State.
Which now I ſeek to do, by drawing them
To apprehend of theſe Proprieties
Of *mine and thine*, and teach them to encroach
And get them States apart, and private Shares.
And this I have already ſet awork
If it will take, for I have met with two
The apteſt Spirits the Country yields, I know,
Montanus and *Acryſius*, who are both
Old, and both cholerick, and both perverſe,
And both inclinable to Avarice,
And if their Quarrel hold, as 'tis begun,
I do not doubt but all the reſt will on.
And if the worſt ſhould fall, if I could gain
The Reputation but to arbitrate
And ſway their Striſes, I would get well by that.

Al. 'Tis marvel that their long and eaſy Peace
That foſters Plenty, and gives nought to do,
Should not with them beget Contention too,
As well as other where we ſee it doth.

Lin. This Peace of theirs is not like others Peace,
Where Craft lays Traps t' inrich himſelf with Wiles,
And Men make Prey of Men, and riſe by Spoils.
This rather ſeems a Quiet than a Peace,

For

For this poor Corner of *Arcadia* here,
This little Angle of the World you ſee,
Which hath ſhut out of Door all th' Earth beſide,
And are bar'd up with Mountains, and with Rocks,
Have had no intertrading with the reſt
Of Men, nor yet will have; but here alone,
Quite out of Fortune's Way, and underneath
Ambition, or Deſire, that weighs them not,
They live as if ſtill in the golden Age,
When as the World was in its Pupillage.
But for mine own Part, *Alcon*, I proteſt
I envy them that they thus make themſelves
An everlaſting Holy-day of Reſt,
Whilſt others work, and I do think it fit
Being in the World, they ſhould be of the World;
And if that other States ſhould do ſo too,
As God forbid! what ſhould we Lawyers do?
But I hope ſhortly yet, we ſhall have here
As many of us as are other where:
And we ſhall ſweat, and chafe, and talk as loud,
Brawl out ſelves hoarſe, as well as they do
At *Patras*, *Sparta*, *Corinth*, or at *Thebes*,
And be as arrogant, and e'en as proud,
And then 'twill be a World, and not before.
But how doſt thou with thy Profeſſion frame?
Al. No Man can wiſh a better Place than this
To practiſe in my Art, for here they will
Be ſick for Company, they are ſo kind;
I have now twenty Patients at this time,
That know not what they ail, no more do I,
And they have Phyſick all accordingly.
Firſt *Phillis* got running at Barley-break
A little Cold, which I with certain Drugs
I miniſtred, was thought to remedy,
Doris ſaw that, how *Phillis* Phyſick wrought,
(For *Phillis* had told her, ſhe never took
So delicate a Thing in all her Life,
That more reviv'd her Heart, and clear'd her Blood)
Doris would needs be ſick too, and take ſome.
Melina ſeeing that, ſhe would the like,

And

And ſo ſhe had the very ſame Receipt,
For ſo, faith, troth I have no more but that
And one poor Pill I uſe for greater Cures.
But this is only ſweet and delicate,
Fit for young Women, and is like th' Herb *John*,
Doth neither good nor hurt, but that's all one,
For if they but conceive it doth, it doth,
And it is that Phyſicians hold the chief
In all their Cures, *Conceit and ſtrong Belief*:
Beſides, I am a Stranger come from far,
Which doth add much unto Opinin too.
For who now but th' *Arabian* or the *Jew*
In foreign Lands, are held the only Men,
Altho' their Knowledge be no more than mine.

Lin. 'Tis true, Friend *Alcon*, he that hath once got
Th' Elixir of Opinion, hath got all,
And he's th' Man that turns his Braſs to Gold.

Al. Then can I talk of *Galen*, *Averrois*,
Hypocrates, *Raſis*, and *Avicon*,
And Books I never read; and uſe ſtrange Speech
Of Symptoms, Cryſis, and the Critick Days;
Of Trochiſes, Opiats, Apophilegmatiſms,
Eclegmats, Embroches, Lixives, Cataplaſmes,
With all the hideous Terms Art can deviſe,
T' amuſe weak and admiring Ignorance.

Lin. And that is right my Trick, I overwhelm
My Practice too with Darkneſs and ſtrange Words,
With Paragraphs, Conditions, Codicels,
Acceptilations, Actions, Reciſſory,
Noxal and Hypothecal, and involve
Domeſtick Matter in a foreign Phraſe.

Al. Then am I as abſtruſe and myſtical
In Character, in giving my Receipt,
Obſerving the odd Number in my Pills,
And certain Hours to gather and compound
My Simples, and make all t' attend the Moon.
Then do I ſhew the rare Ingredients
I uſe for ſome great Cures, when Need requires,
The Liver of a Wolf, the Lion's Gall,
The left Side of a Mole, the Fox's Heart,

The

The right Foot of a Tortiſe, Dragon's Blood,
And ſuch ſtrange ſavage Stuff, as e'en the Names
Are Phyſick of themſelves, to move a Man.
And all the Drugs I uſe muſt come from far,
Beyond the Ocean, and the Sun at leaſt,
Or elſe it hath no Virtue phyſical,
Theſe Home-bred Simples do no good at all.
Lin. No, no, it muſt be foreign Stuff, God wot,
Or ſomething elſe that is not to be got.
Al. But now in Faith I have found out a Trick,
That will perpetually ſo feed their Rheums,
And entertain their idle Weakneſſes,
As nothing in the World could do the like;
For lately being at *Corinth*, 'twas my Chance
T' encounter with a Seaman, new arriv'd,
Of *Alexandria*, who from *India* came,
And brought a certain Herb wrapt up in Rolls,
From th' Iſland of *Nicoſia*, where it grows:
Infus'd I think in ſome peſtiferous Juice,
(Produc'd in that contagious burning Clime,
Contrarious to our Nature, and our Spirits)
Or elſe ſteep'd in the fuming Sap it ſelf
Doth yield, t' enforce th' infecting Power thereof,
And this in Powder made, and fir'd, he ſucks
Out of a little hollow Inſtrument
Of calcinated Clay, the Smoak thereof
Which either he conveys out of his Noſe,
Or down into his Stomach with a Whiff.
And this he ſaid a wond'rous Vertue had
To purge the Head, and cure the great Catarrh,
And to dry up all other meaner Rheums;
Which when I ſaw, I ſtraitway thought how well
This new fantaſtical Device would pleaſe
The fooliſh People here grown humourous.
And up I took all this Commodity,
And here have taught them how to uſe the ſame.
Lin. And it is eaſy to bring in the Uſe
Of any thing, tho' never ſo abſurd,
When Nations are prepar'd to all Abuſe,
And th' Humour of Corruption once is ſtir'd.

Al.

Al. 'Tis true, and now to see with what a strange
And gluttonous Desire, they exhaust the same
How infinite, and how insatiably
They do devour th' intoxicating Fume,
You would admire, as if their Spirits thereby
Were taken, and inchanted, or transform'd,
By some infused Philter in the Drug.
For whereas heretofore they wonted were,
At all their Meetings, and their Festivals,
To pass the Time in telling witty Tales,
In Questions, Riddles, and in Purposes,
Now do they nothing else, but sit and suck,
And spit, and slaver, all the time they sit,
That I go by, and laugh unto my self,
And think that this will one Day make some Mirth
For me or others, but I fear it will
B' another Age will find the Hurt of this,
But sure the Time's to come, when they look back
On this, will wonder with themselves to think
That Men of Sense could ever be so mad
To suck so gross a Vapour, that consumes
Their Spirits, spends Nature, dries up Memory,
Corrupts the Blood, and is a Vanity.

Lin. But *Alcon* peace, here comes a Patient, peace.

Al. Lincus, there doth indeed, therefore away,
Leave me alone, for I must now resume
My surley, grave and doctoral Aspect.
This Wench I know, 'tis *Daphne*, who hath wrong'd
Her Love *Menalcas*, and play'd fast and loose
With *Colax*, who reveal'd the whole to me.

SCENE II.

Daphne, Alcon.

Daph. Good Doctor *Alcon*, I am come to crave
Your Counsel to advise me for my Health,
For I suppose, in troth, I am not well,
Methinks I shou'd be sick, yet cannot tell:

Some

Something there is amiſs that troubles me,
For which I would take Phyſick willingly.
Al. Welcome, fair Nymph, come let me try your Pulſe.
I cannot blame you t' hold your ſelf not well.
Something amiſs, quoth you, here's all amiſs!
Th' whole Fabrick of your ſelf diſtempered is,
The Syſtole and Dyaſtole of your Pulſe
Do ſhew your Paſſions moſt hyſterical;
It ſeems you have not very careful been
T' obſerve the prophilactick Regimen
Of your own Body, ſo that we muſt now
Deſcend unto the Teraphentical;
That ſo we may prevent the Syndrome
Of Symptoms, and may afterwards apply
Some aneleptical Elexixharmacum,
That may be proper for your Malady:
It ſeems, fair Nymph, you dream much in the Night.
Dap. Doctor, I do indeed.
Al. I know you do,
You're troubled much with Thought
Dap. I am indeed
Al. I know you are,
You have great Heavineſs about your Heart.
Dap. Now truly ſo I have.
Al. I know you have;
You wake oft in the Night.
Dap. In troth I do.
Al. All this I know you do;
And this unleſs by Phyſick you prevent,
Think whereto it may bring you in the end,
And therefore you muſt firſt evacuate
All thoſe colaxical hot Humours which
Diſturb your Heart, and then refrigerate
Your Blood by ſome Menalchian Cordials,
Which you muſt take, and you ſhall ſtreight find
And in the Morning I will viſit you. (eaſe,
Dap. I pray Sir, let me take of that you gave
To *Phillis* th' other Day, for that ſhe ſaid
Did comfort wonderfully, and chear her Heart.

Al.

Al. Fair Nymph, you muſt, if you will uſe my Art,
Let me alone to give what I think good;
I knew what fitted *Phillis* Malady,
And ſo, I think, I know what will fit you. [*Exit.*

Daphne Sola.

O what a wond'rous skill'd Man is this!
Why he knows all? O God! Who ever thought
Any Man living could have told ſo right
A Woman's Grief in all Points as he hath?
Why this is ſtrange, that by my very Pulſe
He ſhould know all I ail, as well as I.
Beſides, I fear he ſees too much in me,
More than I would that any Man ſhould ſee.
Methought (altho' I could not well conceive
His Words, he ſpake ſo learned and ſo ſtrange)
He ſaid I had miſrul'd my Body much;
As if he meant that in ſome wanton ſort
I had abus'd my Body with ſome Man:
O how ſhould he know that? What is my Pulſe
Become the Intelligencer of my Shame?
Or are my Looks the Index of my Heart?
Sure ſo he ſaid, and methought too he nam'd
Menalcas, or elſe ſomething very like,
And likewiſe nam'd the cunning treacherous Wretch
That had undone me, *Colax*, that vile Devil,
Who is indeed the Cauſe of all my Grief,
For which I now ſeek Phyſick; but O what
Can Phyſick do to cure that hideous Wound
My Luſts have giv'n my Conſcience? which I ſee
Is that which only is diſeas'd within,
And not my Body now, that's it doth ſo
Diſquiet all the Lodging of my Spirits,
As keeps me waking; that is it preſents
Thoſe only Forms of Terror that affright
My broken Sleeps, and lays upon my Heart
This heavy Load that weighs it down with Grief;
And no Diſeaſe beſide, for which there is
No Cure I ſee at all, nor no Redreſs.

Did'ſt

Did'ſt thou alledge, vile Man, to my weak Youth,
How that thoſe Vows I made unto my Love,
Were Bands of Cuſtom, and could not lay on
Thoſe Manicles on Nature, which ſhould keep
Her Freedom Priſoner, by her Doom of Breath?
O impious Wretch now Nature gives the Lie
To thy foul Heart, and tells my grieved Soul,
I have done wrong to falſify that Vow
I firſt to my dear Love *Menalcas* made;
And ſays, th' Aſſurance and the Faith is giv'n
By Band on Earth, the ſame is ſeal'd in Heav'n.
And therefore now *Menalcas*, can theſe Eyes
That now abhor to look upon myſelf,
Dare ever view that wronged Face of thine,
Who haſt rely'd on this falſe Heart of mine?

SCENE III.

Colax, Techne.

Col. Is't poſſible ſweet *Techne*, what you ſay,
That *Cloris* is ſo witty, and ſo coy?
Tech. 'Tis as I tell you *Colax*, ſhe's as coy
And hath as ſhrewd a Spirit, as quick Conceit,
As ever Wench I brook'd in all my Life.
Col. Then there's ſome Glory in attaining her.
Here now I ſhall be ſure t' have ſomething yet
Beſides dull Beauty, I ſhall lie with Wit.
For theſe fair Creatures have ſuch feeble Spirits,
And are ſo languiſhing, as give no Edge
To Appetite and Love, but ſtuff Delight.
Tech. Well if you get her, then you ſhall be ſure
To have your Wiſh; and yet perhaps that Store
You find in her, may check your Longing more
Than all their Wants, whom you have try'd before.
Col. How? If I get her, what do you ſuppoſe
I ſhall not get her, that were very ſtrange.
Tech. Yes Sir, ſhe may be got, but yet I know
She'll put you to the Tryal of your Wit.
Col. Let me alone, could I find Seaſon fit
To talk with her in private, ſhe were mine. *Tech.*

Tech. That Season may you now have very well,
For *Colax*, she hath promis'd faithfully
This Evening late to meet me at the Cave
Of *Erycinas* underneath the Hill,
Where I must fit her with a new Attire,
Wherewith she's fat in love; and th' other Day
Thinking to try it at her Father's House
Whither I went with her to deal for you,
The old *Acryſius* was himself at Home,
Which did inforce us to defer our Work
Until this Evening, that we might alone
There out of Sight more closely do the same:
Where while she stays, (for I will make her stay
For me awhile) you at your Pleasure may
Have th' Opportunity which you desire.

Col. O *Techne*, thou hast bless'd me, if I now
On this Advantage conquer not her Mind,
Let me be loathed of all Womankind.
And presently will I go suit myself
As bravely as I can, go set my Looks,
Arm my Discourse, frame Speeches passionate
And Action both, fit for so great a Work.
Techne, a thousand Thanks, and so Adieu. (*Exit.*

Tech. Well *Colax*, she may yet deceive thy Hopes,
And I persuade myself she is as like
As any subtle Wench was ever born,
To give as wise a Man as you the Scorn:
But see where one, whose Faith hath better Right
Unto her Love than you, comes here forlorn,
Like Fortune's Outcast, full of Heavineſs.
Ah poor *Amyntas*, would thou knew'st how much
Thou art esteem'd, altho' not where thou would'st,
Yet where thou should'st have Love in that Degree,
As never living Man had like to thee.
Ah see how I, who set for others Love,
Am took myself, and intricated here
With one that hath his Heart another where?
But I will labour to divert the Stream
Of his Affections, and to turn his Thoughts

From

From that coy *Cloris*, to the Liberty
Of his own Heart, with Hope to make him mine.

SCENE IV.

Techne, Amyntas.

Tech Now fie *Amyntas*, why ſhould you thus grieve
For a moſt fooliſh wayward Girl, that ſcorns
Your honeſt Love, and laughs at all you do?
For ſhame *Amyntas*, let her go as ſh' is,
You ſee her vain and how perverſly ſet,
'Tis fond to follow what we cannot get.

Am. O *Techne*, *Techne*, tho' I never get,
Yet will I ever follow whilſt I breath,
And if I periſh by the Way, yet ſhall
My Death be pleaſing that for her I die.
And one Day ſhe may hap to come that Way,
(And be it, O her Way) where I ſhall lie,
And with her proud diſdainful Foot ſhe may
Tread on my Tomb, and ſay, Lo where he lies,
The Triumph, and the Conqueſt of mine Eyes.
And tho' I looſe myſelf, and looſe my Tears,
It ſhall be Glory yet that I was hers.
What have I done of late ſhould make her thus
My Preſence with that ſtrange Diſdain to fly,
As if ſhe did abhor my Company?
Cloris, God knows, thou haſt no Cauſe therefore,
Unleſs it be for loving more and more,
Why thou wert wont to lend me yet an Ear,
And tho' thou would'ſt not help, yet would'ſt thou hear.

Tech. Perhaps ſhe thinks thy Heat will be allay'd,
The Fire being gone, and therefore doth ſhe well
Not to be ſeen there, where ſhe will not aid.

Am. Alas, ſhe knows no Hand but hers can quench
That Heat in me; and therefore doth ſhe wrong
To fire my Heart, and then to run away,
And if ſhe would not aid, yet might ſhe eaſe
My careful Soul, if ſhe would but ſtand by
And only look upon me while I die.

Tech.

Tech. Well, well *Amyntas*, little doſt thou know
With whom that cunning Wanton ſorts her ſelf,
Whilſt thus thou mourn'ſt, and with what ſecret Wiles
She works to meet her Lover in the Woods,
With whom in Groves, and Caves, ſhe dallying ſits,
And mocks thy Paſſions, and thy doleful Fits.

Am. No *Techne*, no, I know that cannot be,
And therefore do not wrong her Modeſty,
For *Cloris* loves no Man, and that's ſome Eaſe
Unto my Grief, and gives a Hope that yet
If ever ſoft Affection touch her Heart,
She will look back, and think on my Deſert.

Tech. If that be all, that Hope is at an end,
For if thou wilt this Evening but attend
And walk down under *Erycinas* Grove,
And place thy ſelf in ſome cloſe ſecret Buſh,
Right oppoſite unto the hollow Cave
That looks into the Valley, thou ſhalt ſee
That Honeſty, and that great Modeſty.

Am. If I ſee *Cloris* there, I know I ſhall
See nothing elſe with her, but Modeſty.

Tech. Yes ſomething elſe will grieve your Heart to ſee:
But you muſt be content, and think your ſelf
Are not the firſt that thus have been deceiv'd
With fair appearing Outſides, and miſtook
A wanton Heart by a chaſte ſeeming Look.
But I conjure you by the Love you bear
Unto thoſe Eyes which make you (as you are
Th' Example of Compaſſion to the World)
Sit cloſe, and be not ſeen in any Caſe.

Am. Well *Techne*, if I ſhall ſee *Cloris* there
It is enough, then thither will I go,
Who will go any where to look on her.
And *Cloris*, know I do not go to ſee
Any Thing elſe of thee, but only thee.

Tech. Well go and think yet of her honeſt Care,
Who gives thee Note of ſuch a ſhameful Deed,
And judge *Amyntas*, when thou ſhalt be freed,
Who more deſerves thy Love, or I or ſhe.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Melibæus, Ergaſtus.

Mel. Now what infernal Projects are here laid
T' afflict an honeſt Heart, t' expoſe a Maid
Unto the danger of a lone Aſſault,
To make her to offend without her Fault.
Erg. And ſee what other new appearing Spirits
Would raiſe the Tempeſts of Diſturbances
Upon our Reſt, and labour to bring in
All the whole Ocean of Unquietneſs,
To overwhelm the poor Peace we live in;
How one would fain inſtruct, and teach us how
To cut our Throats with Form, and to contend
With artificial Knowledge, to undo
Each other, and to brabble without End;
As if that Nature had not took more Care
For us, than we for our own ſelves can take,
And makes us better Laws than thoſe we make.
And as if all that Science ought could give
Unto our Bliſs, but only ſhews us how
The better to contend, but not to live.
And evermore we ſee how Vice doth grow
With Knowledge, and brings forth a more Increaſe,
When skilful Men begin, how good Men ceaſe.
And therefore how much better do we live
With quiet Ignorance, than we ſhould do
With turbulent and ever working Skill,
Which makes us not to live but labour ſtill.
Mel. And ſee that other vain fantaſtick Spirit,
Who would corrupt our Bodies too likewiſe,
As this our Minds, and make our Health to be
As troubleſome as Sickneſs, to deviſe
That no Part of us ever ſhould be free;
Both Forraging our Credulity,
Take ſtill th' Advantage of our Weakneſſes;
Both cloth their frivolous Uncertainties
In ſtrange Attires, to make it ſeem the leſs.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Techne, Amyntas.

Tech. A *Myntas* muſt come back I know this way,
And here it will be beſt for me to ſtay;
And here indeed he comes, poor Man I ſee
All quite diſmay'd; and now I'll work on him.
Come, who tells Truth *Amyntas*, who deceives
Your Expectations now, *Cloris* or I?
Am. Peace *Techne* peace, and do not interrupt
The Grief that hath no Leiſure to attend
Ought but it ſelf, and hath ſhut up with it
All other Senſe in private cloſe within
From doing any thing, but only think.
Tech. Think! whereon ſhould you think, you've thought enough,
And too too much on ſuch a one as ſhe,
Whom now you ſee you've try'd her Honeſty:
And let her go proud Girl accordingly.
There's none of theſe young wanton Things that know
How t' uſe a Man, or how to make their Choice,
Or anſwer Mens Affections as they ought.
And if you think, think ſhe's not worth a Thought.
Am. Good *Techne*, leave me, for thy Speech and Sight
Bear both that Diſproportion on my Grief,
As that they trouble, trouble and confound
Confuſion in my Sorrows, which doth loath
That Sound of Words, that anſwers not the Tone
Of my Diſprayers in th' Accents of like Moan.
And now hath Sorrow no worſe Plague I ſee,
Than free and unpartaking Company,

Who are not in the fashion of our Woes,
And whose Affections do not look likewise
Of that Complection as our Miseries:
And therefore prithee leave me, or else leave
To speak, or if thou speak, let it not be
To me, or else let me not answer thee.
Tech. Well, I say nothing, you know what you've seen.
Am. 'Tis true, I do confess that I have seen
The worst the World can shew me, and the worst
That can be ever seen with mortal Eye.
I have beheld the whole of all wherein
My Heart had any Interest in this Life,
To be disrent and torn from off my Hopes,
That nothing now is left. Why should I live?
That Hostage I had giv'n the World, which was
The Hope of her, that held me to hold truce
With it and with this Life, is gone, and now
Well may I break with them; and break I will,
And rend that Pact of Nature, and dissolve
That League of Blood that ties me to my self.
For *Cloris*, now hath thy Immodesty
Infranchis'd me, and made me free to die;
Which otherwise I could not, lest it might
Have been some Stain, and some Disgrace to thee.
Ah! was it not enough for this poor Heart
T' indure the Burden of her proud Disdain,
That weigh'd it to th' Earth, but it likewise must
Be crush'd thus with th' Oppression of her Stain?
The first Wound yet, tho' it were huge and wide,
Yet was it cleanly made, it fester'd not;
But this now giv'n, comes by a poison'd Shot,
Against all Laws of Honour that are pure,
And rankles deadly, is without all Cure.
Ah how she blush'd when as she issued forth
With her inamour'd Mate out of the Cave!
And well then might she blush at such a Deed,
And with how wild a Look she casts about
Her fearful Eyes! as if her loathsome Sin
Now coming thus into the open sight,
With Terror did her Guiltiness affright;

And up ſhe treads the Hill with ſuch a Pace,
As if ſhe gladly would have ourgone Shame,
Which yet for all her haſting after came.
And at their coming forth, methought I heard
The Villain uſe my Name, and ſhe return
The ſame again in very earneſt ſort,
Which could be for no Good, I know to me,
But only that perhaps it pleas'd her then
To caſt me up by this Way of her Mouth
From off her Heart, leſt it might ſtuff the ſame.
But *Cloris* know, thou ſhalt not need to fear;
I never more ſhall interrupt thy Joys
With my Complaints, nor more obſerve thy Ways;
And O I would thy Heart could be as free
From Sin and Shame, as thou ſhalt be from me.
I could (and I have reaſon ſo to do)
Revenge my Wrong upon that wicked Wretch,
Who hath ſurpriz'd my Love, and robb'd thy Shame,
And make his Blood th' Oblation of my Wrath
E'en at thy Feet, that thou might'ſt ſee the ſame,
To expiate for this Unjuſtice done,
But that the Fact examin'd would diſplay
Thy Infamy abroad unto the World,
Which I had rather die than once bewray.
And *Techne*, prethee, tell her thus from me,
But yet, ah tell it ſoftly in her Ear,
And be thou ſure no living Creature hear,
That her Immodeſty hath loſt this Day
Two the moſt honeſt Guardians of her Good
She had in Life, her Honour, and my Blood.
Tech. Now I may ſpeak, I truſt, you ſpeak to me.
Am. No, not yet *Techne*, prethee ſtay awhile
And tell her too, tho' ſhe ſpares not her Shame;
My Death ſhall ſhew that I reſpect her Fame.
Tech. Then now I may.
Am. O *Techne*, no not yet.
And bid her not forget *Amyntas* Faith,
Tho' ſhe deſpiſed him, and one Day yet
She may be touch'd with Grief, and that e'er long,
To

To think on her Diſhonour, and his Wrong.
Now *Techne* I have done, and ſo farewel.

Tech. But ſtay *Amyntas*, now muſt I begin.

Am. I cannot ſtay; *Techne*, let go your Hold,
It is in vain I ſay, I muſt be gone.

Tech. Now, dear *Amyntas*, hear me but one Word.
Ah he is gone, and in that Fury gone,
As ſure he will in this Extremity
Of his Deſpair, do Violence to himſelf:
And therefore now, what Help ſhall I deviſe
To ſtay his Ruin? Sure there is no Means
But to call *Cloris*, and perſwade with her
To follow him, and to prevent his Death;
For tho' this Practice was for mine own Good,
Yet my Deceits uſe not to ſtretch to Blood.
But now I know not where I ſhould find out
That cruel Maid, but I muſt caſt about.

SCENE II.

Amarillis, Dorinda.

Ama. Dorinda, you are yet in happy Caſe,
You are belov'd, you need not to complain;
'Tis I have reaſon only to bewail
My Fortunes, who am caſt upon Diſdain,
And on his rocky Heart that wrecks my Youth
With Storms of Sorrows, and contemns my Truth;
'Tis I that am ſhut out from all Delight
This World can yield a Maid, that am remov'd
From th' only Joy on Earth, to be belov'd:
Cruel *Carinus* ſcorns this Faith of mine,
And lets poor *Amarillis* grieve and pine.

Dor. 'Tis true indeed, you ſay, I am belov'd,
Sweet *Amarillis*, and perhaps much more
Than I would be: Plenty doth make me poor,
For now my Heart, as if divided, ſtands
Betwixt two Paſſions, Love and Pity both,
That draw it either way, with that main Force,

As that I know not which to yield unto:
And then Fear in the midſt, holds me in Suſpence,
Leſt I loſe both by mine Improvidence.

Ama. How may that be *Dorinda*? You know this,
You can enjoy but one, and one there is
Ought to poſſeſs your Heart and Love alone;
Who hunts two Hares at one time, catches none.

Dor. I muſt tell you, dear Friend, the whole Diſ-
From whom I cannot any thing conceal: (courſe,
Arcadia knows, and every Shepherd knows
How much *Mirtillus* hath deſerv'd of me,
And how long Time his woeful Suit hath lain
Depending on the Mercy of mine Eyes,
For whom, I do confeſs, Pity hath been
Th' Attorney evermore, that ſtands and pleads
Before my Heart the Juſtice of his Cauſe,
And ſays he ought t' have Love, by Love's own Laws.
But now the Maſter, ſov'raign Lord of Hearts,
That great Commander, and that Tyrant Love,
Who muſt have all according to his Will,
Whom Pity only uſhers, goes before,
As Lightning doth the Thunder, he ſays no,
And will that *Colax* only have my Heart,
That gallant Herdſman, full of Skill and Art,
And all Experience of Love's Myſteries,
To whom I muſt confeſs me to have giv'n
Th' Earneſt of my Love; but ſince that Time
I never ſaw the Man, which makes me much
To wonder that his Dealing ſhould be ſuch:
For either Love hath (in reſpect that I
Deſpiſed have the true and honeſt Faith
Of one that lov'd me with Sincerity)
Made me the Spoil of Falſhood and Contempt,
Or elſe perhaps the ſame is done to try
My Reſolution and my Conſtancy.

But yet I fear the worſt, and fear I may,
Leſt he now having got the Victory,
Cares for no more; and ſeeing he knows my Love
Turns towards him, he turns his Back to me.
So that I know not what were beſt t' reſolve,

Either

Either to ſtand unto the doubtful Faith
Of one that hath ſo dang'rouſly begun,
Or elſe return t' accept *Mirtillus* Love,
Who will perhaps when mine begins, have done:
So that inwrapt in this diſtracted Toil
I vex, and know not what to do the while.
And therefore *Amarillis* I think ſure
(Seeing now how others Love in me hath prov'd)
You are moſt happy not to be belov'd.

SCENE III.

Cloris, Amarillis, Dorinda.

Clo. Now here between you two, kind loving Souls,
I know there can be no Talk but of Love,
Love muſt be all the Scope of your Diſcourſe;
Alas, poor Hearts, I wonder how you can
In this deceitful World, think of a Man;
For they do nothing but make Fools of you,
And laugh when they have done, and prove untrue.

Am. Well, *Cloris* well, rejoice that you are free,
You may be touch'd one Day as well as we.

Clo. Indeed and I had like too this laſt Night,
Had I not look'd with ſuch an angry Eye,
And frown'd ſo ſour, that I made Love afraid:
There was a Fellow needs forſooth would have
My Heart from me whether I would or not,
And had as great Advantage one could have;
I tell you that, he had me in a Cave.

Dor. What in a Cave! *Cloris*, how came you there?

Clo. Truly *Dorinda*, I will tell you how:
By no Art Magick, but a plain Device
Of *Techne*, who would try her Wit on me,
For ſhe had promis'd me to meet me there
At ſuch an Hour, and thither bring with her
A new ſtrange Dreſſing ſhe had made for me,
Which there cloſe out of Sight I ſhould try on:
Thither went I, poor Fool, at th' Hour decreed,

And there expecting *Techne*'s Company,
In ruſhes fleering *Colax* after me,
Whom ſure ſhe ſent of purpoſe to the Place,
And there with his affected apiſh Grace
And ſtrained Speech, off'ring to ſeize on me;
Out ruſh'd I from him, as indeed amaz'd
At his ſo ſudden and unexpected Sight:
And after follows he, vows, ſwears, proteſts
By all the Gods, he never lov'd before
Any one living in the World but me,
And for me only would he ſpend his Life.

Dor. [*Aſide*] Alas! and what am I forgotten then?
Why theſe are ev'n the Words he ſpake to me.

Clo. And then enveighs againſt *Amyntas* Love,
Vaunts his own Parts and his great Knowledges,
And all ſo idle, as in troth methought
I never heard a Man more vainly talk,
For ſo much as I heard; for up the Hill
I went with ſuch a Pace, and never ſtaid
To give regard to any thing he ſaid,
As at the laſt I ſcarce had left him Breath
Sufficient to forſwear himſelf withal.

Dor. [*Aſide*] Ah what hath then my ſilly Ignorance
To be deceiv'd and mock'd by ſuch a one?

Clo. And when I had recover'd up the Hill,
I fairly ran away, and left my Man
In th' midſt of his conjuring Perjuries;
All empty to return with mighty Loſs
Of Breath and Labour, having caſt away
Much fooliſh Pains in tricking up himſelf
For this Exploit, and goes without his Game,
Which he in Hope devour'd before he came;
I, I too, miſs'd my Dreſſing by this Means.
But I admire how any Woman can
Be ſo unwiſe to like of ſuch a Man?
For I proteſt I ſee nought elſe but Froth,
And ſhallow Impudence, affected Grace,
And ſome few idle practis'd Compliment:
And all the Thing he is without he is,
For Affectation ſtrives but to appear,
And never is of Subſtance, or Sincere.

And

And yet this Dare of Fallhood hath beguil'd
A thouſand fooliſh Wenches in his Days.

Dor. The more Wretch he, and more hard Hap was theirs.

Clo. Why do you ſigh *Dorinda*, are you touch'd
With any of theſe Paſſages of mine?

Dor. No truly, not of yours, but I have cauſe
In my Particular that makes me ſigh.

Clo. Well, well, come on, to put us from this (Talk,
Let us deviſe ſome Sport to paſs the Time.

Am. Faith I have no great liſt to any Sport.

Dor. Nor I in troth, 'tis fartheſt from my Mind.

Clo. Then let us tell old Tales, repeat our Dreams,
Or any thing rather than think of Love.

Am. And now you ſpeak of Dreams, in troth laſt (Night
I was much troubled with a fearful Dream.

Dor. And truly *Amarillis* ſo was I.

Am. And now I do remember too I had
A fooliſh idle Dream, and this it was:
Methought the faireſt of *Montanus* Lambs,
And one he lov'd the beſt of all his Flock,
Was ſingled out and chac'd by a cruel Cur;
And in his hot Purſuit makes towards me
(Methought) for Succour, and about me ran,
As if it beg'd my Aid to ſave his Life;
Which I long time deferr'd, and ſtill look'd on
And would not reſcue it, until at length
I ſaw it ev'n quite worried out of Breath,
And panting at my Feet, and could no more:
And then methought I took it up from Death
And cheriſh'd it with me, and brought it back
Home to *Montanus*, who was glad to ſee
The poor recover'd Creature thus reſtor'd;
And I my ſelf was greatly pleas'd, methought,
That by my Hand ſo good a Deed was wrought.
And *Amarillis* now tell us your Dream.

Am. Methought as I in *Erymanthus* walk'd
A fearful Wolf ruſh'd forth from out a Brake,
And tow'rds me makes with open hideous Jaws,

From whom I ran with all the Speed I could,
T' eſcape my Danger, and to overtake
One whom I ſaw before, that might lend Aid
To me diſtreſs'd; but he methought did run
As faſt from me, as I did from the Beaſt.
I cry'd to him (but all in vain) to ſtay;
The more I cry'd, the more he ran away;
And after I, and after me the Wolf,
So long, as I began to faint in Mind,
Seeing Deſpair before, my Death behind:
Yet ran I ſtill, and lo, methought at length
A little he began to ſlack his Pace;
Which I perceiving, put to all my Strength,
And ran as if Deſire had wing'd my Heels,
And in the End methought recover'd him.
But never Woman felt more Joy, it ſeem'd,
To overtake a Man, than did I him,
By whom I ſcap'd the Danger I was in,
That when I wak'd, as preſently I awak'd,
Touch'd with that ſudden Joy, which my poor Heart,
God knows, had not been us'd unto of late,
I found my ſelf all in a moiſt faint Sweat,
Which that affrightning Horror did beget;
And tho I were deliver'd of my Fear,
And felt this Joy, yet did the Trembling laſt
Upon my Heart, when now the Fear was paſt.

Clo. This *Amarillis* may your Good portend,
That yet you ſhall have Comfort in the End.

Am. God grant I may, it is a thing I want.

Clo. And now *Dorinda* tell us what you dreamt.

Dor. I dreamt, that having gone to gather Flowers,
And weary of my Work, repoſing me
Upon a Bank near to a River's ſide,
A ſubtle Serpent lurking in the Graſs,
Came ſecretly and ſeized on my Breaſt;
Which tho I ſaw, I had not Pow'r to ſtir,
But lay me ſtill till he had eat a Way
Into my Boſom, whence he took my Heart,
And in his Mouth carrying the ſame away,
Returns, methought, again from whence he came;

Which

Which I perceiving presently arose,
And after it most wofully I went,
To see if I could find my Heart again,
And up and down I sought, but all in vain.

Clo. In troth 'tis no good Luck to dream of Snakes,
One shall be sure t' hear Anger after it.

Dor. And so it may be I have done to Day.

Clo. Indeed, and I have heard it never fails.

SCENE IV.

Techne, Cloris, Amarillis, Dorinda.

Tech. Come, you are talking here in Jollity,
Whilst I have sought you *Cloris* all about:
Come, come, good *Cloris*, quickly come away.

Clo. What is the News? what have we now to do?
Have you another Cave to send me to?

Tech. Ah talk no more of that but come away,
As ever you will save the woful Life
Of a distressed Man that dies for you.

Clo. Why what does *Colax*, whom you sent to me
Into the Cave, faint now with his Repulse?

Tech. I sent him not, you would so wisely go
In open sight, as Men might see you go,
And trace you thither all the way you went.
But come, ah 'tis not he, it is the Man
You ought to save, *Amyntas* is the Man
Your Cruelty and Rigor hath undone:
O quickly come, or it will be too late;
For 'twas his Chance, and most unluckily,
To see both you and *Colax* as you came
Out of the Cave, and he thinks verily
You are possess'd by him; which so confounds
His Spirits, and sinks his Heart, that sure he's runn
T' undo himself, and O I fear 'tis done.

Clo. If it be done, my Help will be too late,
And I may stay, and save that Labour here.

Am. Ah *Cloris*, haste away if it be so,
And do not if thou hast a Heart of Flesh,

And of a Woman, ſtay and trifle Time.
Go run, and ſave thine own; for if he die,
'Tis thine that dies, his Blood is ſhed for thee.
And what a Horror this will ever be
Hereafter to thy guilty Conſcience, when
Years ſhall have taught thee Wit, and thou ſhalt find
This Deed inſtamp'd in bloody Characters
Within the black Records of thine own Thoughts,
Which never will be raz'd whilſt thou haſt Breath,
Nor yet will be forgotten by thy Death.
Beſides, wide Fame will trumpet forth thy Wrong,
And thou ſhalt be with all Poſterity,
Amongſt th' Examples held of Cruelty,
And have this ſavage Deed of thine be made
A ſullen Subject for a Tragedy,
Entitl'd *Cloris*, that thereby thy Name
May ſerve to be an everlaſting Shame;
And therefore go, prevent ſo foul a Stain.

Dor. Ah go, go *Cloris*, haſte away with Speed.

Clo. Why whither ſhould I go? I know not where
To find him now; and if he do this Deed,
It is his Error, and no Fault of mine:
Yet prithee *Techne*, which Way went the Man?

Tech. Come *Cloris*, I will ſhew which Way he went
In moſt ſtrange Fury, and moſt deſperate Speed,
Still crying, *Cloris*, haſt thou done this Deed!

Clo. Why had not you ſtaid and perſwaded him?

Tec. I could not ſtay him by no Means I us'd,
Though all the Means I could deviſe I us'd.

Clo. Well I will go, poor Man, to ſeek him out,
Tho I can do him elſe no other Good.
I know indeed he hath deſerv'd my Love,
And if I would like any, it ſhould be him,
So that I thought he would be true to me.
But thus my Dream may chance now come to paſs,
And I may happen to bring Home indeed
Montanus Son, *Amyntas*, that dear Lamb I
He loves ſo well, and by my gracious Deed
He may eſcape the Danger he was in.
Which if I do, and thereby do enthral

My

My ſelf, to free another's Miſery,
Then will I ſit and ſigh, and talk of Love
As well as you, and have your Company.
For ſomething I do feel begin to move,
And yet I hope 'tis nothing elſe but Fear;
Yet what know I that Fear may hap to Love.
Well *Techne*, come, I would not have him yet
To periſh, poor *Amyntas*, in this Fit.

Ama. Well *Gloris*, yet he may, for ought I ſee
Before you come, unleſs you make more haſte.
Ah cruel Maid! ſhe little knows the Grief
Of ſuch a Heart that's deſperate of Relief,
Nor underſtands ſhe her own Happineſs,
To have ſo true a Lover as he is.
And yet I ſee ſhe's touch'd, if not too late,
For I perceive her Colour come and go,
And tho in Pride ſhe wou'd have hid her Woe,
Yet I ſaw Sorrow look out at her Eyes.
And poor *Amyntas*, if thou now be gone,
Thou haſt (like to the Bee that ſtinging dies,
And in another's Wound left his own Life)
Tranſpierced by the Death that marble Heart,
Which living thou could'ſt touch by no Deſert.
And if thou ſhalt eſcape, thou haſt ſurviv'd
Her Cruelty, which now repents her Wrong,
And thou ſhalt by her Favours be reviv'd
After th' Affliction thou haſt ſuffer'd long:
Which makes me think that Time and Patience may
Intenerate at length the hardeſt Heart,
And that I may yet, after all my Woe,
Live to o'ertake *Carinus* Mercy too.

Dor. And here this ſad Diſtreſs of ſuch a true
And conſtant Lover overcome with Grief,
Preſents unto my guilty Memory
The Wrongs *Mirtillus* hath indur'd of me.
And O I would I knew now how he doth;
I fear he is not well, I ſaw him not
Scarce theſe three Days, I marvel where he is!
And yet what need I marvel, who have thus
Chac'd him from me with Frowns and Uſage vile,

And

And fondly left the Subſtance of his Faith,
To catch the Shadow of Deceit and Guile?
Was *Colax* he I thought the only Man!
And is he now prov'd to be ſuch a one?
O that I ever lent an eaſy Ear,
Unto ſo falſe a Wretch's Flatteries!
Whoſe very Name I now abhor to hear,
And loath my ſelf for being ſo unwiſe.
What ſhall I do, ſweet *Amarillis*, now,
Which way ſhall I betake me to recover
The Loſs of Shame, and Loſs of ſuch a Lover?

Am. Indeed *Dorinda* you have done him wrong,
But your Repentance and Compaſſion now
May make amends, and you muſt learn to do
As I long Time have done, indure and hope;
And on that Turn of Fortune's Scene depend,
When all Extremities muſt mend or end.

SCENE V.

Melibæus, Ergaſtus.

Mel. Well, come *Ergaſtus*, we have ſeen enough,
And it is more than Time that we prepare
Againſt this Hydra of Confuſion now,
Which ſtill preſents new hideous Heads of Fear;
And every Hour we ſee begets new Broils,
And intricates our Youth in deſperate Toils.
And therefore let th' Advantage of this Day,
Which is the great and general Hunting-day
In *Eremanthus*, ſerve for this good Deed:
And when we meet (as all of us ſhall meet
Here in this Place anon, as is decreed)
We will adviſe our Shepherds intermit
That Work, and fall to this imports us more,
To chaſe out theſe wild Miſchiefs that do lurk,
And worſe infect than th' *Erimanthian* Boar,
Or all Beaſts elſe, which only ſpoil our Fields,

Whilſt

Whilſt theſe, which are of more prodigious Kinds,
Bend all their Forces to deſtroy our Minds.
Erg. And this Occaſion will be very fit
Now to be took; for one Day loſt may looſe
More by Example; then we ſhall regret
In Thouſands, for when Men ſhall once diſcloſe
The Way of Ill that lay unknown before,
Scarce all our Pains will ever ſtop it more.
Man is a Creature of a wilful Head,
And hardly driven is, but eas'ly led.

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Amarillis, Carinus.

Am. AH gentle *Lælaps*, pretty loving Dog,
Where haſt thou left thy Maſter, where is (he,
That great Commander over thee and me?
Thou wer't not won't t' be far off from his Feet,
And O no more would I, were he ſo pleas'd,
But would as well as thou go follow him
Through Brakes and Thickets, over Cliffs and Rocks,
As long as I had Life to follow him,
Would he but look upon me with that Eye
Of Favour, as he's us'd to look on thee. (Hand
Thou can'ſt be clap'd, and ſtroak'd with that fair
That thruſts away my Heart, and bears it back
From following him, which yet it ever will,
And tho he fly me, yet I muſt after ſtill.
But here he comes; methought he was not far.

Car. What mean you *Amarillis* in this ſort,
By taking up my Dog to mar my Sport?

Am. My dear *Carinus*, thou doſt much miſtake,
I do not mar thy Sport, 'tis thou marr'ſt mine,
And kill'ſt my Joys with that hard Heart of thine.
Thy Dog perhaps by ſome Inſtinct doth know
How that I am his Maſter's Creature too,
And kindly comes himſelf and fawns on me,
To ſhew what you in Nature ought to do.

Car. Fie, *Amarillis*, you that know my Mind,
Should not methinks thus ever trouble me.

Am. What is it troubleſome to be belov'd?
How is it then *Carinus* to be loath'd?
If I had done like *Cloris*, ſcorn'd your Suit,
And ſpurn'd your Paſſion in diſdainful ſort,

I had

I had been woo'd, and ſought, and highly priz'd,
But having n' other Art to win thy Love,
Save by diſcovering mine, I am deſpis'd,
As if you would not have the Thing you ſought,
Unleſs you knew it were not to be got.
And now becauſe I lie here at thy Feet,
The humble Booty of thy conquering Eyes,
And lay my Heart all open in thy ſight,
And tell thee I am thine, and tell thee right:
And do not ſute my Looks, nor cloath my Words
In other Colours than my Thoughts do wear,
But do thee Right in all, thou ſcorneſt me
As if thou did'ſt not love Sincerity;
Never did Cryſtal more apparently
Preſent the Colour it contain'd within,
Than have theſe Eyes, theſe Tears, this Tongue of mine
Bewray'd my Heart, and told how much I'm thine.

Car. 'Tis true, I know you have too much be-wray'd,
And more than fits the Honour of a Maid.

Am. O, if that Nature hath not arm'd my Breaſt
With that ſtrong Temper of reſiſting Proof,
But that by reaſon of my weak Complection, I
Am made thus eaſy to the violent Shot
Of Paſſion, and th' Affection I ſhould not:
Methinks yet you, out of your Strength and Power,
Should not diſdain that Weakneſs, but ſhould think
It rather is your Vertue, as indeed
It is, that makes me thus againſt my Kind
T' unlock my Thoughts, and to let out my Mind,
When I ſhould rather die and burſt with Love,
Than once to let my Tongue to ſay I love;
And if your worthy Parts be of that Pow'r
To vanquiſh Nature, and I muſt be won,
Do not diſdain the Work when you have done,
For in contemning me you do deſpiſe
That Pow'r of yours which makes me to be thus.

Car. Now what ado is here with idle Talk?
And to no Purpoſe, for you know I have
Engag'd long ſince my Heart, my Love and all
To *Cloris*, who muſt have the ſame, and ſhall. *Am.*

Am. Why there is no ſuch odds 'twixt her and me,
I am a Nymph, 'tis known, as well as ſhe.
There is no other Difference 'twixt us Twain,
But that I love, and ſhe doth thee diſdain.
No other Reaſon can induce thy Mind,
But only that which ſhould divert thy Mind;
I will attend thy Flocks better than ſhe,
And dreſs thy Bower more ſweet, more daintily,
And cheriſh thee with Sallads and with Fruits,
And all freſh Dainties that the Seaſon ſuits;
I have more Skill in Herbs than ſhe by far,
I know which nouriſh, which reſtoring are:
And I will find *Dictamnus* for thy Goats,
And ſeek out Clover for thy little Lambs,
And Tetriſoil to cheriſh up their Dams;
And this I know, I have a better Voice
Than ſhe, tho ſhe perhaps may have more Art,
But which is beſt, I have the faithfull'ſt Heart?
Beſides, *Amyntas* hath her Love, I know,
And ſhe begins to manifeſt it now. (ſtrange!
Car. *Amyntas* have her Love? that were moſt
When he hath gotten that, you ſhall have mine.
Am. O, dear *Carinus*, let me reſt upon
That bleſſed Word of thine; and I have done.

SCENE II.

Mirtillus, Carinus, Amarillis.

Mir. Well met *Carinus*, I can tell you News,
Your Rival, poor *Amyntas*, hath undone
And ſpoil'd himſelf, and lies in that weak Caſe,
As we think never more to ſee his Face.
Car. *Mirtillus*, I am ſorry t' hear ſo much:
Altho *Amyntas* be Competitor
In th' Empire of her Heart, wherein my Life
Hath chiefeſt Claim, I do not with his Death:
But by what Chance, *Mirtillus*, prithee tell?
Mir. I will *Carinus*, tho I grieve to tell.
As *Tytirus*, *Menalcas*, and my ſelf
Were

Were placing of our Toils (againſt anon
That we ſhall hunt) below within the Streight
'Twixt *Erimanthus* and *Lyceus* Mount,
We might perceive under a ragged Cliff,
In that moſt uncouth Deſart, all alone
Diſtreſs'd *Amyntas* laying on the Ground,
With his ſad Face turn'd cloſe unto the Rock,
As if he loath'd to ſee more of the World,
Than that poor Space, which was 'twixt him and it;
His right Hand ſtretch'd along upon his Side,
His left he makes the Pillar to ſupport
His careful Head; his Pipe he had hung up
Upon a Beech Tree by, where he likewiſe
Had plac'd his Sheep-hook and his Knife, wherewith
He had incarv'd a woful Elegy,
To ſhew th' Occaſion of his Miſery.
His Dog *Melampus* ſitting by his ſide,
As if he were Partaker of his Woe:
By which we knew 'twas he, and to him went,
And after we had call'd, and ſhook him up,
And found him not to anſwer, nor to ſtir,
And yet his Eyes abroad, his Body warm;
We took him up, and held him from the Ground,
But could not make him ſtand by any Means;
And ſinking down again, we ſearch'd to ſee
If he had any Wound, or Blow, or Wrinch,
But none could find; at laſt by chance we ſpy'd
A little Horn which he had flung aſide,
Whereby we gueſs'd he had ſome Poiſon took;
And thereupon we ſent out preſently
To fetch *Urania*, whoſe great Skill in Herbs
Is ſuch, as if there any Means will be,
As I fear none will be, her only Art
Muſt ſerve to bring him to himſelf again.

Car. Indeed *Urania* hath been known t' have done
Moſt deſperate Cures, and peradventure may
Reſtore him yet, and I do wiſh ſhe may.

Mir. But having there us'd all the Help we could,
And all in vain, and ſtanding by with Grief,
(As we might well to ſee ſo ſad a Sight,

And

And ſuch a worthy Shepherd in that Plight?
We might perceive come running down the Hill
Cloris and *Techne*, with what Speed they could;
But *Cloris* had got Ground, and was before,
And made more haſte, as it concern'd her more.
And nearer as ſhe came, ſhe faſter went,
As if ſhe did deſire to have been there
Before her Feer, too ſlow for her ſwift Fear.
And coming to the Place, ſhe ſuddenly
Stop'd, ſtarts, and ſhrick'd, and having made ſuch haſte
T' have ſomething done, now could ſhe nothing do,
Perhaps our Preſence might perplex her too,
As being aſham'd that any Eye ſhould ſee
The new appearing of her naked Heart,
That never yet before was ſeen till now.

Car. And 'tis ill Hap for me it was ſeen now.

Mir. For we perceiv'd how *Love* and *Modeſty*,
With ſev'ral Enſigns, ſtrove within her Cheeks
Which ſhould be Lord that Day, and charged hard
Upon each other with their freſh Supplies
Of different Colours, that ſtill came and went,
And much diſturb'd her; but at length diſſolv'd
Into Affection, down ſhe caſts her ſelf
Upon his ſenſeleſs Body, where ſhe ſaw
The Mercy ſhe had brought, was come too late:
And to him calls, O dear *Amyntas* ſpeak,
Look on me, ſweet *Amyntas*, it is I
That calls thee, I it is that holds thee here,
Within thoſe Arms thou haſt eſteem'd ſo dear.
And tho that Love were yet ſo young in her
As that it knew not how to ſpeak, or what,
And that ſhe never had that Paſſion prov'd,
Being firſt a Lover, e'er ſhe knew ſhe lov'd,
Yet what ſhe could not utter, ſhe ſupply'd
With her poor buiſy Hands, that rubb'd his Face,
Chaf'd his pale Temples, wrung his Fingers Ends,
Held up his Head, and pull'd him by the Hands,
And never left her Work, nor ever ceas'd.

Ama. Alas! the leaſt of this Regard before
Might have help'd all, then when 'twas in her Power

T' have

T' have ſav'd his Heart, and to revive his Mind,
Now for all this her Mercy is unkind;
The Good that's out of Seaſon is no Good.
There is no difference now 'twixt Cruelty
And the Compaſſion that's not underſtood.

Mir. But yet at length, as if thoſe dainty Hands
Had had a Power to have awaken'd Death,
We might perceive him move his heavy Eyes,
Which had ſtood fix'd all the whole Time before,
And faſtens them directly upon her;
Which when ſhe ſaw, it ſtruck her with that Force,
As that it pierc'd through all the Spirits ſhe had,
Made all the Powers and Parts of her ſhrink up
With that Convulſion of Remorſe and Grief,
As out ſhe ſhriek'd, O dear! O my dear Heart!
Then ſhrieks again, and then again cries out;
For now that Look of his did ſhake her more,
Than Death or any thing had done before;
That Look did read t' her new conceiving Heart
All the whole Tragick Lecture of his Love,
And his ſad Sufferings, all his Griefs and Fear,
And now in th' End what he had done for her;
And with that powerful Force of Moving too,
As all the World of Words could never do.
Ah what a ſilly Meſſenger is Speech
To be employ'd in that great Embaſſy
Of our Affection, in reſpect of th' Eye?
Ah, 'tis the ſilent Rhetorick of a Look,
That works the League betwixt the States of Hearts,
Not Words I ſee, nor Knowledge of the Book,
Nor Incantations made by hidden Arts;
For now this Look ſo melts her into Tears,
As that ſhe pour'd them down like Thunder Drops;
Or elſe did Nature, taking Pity now
Of her Diſtreſs, employ them in that Store
To ſerve as Vails, and to be interpos'd
Betwixt her Grief and her, t' impeach her Sight
From that full View of Sorrow thus diſclos'd.
And now with this came in *Urania* there,
With other Women, to employ their beſt

To ſave his Life, if by any Means they can.
And ſo we came our Way, being ſent for now
About ſome Conference for our Hunting Sports,
And with us *Techne* comes, who is ſuppos'd
T' have been a ſpecial Cauſe of much of this.

Car. Alas! this ſad Report doth grieve me much,
And I did never think, that *Cloris* had
So dearly lov'd him as I find ſhe doth,
For by this Act of hers I plainly ſee
There will be never any Hope for me.

Am. There may for me, if now *Carinus* thou
Wilt ſtand but to thy Word, as thou haſt ſaid.

Myr. Ah, would to God *Dorinda* had been there
T' have ſeen but *Cloris* act this woeful Part;
It may be, it might have deter'd her Heart
From Cruelty ſo long as ſhe had liv'd.

Am. And I am glad *Carinus* hath but heard
So much this Day, for he may hap thereby
To have ſome Feeling of my Miſery;
But for *Dorinda*, never doubt at all,
She is more yours *Myrtillus*, than you think.

Myr. Ah *Amarillis*, I would that were true,
But lo! where come our chiefeſt Herdſmen now
Of all *Arcadia*, we ſhall know more News.

SCENE III.

Melibæus, Ergaſtus, Montanus, Acryſius, *with other* Arcadians, *bringing with them*, Alcon, Lincus, Colax, Techne, Piſtophœnax.

Mel. You gentle Shepherds and Inhabitors
Of theſe remote and ſolitary Parts
Of *Mountainous Arcadia*, ſhut up here
Within theſe Rocks, theſe unfrequented Clifts,
The Walls and Bulwarks of our Liberty,
From out the Noiſe of Tumult, and the Throng
Of ſweating Toil, rattling Concurrency,
And have continu'd ſtill the ſame, and one

In

In all Succeſſions from Antiquity;
Whilſt all the States on Earth beſides have made
A thouſand Revolutions, and have rowl'd
From Change to Change, and never yet found Reſt,
Nor ever better'd their Eſtates by Change.
You I invoke this Day in general,
To do a Work that now concerns us all,
Leſt that we leave not to Poſterity
Th' *Arcadia* that we found continu'd thus
By our Fore-fathers Care, who left it us.
For none of you I know, whoſe Judgment's grave
Can ought diſcern, but ſees how much we are
Transform'd of late, and chang'd from what we were,
And what Diſtempers daily do ariſe
Amongſt our People, never felt before;
At which I know you marvel, as indeed
You well may marvel, whence they ſhould proceed;
And ſo did good *Ergaſtus* here, and I,
Until we ſet our ſelves more warily
To ſearch it out, which by good hap we have,
And found the Authors of this Wickedneſs:
Which Devils attyr'd here in Shape of Men,
We have produc'd before you, to the End
You may take ſpeedy Order to ſuppreſs
Our growing Follies, and their Impiouſneſs.

Erg. Indeed theſe odious Wretches which you ſee,
Are they who have brought in upon our Reſt
Theſe new and unknown Miſchiefs of Debate,
Of wanton Pride, of ſcandalous Report,
Of vile deluding chaſte and honeſt Loves,
Of undeſerv'd Suſpitions, deſperate Griefs,
And all the Sadneſs we have ſeen of late.
And firſt this Man, this *Lincus* here you ſee,
Montanus you, and you *Aryſius* know,
With what Deceit, and with what cunning Art,
He entertain'd your Strifes, abus'd you both,
By firſt perſuading you, that you had Right
In your Demands, and then the Right was yours,
And would have made as many Rights, as Men
Had Means, or Power, or Will to purchaſe them;
Could he have once attain'd to his Deſires. *Mon.*

Mon. We do confeſs our Error, that we were
Too eaſily perſuaded by his Craft,
To wrangle for imagin'd Titles, which
We here renounce, and quit for evermore.

Acry. And we deſire the Memory thereof
May die with us, that it be never known
Our feeble Age hath ſuch Example ſhown.

Erg. And now this other ſtrange Impoſtor here,
This *Alcon*, who like *Lincus* hath put on
The Habit too of empty Gravity,
To catch Opinion and Conceit withal,
Seeks how to ſet us all at Variance here
With Nature, as this other with our ſelves,
And would confound her, working with his Art,
And labours how to make our Minds firſt ſick
Before our Bodies, and perſuade our Health
It is not well, that he may have thereby
Both it and Sickneſs ever under Cure,
And foreign Drugs brings to Diſtempers here,
And makes us like the wanton World Abroad.

Mel. But here are two the moſt pernicious Spirits
The World I think did ever yet produce,
Colax and *Techne*, two ſuch Inſtruments
Of Wantonneſs, of Luſt and Treachery,
As are of Power t' intice and to debauch
The univerſal State of Honeſty.

Erg. But *Techne*, who is that ſtands there by you,
What is your Company increas'd of late?

Tech. Truly it is a very honeſt Man,
A Friend of mine that comes to ſee me here.

Erg. He cannot then but be an honeſt Man,
If he be one of your Acquaintance ſure.

Mel. This Man I found with them, now ſince you went,
Maintaining hot Diſpute with *Titerus*
About the Rites and Myſteries of *Pan*.

Erg. He's like to be of their Aſſociates then.
Erg. Techne, what is this ſecret Friend of yours?

Tech. Forſooth he is a very holy Man.

Erg. A very holy Man! What is his Name?

Tech. Truly his Name, Sir, is *Piſtophœnax*.

Erg.

Erg. What is he mask'd, or is that Face his own?
Tech. He is not mask'd, 'tis his Complexion sure.
Erg. Techne, we cannot credit thy Report,
Let one try whether it be so or not,
O see a most deformed ugly Face,
Wherewith if openly he should appear,
He would deter all Men from coming near,
And therefore hath that cunning Wretch put on
This pleasing Visor of Apparency,
T' intice and to delude the World withal;
So that you see with what strange Engineers
The Project of our Ruin is forecast.
How they implanted have their Batt'ry here,
Against all the main Pillars of our State,
Our Rights, our Custom, Nature, Honesty,
T' imbroil and to confound us utterly;
Reck'ning us barbarous, but if thus their Skill
Doth civilize, let us be barbarous still.
Mel. But now to shew the horrible Effects
Of *Colax*, and of *Techne*'s Practices,
(Besides this last Exploit they wrought upon
Amyntas, who, poor Youth, lies now full weak
Under *Urania*'s Cure, whose Skill we hear
Hath yet recall'd him to himself again)
We have sent out Abroad into the Woods
For *Silvia* and *Palamon*, two chaste Souls,
Whom they have tortur'd so with Jealousy
Of each the other, as they made them run
Apart, to languish severally alone;
And we have sent for divers others too,
Whose Hearts have felt what impious Craft can do,
And here they come, and now you shall know all.

SCENE IV.

Palamon, Myrtillus, Carinus, Silvia, Dorinda, Amarillis, Daphne, Cloris, Amyntas.

Erg. Come good *Palamon*, and good *Silvia* come,
You have endur'd too much, and too too long.

Sil. Ah, why *Ergaſtus* do you ſet our Names
So near together, when our Hearts ſo far
Are diſtant from each other as they are?
Indeed whilſt we were one, as once we were,
And as we ought to be were Faith obſerv'd,
Palamon ſhould not have been nam'd without
A *Silvia*, nor yet *Silvia* without him;
But now we may *Ergaſtus*, we are two.

Pal. Silvia, therein the greater Wrong you do.

Sil. Palamon, nay the greater Wrong you do.

Erg. Alas! we know well where the Wrong doth lie.

Sil. I know you do, and all the World may know.

Pal. Silvia, you ſee your Fault cannot be hid.

Sil. It is no Fault of mine, *Palamon*, that
Your Shame doth come to be revealed here;
I never told it, you your ſelf have not
Conceal'd your Work ſo cloſely as you ſhould.

Pal. But there ſtands one can tell what you have been.

Sil. Nay there he ſtands can tell what you have (been,
And ſure is now in publick here produc'd
To teſtify your Shame; but not ſet on
By me I do proteſt, who rather would
Have dy'd alone in ſecret with my Grief
Than had your Infamy diſcover'd here,
Wherein my Shame muſt have ſo great a Share.

Pal. I have not ſought to manifeſt your Shame,
Which *Silvia*, rather than have done, I would
Have been content t' endure the worſt of Deaths,
I having ſuch an Int'reſt in the ſame.

Col. No *Silvia*, no *Palamon*, I ſtand here
Not t' accuſe you, but t' accuſe my ſelf
Of Wrong; you both God knows are clear,
I have abus'd your apt Credulity,
With falſe Reports of Things that never were:
And therefore here crave Pardon for the ſame.

Pal. Why *Colax*, did not *Silvia* entertain
The Love of *Thirſis* then, as you told me?

Col.

Col. Palamon no, ſhe never entertain'd
His Love, nor wrong'd you as I ever knew.
Sil. But *Colax*, you ſaw how *Palamon* did
With *Niſa* falſify his Vow to me.
Col. Silvia, by Heaven and Earth, I ſwear not I,
But only feign'd it out of Subtilty,
For ſome ungodly Ends I had decreed.
Pal. O let not this be made ſome cunning Bait
To take my Griefs with falſe Belief, for I
Had rather live with Sorrow than Deceit,
And ſtill t' be undone, than to have ſuch Relief.
Sil. Ah, let not this Device be wrought to guild
My Bitterneſs, to make me ſwallow 't now,
That I might be another Time beguil'd
With Confidence, and not truſt what I know.
Pal. Ah *Silvia*, now how were I clear'd of Grief,
Had I the Power to unbelieve Belief.
But ah, my Heart hath dwelt ſo long in Houſe
With that firſt Tale, as this which is come new,
Cannot be put in Truſt with my Deſire
So ſoon; beſides, 'tis too good to be true.
Sil. Could I *Palamon* but unthink the Thought
Of th' Ill firſt heard, and that it were not ſo,
How bleſt were I? But Lo! I ſee how Doubt
Comes in far eaſier than it can get out.
And in theſe Miſeries of Jealouſy,
Our Ears have greater Credit than our Eye.
Mel. Stand not confus'd, dear Lovers, any more,
For this is now the certain Truth you hear,
And this vile Wretch hath done you both this Wrong.
Pal. Is't poſſible, and is this true you ſay,
And do I live, and do I ſee the Day?
Ah then come *Silvia*, for I find this Wound,
That pierc'd into the Center of my Heart,
Hath let in Love, far deeper than it was.
Sil. If this be ſo, why then *Palamon* know,
I likewiſe feel the Love that was before
Moſt in my Heart, is now become far more:
And now, O pardon me you worthy Race
Of Men, if I in Paſſion uttered ought

In Prejudice of your moſt noble Sex;
And think it was m' aggrieved Error ſpake
It knew not what, tranſported ſo, nor I.

Pas. And pardon me, you glorious Company,
You Stars of Women, if m' inraged Heat
Has ought profan'd your reverent Dignity;
And thou bright *Palas*, Sov'reign of all Nymphs,
The Royal Miſtreſs of our Paſtoral Muſe,
And thou *Diana*, Honour of the Woods,
To whom I vow my Songs, and vow myſelf,
Forgive me mine Offence, and be you pleas'd
T' accept of my Repentance now therefore,
And grace me ſtill, and I deſire no more.

Sil. And now I would that *Cloris* knew thus much,
That ſo ſhe might be undeceived too,
Whom I have made believe ſo ill of Men:
But Lo! ſee where ſhe comes, and as it ſeems
Brings her Belief already in her Hand,
Prevents my Act, and is confirm'd before.
Look *Cloris*, look, my Fears have idle been,
Palamon loves me, there is Truſt in Men.

Clo. And *Silvia*, I muſt now believe ſo too,
Or elſe God help, I know not what to do.

Pal. Look here *Myrtillus*, look what I told you
Is now prov'd falſe, and Women they are true.

Myr. So I perceive, *Palamon*, and it ſeems
But vain Conceit that otherwiſe eſteems.

Mon. Alas! here comes my dear reſtored Son,
My lovely Child *Amyntas*, here is come.

Acry. And here is *Cloris*, my Dear Daughter, come,
And looks as if ſhe were affrighted ſtill,
Poor Soul, with Fear, and with her ſudden Grief.

Clo. Lo! here *Montanus*, I have brought you Home,
Altho' with much ado, your Son again;
And ſorry am, with all my Heart, that I
Have been the Cauſe he hath endur'd ſo much.

Mon. And I reſtore him back again to you,
Dear *Cloris*, and do wiſh you to forget
Your Sorrows paſt, and pray the Gods you may
From henceforth lead your Life with happy Joy.

Acry. Do *Cloris* take him, and I wiſh as much.

Erg.

Erg. Well then to make our joyful Feſtivals
The more compleat, *Dorinda*, we intreat
You alſo to accept *Myrtillus* Love,
Who, we are ſure, hath well deſerved yours.

Dor. Altho' this be upon ſhort Warning, yet
For that I have been ſummoned before
By mine own Heart, and his Deſerts to me,
To yield to ſuch a Motion; I am now
Content t' accept his Love, and will be his.

Myr. *Dorinda*, then I likewiſe have my Bliſs,
And reckon all the Sufferings I have paſs'd
Worthy of thee, to have this Joy at laſt.

Mel. And you *Carinus*, look on that good Nymph
Whoſe Eye is ſtill on you, as if ſhe thought
Her Suffering too deſerv'd ſome Time of Joy,
And now expects her Turn, hath brought her Lap
For Comfort too, whilſt Fortune deals good Hap;
And therefore let her have it now, poor Soul,
For ſhe is worthy to poſſeſs your Love.

Car. I know ſhe is, and ſhe ſhall have my Love,
Tho' *Colax* had perſuaded me before
Never t' accept or to believe the Love
Of any Nymph, and oft to me hath ſworn
How he had try'd them all, and that none were
As Men, beguil'd by Shows, ſuppos'd they were;
But now I do perceive his Treachery,
And that they have both Love and Conſtancy.

Am. O dear *Carinus*, bleſs'd be this good Hour,
That I have liv'd to overtake at laſt
That Heart of thine, which fled from me ſo faſt.

Erg. And *Daphne* too, methinks your heavy Looks
Shew how that ſomething is amiſs with you.

Dap. Nothing amiſs with me, but that of late
I took a Fall, which ſomewhat grieves me yet.

Erg. That muſt adviſe you, *Daphne*, from hence-forth
To look more warily unto your Feet,
Which if you do, no doubt but all this will be well.

Mel. Then thus we ſee the Sadneſs of this Day,
Is ended with the Evening of our Joy:
And now, you impious Spirits, who thus have rais'd

The hideous Tempests of these Miseries,
And thus abus'd our simple Innocence,
We charge you all here present t' avoid
From out our Confines, under Pain to be
Cast down and dash'd in Pieces from these Rocks,
And t' have your odious Carcases devour'd
By Beasts, being worse your selves than Beasts to Men.

Col. Well then, come *Techne*, for I see we two
Must e'en be forc'd to make a Marriage too,
And go to *Corinth*, or some City near,
And by our Practice get our Living there;
Which both together joyn'd, perhaps we may:
And this is now the worst of Miseries
Could come unto me, and yet worthily;
For having thus abus'd so many Nymphs,
And wrong'd the Honour most unreverently
Of Women, in that Sort as I have done,
That now I'm forc'd to undergo therefore
The worst of Plagues, to marry with a W—.

Alc. But *Lincus*, let not this discourage us,
That this poor People, jealous of their Rest,
Exile us thus; for we no Doubt shall find
Nations enough, that will most ready be
To entertain our Skill, and cherish us;
And worthier People too, of subtler Spirits,
Than those unfashion'd, and uncomb'd rude Swains.

Lin. Yea, and those Nations are far sooner drawn
T' all frivolous Distractions, than are these;
For oft we see, the Gross do manage Things
Far better than the Subtle, Cunning brings
Confusion sooner than doth Ignorance.

Alc. Yea, and I doubt not whilst there shall be found
Fantastick pulling Wenches in the World,
But I shall flourish and live jollily;
For such as I, by Women must begin
To gain a Name, and Reputation win;
Which when we have attain'd to, you know then
How easily the Women draw on Men.

Lin. Nor do I doubt but I shall likewise live,
And thrive where-ever I shall plant myself;

For

For I have all thoſe Helps my Skill requires,
A wrangling Nature, a conteſting Grace,
A clamorous Voice, and an audacious Face.
And I can cite the Law t' oppugn the Law,
And make the Gloſs to overthrow the Text;
I can alledge and vouch Authority,
T' embroil th' Intent and Senſe of Equity.
Beſides, by having been a Notary,
And us'd to frame litigious Inſtruments,
And leave Advantages for Subtilty
And Striſe to work on; I can ſo deviſe
That there ſhall be no Writing made ſo ſure,
But it ſhall yield Occaſion to conteſt
At any Time, when Men ſhall think it beſt.
Nor be thou check'd with this, *Piſtophanax*,
That at thy firſt appearing, thou art thus
Diſcover'd here, thou ſhalt along with us,
And take thy Fortune too, as well as we.

Piſt. Tuſh *Lincus*, this cannot diſcourage me,
For we that traffick with Credulity,
And with Opinion, ſtill ſhall cheriſh'd be:
But here your Error was to enter firſt,
And be before me, for you ſhould have let
Me made the Way, that I might have miſlink'd
That Chain of Zeal that holds in Amity,
And call'd up Doubt in their eſtabliſh'd Rites,
Which would have made you ſuch an eaſy Way,
As that you might have brought in what you would
Upon their ſhaken and diſcattered Minds,
For our Profeſſion any thing refutes,
And all's unſettled whereas Faith diſputes.

Mel. Now what a Mutt'ring keep you there; away,
Be gone I ſay, and beſt do whilſt you may.
And ſince we have redeem'd our ſelves ſo well
Out of the Bonds of Miſchief, let us all
Exile with them their ill Example too,
Which never more remains as it began,
But is a wicked Sire t' a far worſe Son.
And ſtays not till it makes us Slaves unto
That univerſal Tyrant of the Earth,

Cuſtom, who takes from us our Privilege
To be our ſelves, rends that great Charter too
Of Nature, and would likewiſe cancel Man:
And ſo inchains our Judgments and Diſcourſe
Unto the preſent Uſances, that we
Muſt all our Senſes thereunto refer,
Be as we find our ſelves, not as we are,
As if we had no other Touch of Truth
And Reaſon, than the Notions of the Times,
And Place wherein we live; and being our ſelves
Corrupted, and abaſtardized thus,
Think all looks ill, that doth not look like us:
And therefore let us recollect our ſelves,
Diſpers'd into theſe ſtrange confuſed Ills,
And be again *Arcadians* as before,
In Manners, and in Habits, as we were,
And ſo ſolemnize this our Day
Of Reſtoration, with other Feaſts of Joy.

4:12:49

THE

THE

VISION

OF THE

Twelve Goddeſſes,

Preſented in a

MASK

The 8th of *Jan.* at *Hampton-Court,*

By the QUEEN's moſt excellent MAJESTY, and Her Ladies.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDCCXVII.

THE

VISION

OF THE

Twelve Goddesses,

Presented in a

MASK

The 5th of Jan. at Night in Court,

By the QUEEN's moſt excel-
lent Majeſty, and Her Ladies.

Printed in the DCCXVII.

TO

The Right Honourable

The Lady *LUCY*,

Countess of BEDFORD.

Madam,

IN Respect of the unmannerly Presumption of an indiscreet Printer, who without Warrant hath divulged the late Show at Court, presented the 8th of January, *by the Queen's Majesty and her Ladies, and the same very disorderly set forth: I thought it not amiss, seeing it would otherwise pass Abroad, to the Prejudice both of the Mask and the Invention, to describe the whole Form thereof, in all Points as it was then perform'd, and as the World well knows, very worthily perform'd, by a most magnificent Queen, whose heroical Spirit and Bounty only gave it so fair an Execution as it had. Seeing also that these Ornaments and Delights of Peace are in their Season, as fit to entertain the World, and deserve to be made memorable as well as the graver Actions, both of them concurring to the Decking and Furnishing of Glory and Majesty, as the necessary Complements requisite for State and Greatness.*

And

And therefore first I will deliver the Intent and Scope of the Project: Which was only to present the Figure of those Blessings, with the Wish of their Encrease and Continuance, which this mighty Kingdom now enjoys by the Benefit of his Most Gracious Majesty, by whom we have this Glory of Peace, with the Accession of so great State and Power. And to express the same, there were devised Twelve Goddesses, under whose Images former Times have represented the several Gifts of Heaven, and erected Temples, Altars, and Figures unto them, as unto Divine Powers, in the Shape and Name of Women. As unto Juno *the Goddess of Empire and* regnorum præsedi, *they attributed the Blessing of Power; to* Pallas, *Wisdom and Defence; to* Venus, *Love and Amity; to* Vesta, *Religion; to* Diana, *the Gift of Chastity; to* Proserpina, *Riches; to* Macaria, *Felicity; to* Concordia, *the Union of Hearts;* Astræa, *Justice;* Flora, *the Beauties of the Earth;* Ceres, *Plenty; to* Tethis, *Power by Sea.*

And tho' these Images have oftentimes divers Significations, yet being not our Purpose to represent them, with all those curious and superfluous Observations, we took them only to serve as Hieroglyphicks for our present Intention, according to some one Property that fitted our Occasion, without observing other their mystical Interpretations, wherein the Authors themselves are so irregular and confused, as the best Mytheologers, who will make somewhat to seem any thing, are so unfaithful to themselves, as they have left us no certain Way at all, but a Tract of Confusion to take our Course at Adventure. And therefore owing no Homage to their intricate Observations, we were left at Liberty to take no other Knowledge of them, than fitted our present Purpose; nor were ty'd by any Laws of Heraldry, to range them otherwise in their Precedencies, than they fell out to stand with

the Nature of the Matter in Hand. And in theſe Caſes, it may well ſeem ingeneroſum ſapere ſolum ex commentariis quaſi majorum inventa induſtriæ noſtræ viam precluſerit, quaſi in nobis offæta ſit vis naturæ, nihil ex ſe parere; *or that there can be nothing done authentical, unleſs we obſerve all the ſtrict Rules of the Book.*

And therefore we took their apteſt Repreſentations that lay beſt and eaſieſt for us. And firſt preſented the Hieroglyphick of Empire and Dominion, as the Ground and Matter whereon this Glory of State is built. Then thoſe Bleſſings and Beauties, that preſerve and adorn it: As armed Policy, Love, Religion, Chaſtity, Wealth, Happineſs, Concord, Juſtice, flouriſhing Seaſons, Plenty; and laſtly Power by Sea, as to Imbound and Circle the Greatneſs of Dominion by Land.

And to this Purpoſe, were theſe Goddeſſes thus preſented in their proper and ſeveral Attires, bringing in their Hands the particular Figures of their Power, which they gave to the Temple of Peace, erected upon foun Pillars, repreſenting the four Vertues, that ſupported a Globe of the Earth.

I.

Juno, *in a Sky-colour Mantle embroider'd with Gold, and figured with Peacocks Feathers, wearing a Crown of Gold on her Head, preſents a Scepter.*

II.

Pallas, (*which was the Perſon her Majeſty choſe to repreſent*) *was attir'd in a Blew Mantle, with a Silver Embroidery of all Weapons and Engines of War, with a Helmet-Dreſſing on her Head, and preſents a Launce and Target.*

III.

III.

Venus, *in a Mantle of Dove-colour, and Silver embroider'd Doves, preſented (inſtead of her* Ceſtus, *the Girdle of Amity) a Scarf of divers Colours.*

IV.

Veſta, *in a White Mantle embroider'd with Gold Flames, with a Dreſſing like a Nun, preſented a Burning Lamp in one Hand, and a Book in the other.*

V.

Diana, *in a Green Mantle embroider'd with Silver Half-Moons, and a Croiſſant of Pearl on her Head, preſents a Bow and a Quiver.*

VI.

Proſerpina, *in a Black Mantle embroider'd with Gold Flames, with a Crown of Gold on her Head, preſented a Mine of Gold Ore.*

VII.

Macaria, *the Goddeſs of Felicity, in a Mantle of Purple and Silver, embroider'd with the Figures of Plenty, and Wiſdom, (which concur to the making of true Happineſs) preſents a Cadaceum with the Figure of Abundance.*

VIII.

Concordia, *in a Party-coloured Mantle of Crimſon and White, (the Colours of* England *and* Scotland *joyned) embroider'd with Silver Hands in Hand, with a Dreſſing likewiſe of Party-colour'd Roſes, a Branch whereof in a Wreath or Knot ſhe preſented.*

IX.

Aſtræa, *in a Mantle of Crimſon, with a Silver Embroidery, Figuring the Sword and Ballance (as the Characters of Juſtice) which ſhe preſented.*

X.

X.

Flora, *in a Mantle of divers Colours, imbroidered with all Sorts of Flowers, preſents a Pot of Flowers.*

XI.

Ceres, *in Straw-colour and Silver Embroidery, with Ears of Corn, and a Dreſſing of the ſame, preſents a Sickle.*

XII.

Tethes, *in a Mantle of Sea-green, with a Silver Embroidery of Waves, and a Dreſſing of Reeds, preſents a Trident.*

Now for the introducing this Show, it was deviſed that the Night, repreſented in a Black Veſture ſet with Stars, ſhould ariſe from below, and come towards the upper End of the Hall: there to waken her Son Somnus, *ſleeping in his Cave, as the Proem to the Viſion. Which Figures, when they are thus preſented in Humane Bodies, as all Vertues, Vices, Paſſions, Knowledges, and whatſoever Abſtracts elſe in Imagination are, which we would make viſible, we produce them, uſing Humane Actions, and even* Sleep *itſelf (which might ſeem improperly to exerciſe waking Motions) hath been often ſhew'd us in that Manner, with Speech and Geſture. As for Example;*

Excuſit tandem ſibi ſe; cubitoque lovatus
Quid veniat (cognovit enim) ſcitatur.

Intanto ſopravenne, & gli occhi chiuſe
A i Signori, & a i Sergenti il pigro Sonno.

And in another Place:

Il Sonno vienne, & Sparſo il corpo ſtanco
Col ramo intimo nel liquor di Ethe.

So

So there, Sleep *is brought in as a Body, using Speech and Motion: And it was no more improper in this Form to make him walk, and ſtand, or ſpeak, than it is to give Voice or Paſſion to dead Men, Ghoſts, Trees and Stones: And therefore in ſuch Matters of Shows, theſe like Characters (in what Form ſoever they be drawn) ſerve us but to read the Intention of what we would repreſent: as in this Project of ours,* Night *and* Sleep *were to produce a Viſion, an Effect proper to their Power, and fit to ſhadow our Purpoſe, for that theſe Apparitions and Shows are but as Imaginations, and Dreams that protend our Affections, and Dreams are never in all Points agreeing right with waking Actions, and therefore were they apteſt to ſhadow whatſoever Error might be herein preſented. And therefore was* Sleep (*as he is deſcrib'd by* Phyloſtratus in Amphirai imagine) *apparelled in a White thin Veſture caſt over a Black, to ſignify both the Day and the Night, with Wings of the ſame Colour, a Garland of Poppy on his Head, and inſtead of his Ivory and tranſparent Horn, he was ſhewed bearing a Black Wand in the Left Hand, and a White in the other, to affect either confuſed or ſignificant Dreams, according to the Invocation of* Statius.

——Nec te totas infundere pennas
Luminibus compello meis, hoc turba precatur;
Lætior, extremo me tange cacumine virgæ:

And alſo agreeing to that of Sil. Ital.

——Tangens Lethea tempora Virga.

And in this Action did he here uſe his white Wand, as to infuſe ſignificant Viſions to entertain the Spectators, and ſo made them ſeem to ſee there a Temple, with a Sybilla *therein, attending upon the Sacrifices;*

which

which done, Iris *(the Messenger of* Juno*) descends from the Top of a Mountain raised at the lower End of the Hall, and marching up to the Temple of Peace, gives Notice to the* Sybilla *of the Coming of the Goddesses, and withal delivers her a Prospective, wherein she might behold the Figures of their Deities, and thereby describe them; to the End, that at their Descending, there might be no Stay or Hindrance of their Motion, which was to be carry'd without any Interruption, to the Action of other Entertainments that were to depend one of another, during the whole Show: And that the Eyes of the Spectators might not beguile their Ears, as in such Cases it ever happens, while Pomp and Splendor of the Sight takes up all the Intention without Regard to what is spoken, and therefore was it thought fit their Descriptions should be deliver'd by the* Sybilla.

Which as soon as she had ended, the three Graces *in Silver Robes, with white Torches, appeared on the Top of the Mountain, descending Hand in Hand before the Goddesses; who likewise follow'd three and three, as in a Number dedicated unto Sanctity and an uncorporeal Nature, whereas the* Dual, Hieroglyphicè pro immundis accipitur. *And between every Rank of Goddesses, marched three Torch-Bearers in the like several Colours, their Heads and Robes all deck'd with Stars; and in their Descending, the Cornets sitting in the Concaves of the Mountain, and seen but to their Breasts, in the Habit of* Satyres, *sounded a stately March, which continu'd until the Goddesses were approached just before the Temple, and then ceased; when the Consort Musick (placed in the* Cupula *thereof, out of Sight) began, whereunto the three* Graces *retiring themselves aside, sung, while the Goddesses one after another with solemn Pace ascended up into the Temple, and delivering their Presents to the* Sybilla, *(as it were but in passing by)*

re-

return'd down into the midſt of the Hall, preparing themſelves to their Dance, which (as ſoon as the Graces *had ended their Song) they began to the Muſick of the Viols and Lutes, placed on one Side of the Hall.*

Which Dance being perform'd with great Majeſty and Art, conſiſting of divers Straits, fram'd unto Motions circular, ſquare, triangular, with other Proportions exceeding rare and full of variety; the Goddeſſes made a Pauſe, caſting themſelves into a Circle, whilſt the Graces *again ſang to the Muſick of the Temple, and prepared to take out the Lords to Dance: With whom after they had perform'd certain Meaſures, Galliards, and Currantoes,* Iris *again comes and gives Notice of their Pleaſure to depart; whoſe Speech ended, they drew themſelves again into another ſhort Dance, with ſome few pleaſant Changes, ſtill retiring them toward the Foot of the Mountain, which they aſcended in that ſame Manner as they came down, whilſt the Cornets taking their Notes from the Ceaſing of the Muſick below, ſounded another delightful March.*

And thus, Madam, have I briefly deliver'd both the Reaſon and Manner of this Mask; as well to ſatisfy the Deſire of thoſe who could not well note the Carriage of theſe Paſſages, by Reaſon (as I ſaid) the preſent Pomp and Splendor entertain'd them otherwiſe (as that which is moſt regardful in theſe Shows) wherein (by the unpartial Opinion of all the Beholders, Strangers and others) is was not inferior to the beſt that ever was preſented in Chriſtendom; *as alſo to give up my Account hereof unto your Honour, whereby I might clear the reckoning of any Imputation that might be lay'd upon your Judgment, for preferring ſuch a One to her* Majeſty *in this Employment, as could give no Reaſon for what was done.*

And for the captious Cenſurers, I regard not what they can ſay, who commonly can do little elſe but ſay;

and

and if their deep Judgments ever ſerve them to produce any thing, they muſt ſtand on the ſame Stage of Cenſure with other Men, and peradventure perform no ſuch great Wonder as they would make us believe; and I comfort myſelf in this, that in Courts I know not any under him, (who acts the greateſt Parts) that is not obnoxious to Envy, and a ſiniſter Interpretation. And whoſoever ſtrives to ſhew moſt Wit about theſe Punctilios of Dreams and Shows, are ſure ſick of a Diſeaſe they cannot hide, and would fain have the World to think them very deeply learn'd in all Myſteries whatſoever. And peradventure they think themſelves ſo, which if they do, they are in a far worſe Caſe than they imagine; Non poteſt non indoctus eſſe qui ſe doctum credit. *And let us labour to ſhew never ſo much Skill or Art, our Weakneſs and Ignorance will be ſeen, whatſoever Covering we caſt over it. And yet in theſe Matters of Shows, (tho' they be that which moſt entertain the World) there needs no ſuch exact Sufficiency in this Kind. For,* Ludit iſtis animus, non proficit. *And therefore, Madam, I will no longer idly hold you therein, but refer you to the Speeches, and ſo to your better Delights, as one who muſt ever acknowledge myſelf eſpecially bound unto your Honour,*

SAM. DANIEL.

THE VISION OF THE *Twelve Goddesses, &c.*

The Night, *presented in a black Vesture set with Stars, comes and wakens her Son* Somnus, *(sleeping in his Cave) with this Speech.*

WAke, dark *Sleep*, rouse thee from out this Cave, (her Womb,
Thy Mother *Night* that bred thee in
And fed the first with Silence and with Ease, (crave:
Doth here thy shadowing Operations
And therefore wake my Son, awake, and come,
Strike with thy horny Wand the Spirits of these
That here expect some pleasing Novelties:
And make their Slumber to beget strange Sights,
Strange Visions and unusual Properties,
Unseen of latter Ages, ancient Rites,

Of

Of Gifts divine, wrapt up in Myſteries.
Make this to ſeem a Temple in their Sight,
Whoſe main Support, holy Religion frame:
And 1. *Wiſdom*, 2. *Courage*, 3. *Temperance*, and 4. *Right*,
Make ſeem the Pillars that ſuſtain the ſame:
Shadow ſome *Sybil* to attend the Rite,
And to deſcribe the Pow'rs that ſhall reſort,
With th' Interpretation of the Benefits
They bring in Clouds, and what they do import.
Yet make them to portend the true Deſire
Of thoſe that wiſh them waking real Things:
Whilſt I will hov'ring here aloof retire,
And cover all Things with my ſable Wings.

SOMNUS.

Dear Mother *Night*, I your Commandement
Obey, and Dreams t' interpret Dreams will make,
As waking Curioſity is wont.
Tho better dream aſleep, than dream awake,
And this white horny Wand ſhall work the Deed,
Whoſe Power doth Figures of the Light preſent:
When from this ſable *Radius* doth proceed
Nought but confuſed Shews, to no Intent.
Be this a Temple, there *Sybilla* ſtand,
Preparing Reverend Rites with holy Hand;
And ſo bright Viſions go, and entertain
All round about, whilſt I'll to ſleep again.

Iris, the Meſſenger of the Goddeſſes deſcending from the Mount, where they were aſſembled, (deck'd like the Rainbow) ſpake as followeth.

I the Daughter of Wonder (now made the Meſſenger of Power) am here deſcended, to ſignify the coming of a Celeſtial Preſence of Goddeſſes, determined to viſit this fair Temple of Peace, which holy Hands and devout Deſires have dedicated to

Unity

Unity and Concord. And leaving to ſhew themſelves any more in *Samos*, *Ida*, *Paphos*, their ancient delighting Places of *Greece* and *Aſia*, made now the Seats of Barbariſm and Spoil, vouchſafe to recreate themſelves upon the *Weſtern Mount of mighty Britanny*, the Land of civil Muſick and of Reſt, and are pleaſed to appear in the ſelf ſame Figures, wherein Antiquity hath formerly cloathed them, and as they have been caſt in the Imagination of Piety, who hath given mortal Shapes to the Gifts and Effects of an eternal Power; for that thoſe beautiful Characters of Senſe were eaſier to be read than their myſtical *Ideas*, diſperſed in that wide and incomprehenſible Volume of Nature.

And well have mortal Man apparelled all the *Graces*, all the *Bleſſings*, all *Vertues*, with that Shape wherein themſelves are much delighted, and which work the beſt Motions, and beſt repreſent the Beauty of heavenly Power.

And therefore, reverend Propheteſs, that here attendeſt upon the the Devotions of this Place, prepare thy ſelf for thoſe Rites that appertain to thy Function, and the Honour of ſuch Deities; and to the end thou may'ſt have a Fore-Notion what Powers, and who they are that come, take here this Proſpective, and wherein note and tell what thou ſeeſt; for well may'ſt thou there obſerve their Shadows, but their Preſence will bereave thee of all, ſave Admiration and Amazement, for who can look upon ſuch Powers and ſpeak? And ſo I leave thee.

Sybilla, *having received this Meſſage, and the Proſpective, uſeth theſe Words.*

What have I ſeen! Where am I? Or do I ſee all? Or am I any where? Was this *Iris*, (the Meſſenger of *Juno*) or elſe but a Fantaſm or Imagination?

tion? Will the Divine Goddeſſes vouchſafe to viſit this poor Temple? Shall I be bleſs'd to entertain ſo great Powers? It can be but a Dream: Yet ſo great Powers have bleſs'd as humble Roofs, and uſe, out of no other Reſpect than their own Graceſulneſs to ſhine where they will. But what Proſpective is this, or what ſhall I herein ſee? Oh admirable Powers! What Sights are theſe?

JUNO.

Firſt here Imperial *Juno* in her Chair,
With Scepter of Command for Kingdoms large:
Deſcends all clad in Colours of the Air,
Crown'd with bright Stars, to ſignify her Charge.

PALLAS.

Next Warlike *Pallas*, in her Helmet dreſs'd
With Lance of Winning, Target of Defence:
In whom both Wit and Courage are expreſs'd,
To get with Glory, hold with Providence.

VENUS.

Then lovely *Venus* in bright Majeſty,
Appears with mild Aſpect, in Dove-like hue:
With th' all combining Scarf of Amity,
T' ingird ſtrange Nations with Affections true.

VESTA.

Next holy *Veſta*, with her Flames of Zeal
Preſents her ſelf, clad in white Purity:
Whoſe Book the Soul's ſweet Comfort doth reveal
By the ever-burning Lamp of Piety.

DIANA.

Then chaſte *Diana*, in her Robes of green,
With Weapons of the Wood her ſelf addreſts
To bleſs the Forreſts, where her Power is ſeen,
In Peace with all the World but ſavage Beaſts.

PRO-

PROSERPINA.

Next rich *Proſerpina*, with Flames of Gold,
Whoſe State altho within the Earth, yet ſhe
Comes from above, and in her Hand doth hold
The Mine of Wealth, with chearful Majeſty.

MACARIA.

Then all in Purple Robes, rich Happineſs
Next her appears, bearing in either Hand
Th' Enſigns both of Wealth, and Wits, t' expreſs
That by them both, her Majeſty doth ſtand.

CONCORDIA.

Next all in Party-colour'd Robes appears,
In White and Crimſon, graceful *Concord* dreſs'd
With Knots of Union, and in Hand ſhe bears
The happy joined Roſes of our Reſt.

ASTREA.

Clear-ey'd *Aſtrea* next, with rev'rend Brow,
Clad in Cæleſtial Hue, (which beſt ſhe likes)
Comes with her Balance, and her Sword, to ſhew
That firſt her Judgment weighs before it ſtrikes.

FLORA.

Then chearful *Flora*, all adorn'd with Flowers,
Who cloaths the Earth with Beauty and Delight
In Thouſand ſundry Suits, whilſt ſhining Hours
Will ſcarce afford a Darkneſs to the Night.

CERES.

Next plenteous *Ceres* in her Harveſt Weed,
Crown'd with th' Encreaſe of what ſhe gave to keep
To Gratitude and Faith; in whom we read,
Who ſows on Vertue, ſhall with Glory reap.

TETHIS.

Laſtly comes *Tethis*, *Albion*'s faireſt Love,
Whom ſhe in faithful Arms deigns t' embrace,
And brings the Trident of her Pow'r t' approve
The kind Reſpect ſhe hath to do him Grace.

Thus have I read their Shadows, but behold!
In Glory where they come, as Iris *told.*

The Three Graces coming in the upper Part of the Hall, ſung this SONG, *while the Goddeſſes delivered their Preſents.*

Gratia ſunt 1. dantium, 2. reddentium, 3. & promerentium.

I.

Deſert, Reward, and Gratitude,
The Graces *of Society,*
Do here with Hand in Hand conclude
The bleſſed Chain of Amity:
For we deſerve, we give, we think,
Thanks, Gifts, Deſerts, thus join in Rank.

II.

We yield the ſplendent Rays of Light,
Unto theſe Bleſſings that deſcend:
The Grace whereof with more Delight,
The well diſpoſing doth commend;
Whilſt Gratitude, Rewards, Deſerts,
Pleaſe, win, draw on, and couple Hearts.

III.

III.

For Worth and Power, and due Respect,
Deserves, bestows, returns with Grace:
The meed, reward, the kind affect,
That give the World a chearful Face,
And turning in this Course of Right,
Make Vertue move with true Delight.

The Song being ended, and the Maskers *in the midst of the Hall, disposing themselves to their Dance:* Sybilla, *having placed their several Presents on the Altar, uttereth these Words.*

O Powers of Powers, grant to our Vows we pray,
That these fair Blessings which we now erect
In Figures left us here, in Substance may
Be those great Props of Glory and Respect.
1. Let Kingdoms large, 2. let armed Policy,
3. Mild Love, 4. true Zeal, 5. right shouting at the White
Of brave Designs; 6. let Wealth, 7. Felicity,
8. Justice, 9. Concord, 10. Pleasure, 11. Plenty,
12. *Might*
And Power by Sea, with Grace proportionate,
Make glorious both the Sovereign and his State.

After this the Maskers *danced their own Measures, which being ended, and they ready to take out the Lords, the three* Graces *sung.*

Whilſt Worth with Honour make their Choice
For meaſur'd Notions order'd right,
Now let us likewiſe give a Voice,
Unto the Touch of our Delight.

For Comforts lock'd up without Sound,
Are th' unborn Children of the Thought:
Like unto Treaſures never found,
That buried low are left forgot.

Where Words our Glory doth not ſhew,
(There) like brave Actions without Fame:
It ſeems as Plants not ſet to grow,
Or as a Tomb without a Name.

The Maskers *having ended their Dancing with the Lords,* Iris *gives Warning of their Departure.*

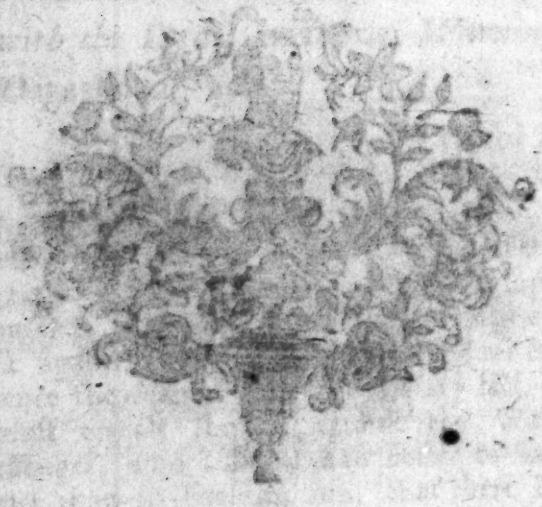
IRIS.

As I was the joyful Meſſenger to notify the Coming, ſo am I now the ſame of the Departure of theſe Divine Powers; Who having cloathed themſelves with theſe Appearances, do now return back again to the Spheres of their own Being from whence they came. But yet, of my ſelf, thus much I muſt reveal, though againſt the Warrant of a Meſſenger, who I know had better to fail in Obedience than in Preſumption, that theſe Deities, by the Motion of the all-directing *Pallas*, the glorious Patroneſs of this mighty Monarchy, deſcending in the Majeſty of their inviſible Eſſence upon yonder Mountain, found there the beſt [and moſt worthily the beſt] of LADIES, diſporting with her choiceſt Attendants, whoſe Forms they preſently undertook, as delighting to be in the beſt built Temples

of Beauty and Honour; and in them vouchſafed to appear in this Manner, being otherwiſe no Objects for mortal Eyes. And no doubt, but that in reſpect of the Perſons under whoſe beautiful Coverings they have thus preſented themſelves, theſe Deities will be pleaſed the rather at their Invocation (knowing all their Deſires to be ſuch) as evermore to grace this glorious Monarchy with the real Effects of theſe Bleſſings repreſented.

After this they fell to a ſhort departing Dance, and ſo aſcend the Mountain.

4 ; 12 ; 49



THE TRAGEDY OF *CLEOPATRA.*

Ætas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus.



LONDON:

Printed in the Year M DCC XVII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

CLEOPATRA,

OF

TRAGEDY.

TO

The Right Honourable

The Lady *MARY*,

Counteſs of PEMBROKE.

LO! here the Labour which ſhe did impoſe,
Whoſe Influence did predominate my Muſe,
The Star of Wonder my Deſires firſt choſe,
To guide their Travels in the Courſe I uſe:
She, whoſe clear Brightneſs had the Power t' infuſe
Strength to my Thoughts, from whence theſe Motions came,
Call'd up my Spirits from out their low Repoſe,
To ſing of State, and Tragick Notes to frame.

I who (contented with an humble Song,)
Made Muſick to my ſelf that pleas'd me beſt,

And only told of DELIA, and her Wrong,
And prais'd her Eyes, and plain'd mine own Unreſt:
(A Text from whence my Muſe had not digreſs'd)
Madam, had not thy well-grac'd *Anthony*,
(Who all alone having remained long)
Requir'd his *Cleopatra*'s Company.

Who if ſhe here do ſo appear in Act,
That he can ſcarce diſcern her for his Queen,
Finding how much ſhe of her ſelf hath lack'd,
And miſs'd that Grace wherein ſhe ſhould be ſeen,
Her Worth obſcur'd, her Spirit embaſed clean;
Yet lightning thou by thy ſweet Chearfulneſs
My dark Defects, which from her Powers detract,
He may her gueſs by ſome Reſemblances.

And I hereafter in another Kind,
More ſuiting to the Nature of my Vein,
May peradventure raiſe my humble Mind
To other Muſick in this higher Strain;
Since I perceive the World and thou doſt deign,
To countenance my Song, and cheriſh me,
I muſt ſo work Poſterity may find,
My Love to Verſe, my Gratitude to thee.

Now when ſo many Pens (like Spears) are charg'd
To chaſe away this Tyrant of the North,
Groſs Barbariſm, whoſe Pow'r grown far enlarg'd,
Was lately by thy valliant Brother's Worth
Firſt found, encounter'd, and provoked forth:
Whoſe Onſet made the reſt audacious,
Whereby they likewiſe have ſo well diſcharg'd
Upon that hideous Beaſt incroaching thus,

And

And now must I with that poor Strength I have
Resist so foul a Foe in what I may:
And arm against Oblivion and the Grave,
That else in Darkness carries all away,
And makes of all an universal Prey;
So that if by my Pen procure I shall,
But to defend me, and my Name to save,
Then tho' I die, I cannot yet die all.

But still the better Part of me will live,
And in that Part will live thy rev'rend Name,
Altho' thy self dost far more Glory give
Unto thy self, than I can by the same,
Who dost with thine own Hand a Bulwark frame
Against these Monsters, (Enemies of Honour)
Which evermore shall so defend thy Fame,
As Time or they shall never prey upon her.

Those Hymns which thou dost consecrate to Heav'n,
Which *Israel*'s Singer to his God did frame,
Unto thy Voice Eternity hath given,
And makes thee dear to him from whence they came;
In them must rest thy venerable Name,
So long as *Sion*'s God remaineth honoured;
And till Confusion hath all Zeal bereaven,
And murther'd Faith, and Temples ruined.

By this (great Lady) thou must then be known,
When *Wilton* lies low levell'd with the Ground:
And this is that which thou may'st call thine own,
Which sacrilegious Time cannot confound.
Here thou surviv'st thy self, here thou art found
Of late succeeding Ages, fresh in Fame:

This

This Monument cannot be overthrown,
Where, in eternal Braſs, remains thy Name.

O that the Ocean did not bound our Stile
Within theſe ſtrict and narrow Limits ſo;
But that the Melody of our ſweet Iſle
Might now be heard to *Tyber*, *Arne*, and *Po*:
That they might know how far *Thames* doth out-go
The Muſick of declined *Italy*;
And liſtning to our Songs another while,
Might learn of thee their Notes to purify.

O why may not ſome after-coming Hand
Unlock theſe Limits, open our Confines,
And break aſunder this impriſoning Band,
T' inlarge our Spirits, and publiſh our Deſigns;
Planting our Roſes on the *Apenines*,
And to reach *Rheyne*, to *Loyre*, and *Rhodanus*,
Our Accents, and the Wonders of our Land,
That they might all Admire and Honour us.

Whereby Great *Sidney* and our *Spencer* might,
With thoſe *Po* Singers being equalled,
Enchant the World with ſuch a ſweet Delight,
That their eternal Songs (for ever read)
May ſhew what great *Eliza*'s Reign hath bred.
What Muſick in the Kingdom of her Peace
Hath now been made to her, and by her Might,
Whereby her glorious Fame ſhall never ceaſe.

But if that Fortune doth deny us this,
Then *Neptune* lock up with thy Ocean Key,
This Treaſure to our ſelves, and let them miſs
Of ſo ſweet Riches: as unworthy they To

To taſte the great Delights that we enjoy.
And let our Harmony, ſo pleaſing grown,
Content ourſelves, whoſe Error ever is
Strange Notes to like, and diſeſteem our own.

But, whither do my Vows tranſport me now,
Without the Compaſs of my Courſe enjoyn'd?
Alas! what Honour can a Voice ſo low
As this of mine expect hereby to find?
But, (Madam) this doth animate my Mind,
That yet I ſhall be read among the reſt,
And tho' I do not to Perfection grow,
Yet ſomething ſhall I be, tho not the beſt.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

AFter the Death of Antonius, Cleopatra (living ſtill in the Monument ſhe had cauſed to be built) could not by any Means be drawn forth, altho' Octavius Cæſar very earneſtly labour'd it, and ſent Proculeius, to uſe all Diligence to bring her unto him: For that he thought it would be a great Ornament to his Triumphs, to get her alive to Rome. But never would ſhe put her ſelf into the Hands of Proculeius, altho' on a Time he found the Means (by a Window that was at the Top of the Monument) to come down unto her: Where he perſuaded her (all he might) to yield her ſelf to Cæſar's Mercy. Which ſhe, (to be rid of him) cunningly ſeemed to grant unto. After that, Octavius in Perſon went to viſit her, to whom ſhe excus'd her Offence, laying all the Fault upon the Greatneſs, and Fear ſhe had of Antonius, and withal, ſeemed very tractable, and willing to be diſpoſed of by him.

Whereupon Octavius (thinking himſelf ſure) reſolved preſent to ſend her away to Rome, whereof Dolabella, a Favourite of Cæſar's, (and one that was grown into ſome good Liking of her) having certify'd her, ſhe makes her humble Petition to Cæſar,

ſar, *that he would ſuffer her to ſacrifice to the Ghoſt of* Antonius: *Which being granted her, ſhe was brought unto his Sepulchre, where, after her Rites performed, ſhe returned to the Monument, and there dined with great Magnificence. And in Dinner-Time, came there one in the Habit of a Country-man, with a Basket of Figs unto her, who (unſuſpected) was ſuffer'd to carry them in. And in the Basket (among the Figs) were convey'd the Aſpikes wherewith ſhe did her ſelf to Death. Dinner being ended, ſhe diſpatch'd Letters to* Cæſar, *containing great Lamentations, with an earneſt Supplication, that ſhe might be intombed with* Antonius. *Whereupon* Cæſar *knowing what ſhe intended, ſent preſently with all Speed Meſſengers to have prevented her Death, which notwithſtanding, before they came, was diſpatched.*

Cæſario, *her Son, which ſhe had by* Julius Cæſar, *(convey'd before unto* India, *out of the Danger of the Wars) was about the ſame Time of her Death murthered at* Rhodes, *trained thither by the Falſehood of his Tutor, corrupted by* Cæſar. *And ſo, hereby came the Race of the* Ptolomies *to be wholly extinct, and the flouriſhing rich Kingdom of* Egypt *utterly overthrown and ſubdu'd.*

THE

The Names of the ACTORS.

Cleopatra.

Proculeius.

Octavius Cæsar.

Dolabella.

Titius, Servant to *Dolabella*.

Arius, } Two Philosophers.
Philostratus, }

Selecus, Secretary to *Cleopatra*.

Rodon, Tutor to *Cæsario*.

Nuntius.

The Chorus, all *Egyptians*.

The Scene supposed Alexandria.

THE

THE TRAGEDY OF *CLEOPATRA.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Cleopatra.

YET do I live, and yet doth Breath extend
My Life beyond my Life; nor can my Grief
Shut up my Griefs, to make my End my End?
Will yet Confusion have more than I have?
Is th' Honour, Wonder, Glory, Pomp, and all
Of *Cleopatra* dead, and she not dead?

Have

Have I outliv'd myſelf, and ſeen the Fall
Of all upon me, and not ruined?
Can yet theſe Eyes endure the ghaſtly Look
Of Deſolation's dark and ugly Face,
Wont but on Fortune's faireſt Side to look,
Where Nought was but Applauſe, but Smiles, and Grace?
Whiles on his Shoulders all my Reſt rely'd
On whom the Burthen of m' Ambition lay,
My *Atlas*, and Supporter of my Pride,
That did the World of all my Glory ſway,
Who now thrown down, diſgrac'd, confounded lies,
Cruſh'd with the Weight of Shame and Infamy,
Following th' unlucky Party of mine Eyes,
The Trains of Luſt and Imbecility,
Whereby my Diſſolution is become
The Grave of *Egypt*, and the Wreck of all;
My unforeſeeing Weakneſs muſt intomb
My Country's Fame and Glory with my Fall.
Now who would think that I were ſhe, who late
With all the Ornaments on Earth enrich'd,
Environ'd with Delights, compaſs'd with State,
Glittering in Pomp that Hearts and Eyes bewitch'd,
Should thus diſtreſs'd, caſt down from off that Heighth
Levell'd with low diſgrac'd Calamity,
Under the Weight of ſuch Affliction ſigh,
Reduc'd unto th' extreameſt Miſery?
Am I the Woman whoſe inventive Pride,
Adorn'd like *Iſis*, ſcorn'd Mortality?
Is't I would have my Frailty ſo bely'd,
That Flattery could perſuade I was not I?
Well now I ſee, they but delude that praiſe us,
Greatneſs is mock'd, Proſperity betrays us.
And we are but our ſelves, altho' this Cloud
Of interpoſed Smoaks make us ſeem more:
Theſe ſpreading Parts of Pomp whereof we're proud
Are not our Parts, but Parts of others Store:
Witneſs theſe gallant Fortune-following Trains,
Theſe Summer-Swallows of Felicity,
Gone with the Heat of all, ſee what remains,
This Monument, two Maids, and wretched I.

And

And I t' adorn their Triumphs am reſerv'd
A Captive, kept to honour others Spoils,
Whom *Cæſar* labours ſo to have preſerv'd,
And ſeeks to entertain my Life with Wiles.
But *Cæſar*, it is more than thou can'ſt do;
Promiſe, flatter, threaten Extremity,
Employ thy Wits and all thy Force thereto,
I have both Hands, and Will, and I can die.
Tho' thou, of both my Country and my Crown,
Of Pow'r, of Means, and all doſt quite bereave me;
Tho' thou haſt wholly *Egypt* made thine own,
Yet haſt thou left me that which will deceive thee;
That Courage with my Blood and Birth innated,
Admir'd of all the Earth as thou art now,
Can never be ſo abjectly abated
To be thy Slave, that rul'd as good as thou.
Think *Cæſar*, I that liv'd and reign'd a Queen,
Do ſcorn to buy my Life at ſuch a Rate,
That I ſhould underneath myſelf be ſeen,
Baſely enduring to ſurvive my State;
That *Rome* ſhould ſee my Sceptre-bearing Hands
Behind me bound, and glory in my Tears,
That I ſhould paſs whereas *Octavia* ſtands
To view my Miſery, that purchas'd hers.
No, I diſdain that Head which wore a Crown,
Should ſtoop to take up that which others give;
I muſt not be, unleſs I be mine own;
'Tis ſweet to die when we are forc'd to live.
Nor had I ſtay'd behind myſelf this Space,
Nor pay'd ſuch Int'reſt for this borrow'd Breath,
But that hereby I ſeek to purchaſe Grace
For my diſtreſſed Seed after my Death.
It's that which doth my deareſt Blood controul,
That's it alas! detains me from my Tomb,
Whiles Nature brings to contradict my Soul
The Argument of mine unhappy Womb.
You luckleſs Iſſue of a woeful Mother,
The wretched Pledges of a wanton Bed,
You Kings deſign'd muſt Subjects live to other;
Or elſe, I fear, ſcarce live, when I am dead.

It is for you I temporize with *Cæsar*,
And stay this while to mediate your Safety:
For you I feign Content, and sooth his Pleasure,
Calamity herein hath made me crafty.
But this is but to try what may be done,
For come what will, this stands I must die free,
And die myself uncaptiv'd and unwon.
Blood, Children, Nature, all must pardon me.
My Soul yields Honour up the Victory,
And I must be a Queen, forget a Mother,
Tho' Mother would I be, were I not I;
And Queen would not be now, could I be other.
But what know I, if th' Heavens have decreed,
And that the Sins of *Egypt* have deserv'd
The *Ptolomies* should fail, and none succeed,
And that my Weakness was thereto reserv'd,
That I should bring Confusion to my State,
And fill the Measure of Iniquity,
Luxuriousness in me should raise the Rate
Of loose and ill-dispensed Liberty.
If it be so, then what need these Delays?
Since I was made the Means of Misery,
Why should I strive but to make Death my Praise,
That had my Life but for my Infamy?
And let me write in Letters of my Blood,
A fit Memorial for the Times to come,
To be Example to such Princes Good
As please themselves, and care not what become.
And *Anthony*, because the World takes Note
That my Defects have only ruin'd thee,
And my ambitious Practises are thought
The Motive and the Cause of all to be:
Tho' God thou know'st how just this Stain is laid
Upon my Soul, whom ill Success makes ill:
Yet since condemn'd Misfortune hath no Aid
Against proud Luck that argues what it will,
I have no Means to undeceive their Minds,
But to bring in the Witness of my Blood,
To testify the Faith and Love that binds
My equal Shame, to fall with whom I stood.

De-

Defects I grant I had, but this was worſt,
That being the Firſt to fall, I dy'd not firſt.
Tho' I perhaps could lighten mine own Side
With ſome Excuſe of my conſtrained Caſe
Drawn down with Pow'r; but that were to divide
My Shame, to ſtand alone in my Diſgrace.
To clear me ſo, would ſhew m' Affections naught,
And make th' Excuſe more heinous than the Fault.
Since if I ſhould our Errors diſunite,
I ſhould confound Affliction's only Reſt,
That from ſtern Death even ſteals a ſad Delight,
To die with Friends ot with the like diſtreſs'd;
And ſince we took of either ſuch firm Hold
In th' overwhelming Seas of Fortune caſt,
What Power ſhould be of Power to reunfold
The Arms of our Affections lock'd ſo faſt?
For grapling in the Ocean of our Pride,
We ſunk each others Greatneſs both together;
And both made Shipwreck of our Fame beſide,
Both wrought a like Deſtruction unto either:
And therefore I am bound to ſacrifice
To Death and thee, the Life that doth reprove me:
Our like Diſtreſs I feel doth ſympathize,
And ev'n Affliction makes me truly love thee.
Which *Anthony*, I muſt confeſs my Fault,
I never did ſincerely until now:
Now I proteſt I do, now am I taught
In Death to love, in Life that knew not how;
For whilſt my Glory in her Greatneſs ſtood,
And that I ſaw my State, and knew my Beauty;
Saw how the World admir'd me, how they woo'd,
I then thought all Men muſt love me of Duty,
And I love none: For my laſcivious Court,
Fertile in ever freſh and new-choice Pleaſure,
Afforded me ſo bountiful Diſport,
That I to ſtay on Love had never Leiſure:
My vagabond Deſires no Limits found,
For Luſt is endleſs, Pleaſure hath no Bound.
Thou coming from the Strictneſs of thy City,
And never this looſe Pomp of Monarchs learnedſt,

In-

Inur'd to Wars, in Womens Wiles unwitty,
Whilſt others feign'd, thou fell'ſt to love in earneſt;
Not knowing how we like them beſt that hover,
And make leaſt Reckoning of a doating Lover.
And yet thou cam'ſt but in my Beauty's Wain,
When new appearing Wrinkles of Declining
Wrought with the Hand of Years, ſeem'd to detain
My Grace's Light, as now but dimly ſhining
Ev'n in the Confines of mine Age, when I
Failing of what I was, and was but thus;
When ſuch as we do deem in Jealouſy,
That Men love for themſelves, and not for us;
Then, and but thus, thou did'ſt love moſt ſincerely,
O *Anthony*, that beſt deſerv'ſt it better,
This Autumn of my Beauty bought ſo dearly,
For which in more than Death I ſtand thy Debtor,
Which I will pay thee with ſo true a Mind,
(Caſting up all theſe deep Accompts of mine)
That both our Souls, and all the World ſhall find
All Reckoning clear'd betwixt my Love and thine.
But to th' end I may prevent proud *Cæſar*,
Who doth ſo eagerly my Life importune,
I muſt prevail me of this little Leiſure,
Seeming to ſute my Mind unto my Fortune;
Thereby with more Convenience to provide
For what my Death and Honour beſt ſhall fit:
An yielding baſe Conſent muſt war'ly hide
My laſt Deſign till I accompliſh it;
That hereby yet the World ſhall ſee that I,
Altho' unwiſe to live, had Wit to die.

CHORUS.

Behold what Furies ſtill
Torment their tortur'd Breaſt,
Who by their doing ill
Have wrought the World's Unreſt.
Which when being moſt diſtreſs'd,
Yet more to vex their Sprite,
The hideous Face of Sin,
(In Forms they muſt deteſt) *Stands*

Stands ever in their Sight.
Their Conſcience ſtill within
Th' eternal Larum is,
That ever-barking Dog, that calls upon
their Miſs.

No Means at all to hide,
Man for himſelf can find:
No Way to ſtart aſide
Out from the Hell of Mind.
But in himſelf confin'd,
He ſtill ſees Sin before;
And winged-footed Pain,
That ſwiftly comes behind.
The which is evermore,
The ſure and certain Gain
Impiety doth get,
And wanton looſe Reſpect, that doth itſelf
forget.

And Cleopatra *now*
Well ſees the dangerous Way
She took, and car'd not how,
Which led her to Decay.
And likewiſe makes us pay
For her diſorder'd Luſt
The Int'reſt of our Blood,
Or live a ſervile Prey
Under a Hand unjuſt,
As others ſhall think Good.
This hath her Riot won;
And thus ſhe hath her State, herſelf and
us undone.

Now every Mouth can tell,
What cloſe was muttered:
How that ſhe did not well,
To take the Courſe ſhe did.
For now is nothing hid,
Of what Fear did reſtrain.

No

No Secret closely done,
But now is uttered,
The Text is made most plain
That Flattery gloss'd upon,
The Bed of Sin reveal'd,
And all the Luxury that Shame would
have conceal'd.

The Scene is broken down,
And all uncover'd lies,
The Purple Actors known
Scarce Men, whom Men despise.
The Complots of the Wise,
Prove Imperfections smoak'd
And all what Wonder gave
To Pleasure-gazing Eyes,
Lies scatter'd, dash'd, all broke.
Thus much beguiled have
Poor unconsiderate Wights,
These momentary Pleasures, fugitive De-
lights.

ACT

ACT II.

Cæsar, Proculeius.

Cæs. Kingdoms I see we win, we conquer Climates,
Yet cannot vanquish Hearts, nor force Obedience;
Affections kept in close-concealed Limits,
Stand far without the Reach of Sword or Violence,
Who forc'd do pay us Duty, pay not Love:
Free is the Heart, the Temple of the Mind,
The Sanctuary Sacred from above,
Where Nature keeps the Keys that loose and bind,
No mortal Man force open can that Door,
So close shut up, and lock'd to all Mankind:
I see Mens Bodies only ours, no more,
The rest another's Right, that rules the Mind.
Behold, my Forces vanquish'd have this Land,
Subdu'd that strong Competitor of mine:
All *Egypt* yields to my all-conqu'ring Hand,
And all their Treasure and themselves resign.
Only this Queen, that hath lost all this All,
To whom is nothing left except a Mind,
Cannot into a Thought of Yielding fall,
To be dispos'd as Chance hath her assign'd.
But *Proculeius*, what Hope doth she now give,
Will she be brought to condescend to live?

Pro. My Lord, what Time being sent from you
To win her forth alive (if that I might) (to try
From out the Monument, where woefully
She lives inclos'd in most afflicted Plight:
No Way I found, no Means how to surprize her,
But through a Grate at th' Entry of the Place,
Standing to treat, I labour'd to advise her
To come to *Cæsar*, and to sue for Grace.

She ſaid, ſhe crav'd not Life, but Leave to die,
Yet for her Children, pray'd they might inherit;
That *Ceſar* would vouchſafe (in Clemency)
To Pity them, tho' ſhe deſery'd no Merit.
So leaving her for then; and ſince of late
With *Gallus*, ſent to try another Time,
The whilſt he entertains her at the Grate,
I found the Means up to the Tomb to climb.
Wherein deſcending in the cloſeſt Wiſe,
And ſilent Manner as I could contrive,
Her Woman me deſcry'd, and out ſhe cries,
Poor *Cleopatra*, thou art ta'en alive.
With that the Queen caught from her Side her Knife,
And ev'n in Act to ſtab her martyr'd Breaſt,
I ſtep'd with Speed, and held, and ſav'd her Life,
And forth her trembling Hand the Blade did wreſt.
Ah *Cleopatra*, why ſhould'ſt thou (ſaid I)
Both injury thy ſelf and *Ceſar* ſo?
Bar him the Honour of his Victory,
Who ever deals moſt mildly with his Foe?
Live and relie on him, whoſe Mercy will
To thy Submiſſion always ready be.
With that (as all amaz'd) ſhe held her ſtill,
'Twixt Majeſty confus'd and Miſery.
Her proud griev'd Eyes held Sorrow and Diſdain,
State and Diſtreſs warring within her Soul:
Dying Ambition diſpoſſeſs'd her Reign,
So baſe Affliction ſeemed to controul.
Like as a burning Lamp, whoſe Liquor ſpent,
With intermitted Flames, when Dead you deem it,
Sends forth a dying Flaſh, as diſcontent,
That ſo the Matter fails, that ſhould redeem it:
So ſhe (in Spight) to ſee her low-brought State,
(When all her Hopes were now conſum'd to Nought)
Scorns yet to make an abject League with Fate,
Or once deſcend into a ſervile Thought.
Th' imperious Tongue, unuſed to Beſeech,
Authority confounds with Prayers ſo,
Words of Command conjoyn'd with humble Speech,
Shew'd ſhe would live, yet ſcorn'd to pray her Foe.

Ah!

Ah! what hath *Cæsar* here to do, said she,
In Confines of the Dead, in Darkness lying?
Will he not grant our Sepulchres be free,
But violate the Privilege of Dying?
What, must he stretch forth his ambitious Hand
Into the Right of Death, and force us here?
Hath Misery no Covert where to stand
Free from the Storm of Pride, is't safe no where?
Cannot my Land, my Gold, my Crown suffice,
And all what I held dear, to him made common;
But that he must in this Sort tyrannize
Th' afflicted Body of a woeful Woman?
Tell him my Frailty, and the Gods have given
Sufficient Glory, could he be content:
And let him now with his Desires make even,
And leave me to this Horror, to lament.
Now he hath taken all away from me,
What must he take me from myself by Force?
Ah, let him yet (in Mercy) leave me free
The Kingdom of this poor distressed Coarse.
No other Crown I seek, no other Good.
Yet wish that *Cæsar* would vouchsafe this Grace,
To favour the poor Offspring of my Blood,
Confused Issue, yet of *Roman* Race.
If Blood and Name be Links of Love in Princes,
Not Spurs of Hate, my poor *Cæsario* may
Find Favour notwithstanding mine Offences,
And *Cæsar*'s Blood may *Cæsar*'s Raging stay.
But if that with the Torrent of my Fall,
All must be wrap'd with furious Violence,
And no Respect nor no Regard at all,
Can ought with Nature, or with Blood dispence:
Then be it so, if needs it must be so.

There stays, and shrinks in Horror of her State:
When I began to mitigate her Woe,
And thy great Mercies unto her relate;
Wishing her not despair, but rather come
And sue for Grace, and shake off all vain Fears:
No doubt she should obtain as gentle Doom
As she desir'd, both for herself and hers.

And so with much ado, (well pacify'd
Seeming to be) she shew'd Content to live,
Saying she was resolv'd thy Doom t' abide,
And to accept what Favour thou would'st give,
And herewithal crav'd also that she might
Perform her last Rites to her lost belov'd,
To sacrifice to him that wrought her Plight:
And that she might not be by Force remov'd.
I granting from thy Part this her Request,
Left her for then, seeming in better Rest.

Cæs. But dost thou think she will remain so still?

Pro. I think, and do assure myself she will.

Cæs. Ah, private Men sound not the Hearts of Princes,
Whose Actions oft bear contrary Pretences.

Pro. Why 'tis her Safety to come yield to thee.

Cæs. But 'tis more Honour for her to go free.

Pro. She may thereby procure her Childrens Good.

Cæs. Princes respect their Honour more than Blood.

Pro. Can Princes Power dispence with Nature then?

Cæs. To be a Prince, is more than be a Man.

Pro. There's none but have in Time persuaded been.

Cæs. And so might she too, were she not a Queen.

Pro. Divers Respects will force her be reclaim'd.

Cæs. Princes (like Lyons) never will be tam'd.
A private Man may yield and care not how,
But greater Hearts will break before they bow,
And sure I think she'll never condescend,
To live to grace our Spoils with her Disgrace:
But yet let still a wary Troop attend,
To guard her Person, and to watch the Place,
And look that none with her come to confer;
Shortly myself will go to visit her.

CHORUS.

Opinion, how dost thou molest
Th' affected Mind of restless Man?
Who following thee never can,
Nor ever shall attain to Rest,

For-

Forgetting what thou ſay'ſt is beſt;
Yet lo! that beſt he finds far wide
Of what thou promiſed'ſt before:
For in the ſame he look'd for more,
Which proves but ſmall, when once 'tis try'd.
Then ſomething elſe thou find'ſt beſide,
To draw him ſtill from Thought to Thought:
When in the End all proves but nought.
Farther from Reſt he finds him then,
Than at the firſt when he began.
O Malecontent, ſeducing Gueſt,
Contriver of our greateſt Woes,
Which born of Wind, and fed with Shows,
Doſt nurſe thy ſelf in thine Unreſt,
Judging ungotten Things the beſt,
Or what thou in Conceit deſign'ſt,
And all Things in the World doſt deem
Not as they are, but as they ſeem:
Which ſhews their State thou ill defin'ſt:
And liv'ſt to come, in preſent pin'ſt.
For what thou haſt, thou ſtill doſt lack:
O Minds Tormentor, Bodies Rack,
Vain Promiſer of that ſweet Reſt
Which never any yet poſſeſs'd.

If we unto Ambition tend,
Then doſt thou draw our Weakneſs on,
With vain Imagination
Of that which never hath an End.
Or if that Luſt we apprehend,
How doth that pleaſant Plague infeſt?
O what ſtrange Forms of Luxury,
Thou ſtrait doſt caſt t' intice us by?
And tell'ſt us that is ever beſt,
Which we have never yet poſſeſs'd,
And that more Pleaſure reſts beſide,
In ſomething that we have not try'd:
And when the ſame likewiſe is bad,
Then all is one, and all is bad.

This Anthony *can say is true,*
And Cleopatra *knows 'tis so,*
By th' Experience of their Woe.
She can say, she never knew
But that Lust found Pleasures new,
And was never satisfy'd:
He can say by Proof of Toil,
Ambition is a Vulture vile,
That feeds upon the Heart of Pride,
And finds no Rest when all is try'd.
For Worlds cannot confine the one;
Th' other Lists and Bounds hath none
And both subvert the Mind, the State,
Procure Destruction, Envy, Hate.

And now when all this is prov'd vain,
Yet Opinion leaves not here,
But sticks to Cleopatra *near,*
Persuading now, how she shall gain
Honour by Death, and Fame attain,
And what a Shame it was to live,
Her Kingdom lost, her Lover dead:
And so with this Persuasion led,
Despair doth such a Courage give,
That nought else can her Mind relieve,
Nor yet divert her from that Thought:
To this Conclusion all is brought.
This is that Rest this vain World lends,
To end in Death, that all Things ends.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Philoſtratus, Arius.

Phi. HOW deeply, *Arius*, am I bound to thee,
That ſav'ſt from Death this wretched Life of mine:
Obtaining *Cæſar*'s gentle Grace for me,
When I of all Helps elſe deſpair'd but thine?
Altho' I ſee in ſuch a woeful State,
Life is not that which ſhould be much deſir'd:
Sith all our Glories come to end their Date,
Our Country's Honour and our own expir'd;
Now that the Hand of Wrath hath over-gone us,
Living (as 'twere) in the Arms of our dead Mother,
With Blood under our Feet, Ruin upon us,
And in a Land moſt wretched of all other;
When yet we reckon Life our deareſt Good,
And ſo we live, we care not how we live:
So deep we feel impreſſed in our Blood,
That Touch which Nature without Breath did give.
And yet what Blaſts of Words hath Learning found,
To blow againſt the Fear of Death and Dying?
What Comforts unſick Eloquence can ſound,
And yet all fail us in the Point of Trying?
For whilſt we reaſon with the Breath of Safety,
Without the Compaſs of Deſtruction living,
What Precepts ſhew we then, what Courage lofty
In taxing others Fears in Counſel-giving?
When all this Air of ſweet contrived Words
Proves but weak Armour to defend the Heart,
For when this Life, pale Fear and Terror boards,
Where are our Precepts then, where is our Art?

O who is he that from himſelf can turn,
That bears about the Body of a Man?
Who doth not toil and labour to adjourn
The Day of Death by any Means he can?
All this I ſpeak to th' End myſelf t' excuſe
For my baſe begging of a ſervile Breath,
Wherein I grant myſelf much to abuſe,
So ſhamefully to ſeek t' avoid my Death.
Ari. Philoſtratus, that ſelf-ſame Care to live
Poſſeſſeth all alike, and grieve not then,
Nature doth us no more than others give:
Tho' we ſpeak more than Men, we are but Men.
And yet in Truth theſe Miſeries to ſee,
Wherein we ſtand in moſt extreme Diſtreſs,
Might to ourſelves ſufficient Motives be
To loath this Life, and weigh our Death the leſs:
For never any Age hath better taught,
What feeble Footing Pride and Greatneſs hath,
How improvident Proſperity is caught,
And clean confounded in the Day of Wrath.
See how diſmay'd Confuſion keeps thoſe Streets,
That nought but Mirth and Muſick late reſounded,
How nothing with our Eye but Horror meets,
Our State, our Wealth, our Pride, and all confounded.
Yet what weak Sight did not diſcern from far
This black ariſing Tempeſt, all confounding?
Who did not ſee we ſhould be what we are,
When Pride and Riot grew to ſuch abounding?
When diſſolute Impiety poſſeſs'd
Th' unreſpective Minds of Prince, and People:
When inſolent Security found Reſt (ble?
In wanton Thoughts, with Luſt and Eaſe made ſee-
Then when unwary Peace, with fat-fed Pleaſure,
New freſh invented Riots ſtill detected,
Purchas'd with all the *Ptolomies* rich Treaſure,
Our Laws, our Gods, our Myſteries neglected:
Who ſaw not how this Confluence of Vice,
This Inundation of Diſorders, muſt
At length of Force pay back the bloody Price
Of ſad Deſtruction (a Reward for Luſt)?

O thou and I have heard, and read, and known
Of like proud States, as woefully incumbred,
And fram'd by them Examples for our own,
Which now among Examples muſt be numbred.
For this Decree a Law from high is given,
An ancient Canon, of eternal Date,
In th' Conſiſtory of the Stars of Heav'n
Enter'd the Book of unavoided Fate,
That no State can in Height of Happineſs,
In th' Exaltation of their Glory ſtand:
But thither once arriv'd, declining leſs,
Ruin themſelves, or fall by others Hand.
Thus doth the ever-changing Courſe of Things
Run a perpetual Circle, ever turning;
And that ſame Day, that higheſt Glory brings,
Brings us unto the Point of back-returning.
For ſenſeleſs Senſuality doth ever
Accompany Felicity and Greatneſs;
A fatal Witch, whoſe Charms do leave us never,
Till we leave all in Sorrow, for our Sweetneſs;
When yet ourſelves muſt be the Cauſe we fall,
Altho' the ſame be firſt decreed on High:
Our Errors ſtill muſt bare the Blame of all,
Thus muſt it be, Earth ask not Heaven why.
Yet mighty Men, with wary jealous Hand,
Strive to cut off all Obſtacles of Fear,
All whatſoever ſeems but to withſtand
Their leaſt Conceit of Quiet, held ſo dear;
And ſo intrench themſelves with Blood, with Crimes,
With all Injuſtice as their Fears diſpoſe:
Yet for all this, we ſee how oftentimes
The Means they work to keep, are Means to loſe.
And ſure I cannot ſee how this can ſtand
With great *Auguſtus'* Safety, and his Honour,
To cut off all Succeſſion from our Land,
For her Offence that pull'd the Wars upon her.

Phi. Why muſt her Iſſue pay the Price of that?

Ari. The Price is Life, that they are rated at.

Phi. *Cæſario* too, iſſu'd of *Cæſar's* Blood?

Ari. Plurality of *Cæſars* are not good.

Phi. Alas! what Hurt procures his feeble Arm?
Ari. Not for it doth, but that it may do Harm.
Phi. Then when it offers Hurt, repreſs the ſame.
Ari. 'Tis beſt to quench a Spark before it flame.
Phi. 'Tis inhuman an Innocent to kill,
Ari. Such Innocents ſeldom remain ſo ſtill.
And ſure his Death may beſt procure our Peace,
Competitors the Subject dearly buys:
And ſo that our Affliction may ſurceaſe,
Let great Men be the Peoples Sacrifice.
But ſee where *Ceſar* comes himſelf, to try
And work the Mind of our diſtreſſed Queen,
To apprehend ſome falſe Hope, whereby
She might be drawn to have her Fortune ſeen;
But yet I think, *Rome* will not ſee that Face
(That quell'd her Champions) bluſh in baſe Diſgrace.

SCENE II.

Ceſar, Cleopatra, Seleucus, Dolabella.

Ceſ. What, *Cleopatra*, doſt thou doubt ſo much
Of *Ceſar's* Mercy, that thou hid'ſt thy Face?
Or doſt thou think thy Offences can be ſuch,
That they ſurmount the Meaſure of our Grace?
Cle. O *Ceſar*, not for that I fly thy Sight,
My Soul this ſad Retire of Sorrow choſe:
But that m' oppreſſed Thoughts abhorring Light,
Like beſt in Darkneſs my Diſgrace t' incloſe.
And here to theſe cloſe Limits of Deſpair,
This ſolitary Horror where I bide,
Ceſar, I thought no *Roman* ſhould repair
More after him, who here oppreſſed dy'd.
Yet now, here at thy conqu'ring Feet I lie,
Poor captive Soul, that never thought to bow:
Whoſe happy Foot of Rule and Majeſty
Stood late on the ſame Ground thou ſtandeſt now.
Ceſ. Riſe Queen, none but thy ſelf is Cauſe of all,
And yet would all were but thine own alone:
That others Ruin had not with thy Fall Brought

Brought *Rome* her Sorrows to my Triumph's Moan.
For breaking off the League of Love and Blood,
Thou mak'ſt my winning Joy again unpleaſing:
Sith th' Eye of Grief muſt look into our Good,
Thorough the Horror of our own Blood-ſhedding,
And all we muſt attribute unto thee.

Cle. To me, *Ceſar!* what ſhould a Woman do
Oppreſs'd with Greatneſs? What, was it for me
To contradict my Lord, being bent thereto?
I was by Love, by Fear, by Weakneſs, made
An Inſtrument to ſuch Deſigns as theſe.
For when the Lord of all the Orient bade,
Who but obey'd? Who was not glad to pleaſe?
And how could I withdraw my ſuccouring Hand
From him that had my Heart, and what was mine?
The Int'reſt of my Faith in ſtreighteſt Band,
My Love to his moſt firmly did combine.

Ceſ. Love! alas no, it was th' innate Hatred
That thou and thine haſt ever born our People,
That made thee ſeek all Means to have us ſcattered,
To diſunite our Strength, and make us feeble.
And therefore did that Breaſt nurſe our Diſſention,
With Hope t' exalt thy ſelf, t' augment thy State,
To prey upon the Wreck of our Contention,
And (with the reſt o' our Foes) to joy thereat.

Cle. O *Ceſar*, ſee how eaſy 'tis t' accuſe
Whom Fortune hath made faulty by their Fall,
The wretched Conquered may not refuſe
The Titles of Reproach he's charg'd withal.
The conquering Cauſe hath Right, wherein thou art,
The vanquiſh'd ſtill is judg'd the worſer Part,
Which Part is mine, becauſe I loſt my Part,
No leſſer than the Portion of a Crown,
Enough for me, alas! what need of Art
To gain by others, but to keep mine own?
But here let weaker Powers note what it is,
To Neighbour great Competitors too near,
If we take Part, we oft do periſh thus,
If Neutral bide, both Parties we muſt fear.

Alas!

Alas! What ſhall the forc'd Partakers do?
When following none, yet muſt they periſh too?
But *Ceſar*, ſith thy Right and Cauſe is ſuch,
Be not a heavy Weight upon Calamity:
Depreſs not the Afflicted over-much,
The chiefeſt Glory is the Victor's Lenity.
Th' Inheritance of Mercy from him take,
Of whom thou haſt thy Fortune, and thy Name:
Great *Ceſar* me a Queen at firſt did make,
And let not *Ceſar* now confound the ſame.
Read here theſe Lines, which ſtill I keep with me,
The Witneſs of his Love and Favours ever:
And God forbid this ſhould be ſaid of thee,
That *Ceſar* wrong'd the favoured of *Ceſar*.
For look what I have been to *Anthony*,
Think thou the ſame I might have been to thee.
And here I do preſent thee with a Note
Of all the Treaſure, all the Jewels rare,
That *Egypt* hath in many Ages got;
And look what *Cleopatra* hath, is there.

Sel. Nay, there's not all ſet down within that Roll,
I know ſome Things ſhe hath reſerv'd a-part.

Cle. What, vile, ungrateful Wretch, dar'ſt thou controul
Thy Queen and Sovereign, Caitiff as thou art?

Ceſ. Hold, hold; a poor Revenge can work ſo feeble Hands.

Cle. Ah *Ceſar*, what a great Indignity
Is this, that here my vaſſal Subject ſtands
T' accuſe me to my Lord of Treachery?
If I reſerv'd ſome certain Women's Toys,
Alas! it was not for myſelf (God knows)
Poor miſerable Soul, that little joys
In trifling Ornaments, in outward Shows.
But what I kept, I kept to make my Way
Unto thy *Livia* and *Octavia*'s Grace,
That thereby in Compaſſion moved, they
Might mediate thy Favour in my Caſe.

Ceſ. Well *Cleopatra*, fear not, thou ſhalt find
What Favour thou deſir'ſt, or can'ſt expect:

For

For *Cæſar* never yet was found but kind
To ſuch as yield, and can themſelves ſubject.
And therefore give thou Comfort to thy Mind,
Relieve thy Soul thus overcharg'd with Care,
How well I will intreat thee, thou ſhalt find
So ſoon as ſome Affairs diſpatched are.
Till then farewel.

Cle. Thanks thrice renowned *Cæſar*,
Poor *Cleopatra* reſts thine own for ever.

Dol. No Marvel *Cæſar*, tho' our greateſt Spirits
Have to the Power of ſuch a charming Beauty
Been brought to yield the Honour of their Merits,
Forgetting all Reſpect of other Duty,
Then whilſt the Glory of her Youth remain'd
The wondring Object to each wanton Eye:
Before her Full of Sweet (with Sorrow wain'd)
Came to the Period of this Miſery:
If ſtill, ev'n in the midſt of Death and Horror,
Such Beauty ſhines, through Clouds of Age and Sorrow,
If ev'n thoſe ſweet Decays ſeem to plead for her,
Which from Affliction moving Graces borrow:
If in Calamity ſhe could thus move,
What could ſhe do adorn'd with Youth and Love?
What could ſhe do then, when as ſpreading wide
The Pomp of Beauty in her Glory dight;
When arm'd with Wonder, ſhe could uſe beſide
Th' Engines of her Love, Hope, and Delight?
Beauty, Daughter of Marvel, O ſee how
Thou can'ſt diſgracing Sorrows ſweetly grace;
What Power thou ſhew'ſt in a diſtreſſed Brow,
That mak'ſt Affliction fair, giv'ſt Tears their Grace:
What can untreſſed Locks, can torn rent Hair,
A weeping Eye, a wailing Face be fair?
I ſee then artleſs Feature can content,
And that true Beauty needs no Ornament. (heed,

Cæſ. What in a Paſſion, *Dolabella*? What, take
Let others freſh Examples be thy Warning:
What Miſchiefs theſe ſo idle Humours breed,

Whilſt

Whilſt Error keeps us from a true Diſcerning?
Indeed I ſaw ſhe labour'd to impart
Her ſweeteſt Graces in her ſaddeſt Chear:
Preſuming on the Face, that knew the Art
To move with what Aſpect ſoe'er it were.
But all in vain, ſhe takes her Aim amiſs,
The Ground and Mark her Level much deceives;
Time now hath alter'd all, for neither is
She as ſhe was, nor we as ſhe conceives;
And therefore now, 'twere beſt ſhe left ſuch Badneſs,
Folly in Youth is Sin, in Age 'tis Madneſs.
And for my Part, I ſeek but t' entertain
In her ſome feeding Hope to draw her forth;
The greateſt Trophy that my Travels gain,
Is to bring Home a Prizal of ſuch Worth.
And now ſith that ſhe ſeems ſo well content
To be diſpos'd by us, without more Stay
She with her Children ſhall to *Rome* be ſent,
Whilſt I by *Syria* thither take my Way.

CHORUS.

O fearful frowning Nemiſis,
Daughter of Juſtice moſt ſevere,
That art the World's great Arbitreſs,
And Queen of Cauſes reigning here:
Whoſe ſwift ſure Hand is ever near
Eternal Juſtice, Righting Wrong;
Who never yet deferreſt long
The Proud's Decay, the Weak's Redreſs:
But thro' thy Power every where,
Doſt raze the Great, and raiſe the Leſs;
The Leſs made Great doth ruin too,
To ſhew the Earth what Heaven can do.

Thou from dark-clos'd Eternity,
From thy black cloudy hidden Seat,

The

The World's Diſorders doſt deſcry:
Which when they ſwell ſo proudly great,
Reverſing th' Order Nature ſet,
Thou giv'ſt thy all-confounding Doom,
Which none can know before it come.
Th' inevitable Deſtiny,
Which neither Wit nor Strength can let,
Faſt chain'd unto Neceſſity,
In mortal Things doth order ſo,
Th' alternate Courſe of Weal or Woe.

O how the Pow'rs of Heaven do play
With travelled Mortality:
And doth their Weakneſs ſtill betray,
In their beſt Proſperity!
When being lifted up ſo high,
They look beyond themſelves ſo far,
That to themſelves they take no Care;
Whilſt ſwift Confuſion down doth lay
Their late proud mounting Vanity:
Bringing their Glory to decay,
And with the Ruin of their Fall,
Extinguiſh People, State and all.

But is it Juſtice that all we,
The innocent poor Multitude,
For Great Mens Faults ſhould puniſh'd be,
And to Deſtruction thus purſu'd?
O why ſhould th' Heavens us include,
Within the Compaſs of their Fall,
Who of themſelves procured all?
Or do the Gods (in cloſe) decree,
Occaſion take how to extrude
Man from the Earth with Cruelty?
Ah no, the Gods are ever juſt,
Our Faults excuſe their Rigour muſt.

This is the Period Fate ſet down,
To Egypt's fat Proſperity:

Which

Which now unto her Greateſt grown,
Muſt periſh thus, by Courſe muſt die,
And ſome muſt be the Cauſers why
This Revolution muſt be wrought;
As born to bring their State to nought:
To change the People and the Crown,
And purge the World's Iniquity:
Which Vice ſo far hath overgrown,
As we, ſo they that treat us thus,
Muſt one Day periſh like to us.



ACT

ACT IV.

Seleucus, Rodon.

Sel. NEver, Friend *Rodon*, in a better Hour
Could I have met thee, than ev'n now I (do,
Having Affliction in the greateſt Pow'r
Upon my Soul, and none to tell it to.
For 'tis ſome Eaſe our Sorrows to reveal;
If they to whom we ſhall impart our Woes,
Seem but to feel a Part of what we feel,
And meet us with a Sigh but at a Cloſe.

Rod. And never (Friend *Seleucus*) found'ſt thou one
That better cou'd bear ſuch a Part with thee:
Who by his own, knows others Cares to moan,
And can, in like accord of Grief, agree.
And therefore tell th' Oppreſſion of thy Heart,
Tell to an Ear prepar'd and tun'd to Care:
And I will likewiſe unto thee impart
As ſad a Tale as what thou ſhalt declare.
So ſhall we both our mournful Plaints combine,
I'll wail thy State, and thou ſhalt pity mine.

Sel. Well then, thou know'ſt how I have liv'd in (Grace
With *Cleopatra*, and eſteem'd in Court
As one of Counſel, and of chiefeſt Place,
And ever held my Credit in that ſort;
Till now in this Confuſion of our State,
When thinking t' have us'd a Means to climb,
And fled the Wretched, flown unto the Great,
(Following the Fortune of the preſent Time,)
Am come to be caſt down and reclin'd clean;
And in the Courſe of mine own Plot undone:
For having all the Secrets of the Queen
Reveal'd to *Caſar*, to have Favour won,

My

My Treachery is quitted with Diſgrace,
My Falſhood loath'd, and not without good Reaſon.
Tho' good for him, yet Princes in this Caſe
Do hate the Traytor, tho' they love the Treaſon.
For how could he imagine I would be
Faithful to him, being falſe unto mine own?
And falſe to ſuch a bounteous Queen as ſhe,
That had me rais'd, and made mine Honour known?
He ſaw 'twas not for Zeal to him I bear,
But for baſe Fear, or mine own State to ſettle.
Weakneſs is falſe, and Faith in Cowards rare,
Fear finds out Shifts, Timidity is ſubtle,
And therefore ſcorn'd of him, ſcorn'd of mine own,
Hateful to all that look into my State,
Deſpis'd *Seleucus* now is oddly grown
The Mark of Infamy, that's pointed at.
Rod. 'Tis much thou ſay'ſt, and O too much to feel,
And I do grieve, and do lament thy Fall:
But yet all this which thou doſt here reveal,
Compar'd with mine, will make thine ſeem but ſmall.
Altho' my Fault be in the ſelf-ſame Kind,
Yet in degree far greater, far more hateful;
Mine ſprung of Miſchief, thine from feeble Mind,
I ſtain'd with Blood, thou only but Ungrateful.
For unto me did *Cleopatra* give
The beſt and deareſt Treaſure of her Blood,
Lovely *Cæſario*, whom ſhe would ſhould live
Free from the Dangers wherein *Egypt* ſtood:
And unto me with him, this Charge ſhe gave;
Here *Rodon*, take, convey from out this Coaſt
This precious Gem, the chiefeſt that I have,
This Jewel of my Soul I value moſt;
Guide him to *India*, lead him far from hence,
Safeguard him where ſecure he may remain,
Till better Fortune call him back from thence,
And *Egypt*'s Peace be reconcil'd again.
For this is he that may our Hopes bring back;
(The Riſing Sun of our declining State:)
Theſe be the Hands that may reſtore our Wreck,
And raiſe the broken Ruins made of late.

He

He may give Limits to the boundleſs Pride
Of fierce *Octavius*, and abate his Might;
Great *Julius* Off-ſpring, he may come to guide
The Empire of the World, as his by Right.
O how he ſeems the Model of his Sire!
O how I view my *Ceſar* in his Face!
Such was his Gate, ſo did his Looks aſpire;
Such was his threat'ning Brow, ſuch was his Grace.
High-ſhoulder'd, and his Forehead ev'n as high,
And O, (if he had not been born ſo late,)
He might have rul'd the World's great Monarchy,
And now have been the Champion of our State.
Then unto him, O my dear Son (ſhe ſays,)
Son of my Youth, fly hence, O fly, be gone!
Reſerve thy ſelf, ordain'd for better Days,
For much thou haſt to ground thy Hopes upon.
Leave me (thy woeful Mother) to endure
The Fury of this Tempeſt here alone:
Who cares not for her ſelf, ſo thou be ſure,
Thou may'ſt revenge, when others can but moan:
Rodon will ſee thee ſafe, *Rodon* will guide
Thee and thy Ways, thou ſhalt not need to fear.
Rodon (my faithful Servant) will provide
What ſhall be beſt for thee, take thou no care.
And O, good *Rodon*, look well to his Youth,
The Ways are long, and dangerous every where:
I urge it not that I do doubt thy Truth,
Mothers will caſt the worſt, and always fear.
The abſent Danger greater ſtill appears,
Leſs fears he who is near the Thing he fears.
And O! I know not what preſaging Thought
My Sprite ſuggeſts of luckleſs bad Event:
But yet it may, it is but Love doth doat,
Or idle Shadows which my Fears preſent,
But yet the Memory of mine own Fate
Makes me fear his. And yet why ſhould I fear?
His Fortune may recover better State,
And he may come in Pomp to govern here.
But yet I doubt the *Gentus* of our Race,
By ſome malignant Spirit comes o'erthrown:

Our

Our Blood muſt be extinct in my disgrace,
Egypt muſt have no more Kings of their own.
Then let him ſtay, and let us fall together,
Sith it is fore-decreed that we muſt fall.
Yet who knows what may come? Let him go thither.
What Merchant in one Veſſel ventures all?
Let us divide our Stars. Go, go my Son,
Let not the Fate of *Egypt* find thee here:
Try if ſo be thy Deſtiny can ſhun
The common Wreck of us, by being there.
But who is he found ever yet Defence
Againſt the Heavens, or hid him any where?
Then what need I to ſend thee ſo far hence
To ſeek thy Death, that may'ſt as well die here?
And here die with thy Mother, die in reſt,
Not travelling to what will come to thee.
Why ſhould we leave our Blood unto the Eaſt,
When *Egypt* may a Tomb ſufficient be?
O my divided Soul! What ſhall I do?
Whereon ſhall now my Reſolution reſt?
What were I beſt reſolve to yield unto,
When both are bad, how ſhall I know the beſt?
Stay, I may hap ſo work with *Ceſar* now,
That he may yield him to reſtore thy Right.
Go; *Ceſar* never will conſent that thou
So near in Blood, ſhalt be ſo great in Might.
Then take him *Rodon*, go my Son, Farewel.
But ſtay, there's ſomething elſe that I would ſay:
Yet nothing now, but O God ſpeed thee well,
Leſt ſaying more, that more may make thee ſtay.
Yet let me ſpeak: It may be 'tis the laſt
That ever I ſhall ſpeak to thee, my Son!
Do Mothers uſe to part in ſuch Poſt-haſte?
What! muſt I end, when I have ſcarce begun?
Ah no, (dear Heart) 'tis no ſuch ſlender Twine
Wherewith the Knot is ty'd 'twixt thee and me;
That Blood within thy Veins came out of mine,
Parting from thee, I part from Part of me:
And therefore I muſt ſpeak. Yet what? O Son!---

Here

Here more ſhe would, when more ſhe could not ſay,
Sorrow rebounding back whence it begun,
Fill'd up the Paſſage, and quite ſtop'd the Way:
When ſweet *Ceſario* with a Princely Spirit,
(Tho' comfortleſs himſelf) did Comfort give;
With mildeſt Words perſuading her to bear it,
And as for him, ſhe ſhould not need to grieve.
And I (with Proteſtations of my Part,)
Swore by that Faith, (which ſworn I did deceive)
That I would uſe all Care, all Wit and Art,
To ſee him ſafe: And ſo we took our Leave.
Scarce had we travell'd to our Journey's End,
When *Ceſar* having Knowledge of our Way,
His Agents after us with ſpeed doth ſend
To labour me, *Ceſario* to betray.
Who with Rewards and Promiſes ſo large,
Aſſail'd me then, that I grew ſoon content;
And back to *Rhodes* did re-convey my Charge,
Pretending that *Octavius* for him ſent,
To make him King of *Egypt* preſently.
And thither come, ſeeing himſelf betray'd,
And in the Hands of Death through Treachery,
Wailing his State, thus to himſelf he ſaid:
Lo! here brought back by ſubtle Train to Death,
Betray'd by Tutor's Faith, or Traytors rather:
My Fault my Blood, and mine Offence my Birth,
For being Son of ſuch a mighty Father.
From *India* (whither ſent by Mother's Care,
To be reſerv'd from *Egypt*'s common Wreck,)
To *Rhodes*, (ſo long the Arms of Tyrants are,)
I am by *Ceſar*'s ſubtile Reach brought back:
Here to be made th' Oblation of his Fears,
Who doubts the poor Revenge theſe Hands may do him;
Reſpecting neither Blood, nor Youth, nor Years,
Or how ſmall Safety can my Death be to him.
And is this all the Good of being born Great?
Then wretched Greatneſs, proud rich Miſery,
Pompous Diſtreſs, glittering Calamity.
Is it for this th' ambitious Fathers ſwear,

To purchaſe Blood and Death for them and theirs?
Is this the Iſſue that their Glories get,
To leave a ſure Deſtruction to their Heirs?
O how much better had it been for me,
From low Deſcent, deriv'd of humble Birth,
T' have eat the ſweet-ſower Bread of Poverty,
And drank of *Nilus* Streams in *Nilus* Earth:
Under the Cov'ring of ſome quiet Cottage,
Free from the Wrath of Heav'n, ſecure in Mind,
Untouch'd when ſad Events of Princes Dotage
Confounds whatever Mighty it doth find.
And not t' have ſtood in their Way, whoſe Condition
Is to have all made clear, and all things plain
Between them and the Mark of their Ambition,
That nothing let the full Sight of their Reign:
Where nothing ſtands, that ſtands not in Submiſſion;
Where Greatneſs muſt all in it ſelf contain.
Kings will be alone, Competitors muſt down,
Near Death he ſtands, that ſtands too near a Crown.
Such is my Caſe, for *Ceſar* will have all.
My Blood muſt ſeal th' Aſſurance of his State:
Yet, ah weak State, that Blood aſſure him ſhall,
Whoſe wrongful ſhedding Gods and Men do hate.
Injuſtice never 'ſcapes unpuniſh'd ſtill,
Though Men revenge not, yet the Heav'ns will.
And thou, *Auguſtus*, that with bloody Hand,
Cut'ſt off Succeſſion from another's Race,
May'ſt find the Heav'ns thy Vows ſo to withſtand,
That others may deprive thine in like Caſe,
When thou may'ſt ſee thy proud contentious Bed
Yielding thee none of thine that may inherit,
Subvert thy Blood, place others in their ſtead,
To pay this thy Injuſtice her due Merit.
If it be true (as who can that deny,
Which ſacred Prieſts of *Memphis* do foreſay)
Some of the Offspring yet of *Anthony*
Shall all the Rule of this whole Empire ſway;
And then *Auguſtus*, what is it thou gain'ſt
By poor *Antillius* Blood, or this of mine?
Nothing but this thy Victory thou ſtain'ſt,

And pull'ſt the Wrath of Heav'n on thee and thine.
In vain doth Man contend againſt the Stars,
For that he ſeeks to make, his Wiſdom mars.
Yet in the mean time, we whom Fates reſerve,
The bloody Sacrifices of Ambition,
We feel the Smart, whatever they deſerve,
And we endure the preſent Time's Condition.
The Juſtice of the Heav'ns revenging thus,
Doth only ſatisfy it ſelf, nor us.
Yet 'tis a pleaſing Comfort that doth eaſe
Affliction in ſo great Extremity,
To think their like Deſtruction ſhall appeaſe
Our Ghoſts, who did procure our Miſery.
But dead we are, uncertain what ſhall be,
And living we are ſure to feel the Wrong;
Our certain Ruin we our ſelves do ſee,
They joy the while, and we know not how long.
But yet *Cæſario*, thou muſt die content,
For Men will moan, and God revenge th' Innocent.
Thus he complain'd, and thus thou hear'ſt my Shame.
Sel. But how hath *Cæſar* now rewarded thee?
Rod. As he hath thee. And I expect the ſame
As fell to *Theodor* to fall to me:
For he (one of my Coat) having betray'd
The young *Antillius*, Son of *Anthony*,
And at his Death from off his Neck convey'd
A Jewel; which being ask'd, he did deny:
Cæſar occaſion took to hang him ſtrait.
Such Inſtruments with Princes live not long:
Altho' they need ſuch Actors of Deceit,
Yet ſtill our Sight ſeems to upbraid their Wrong;
And therefore we muſt needs this Danger run,
And in the Net of our own Guile be caught:
We muſt not live to brag what we have done,
For what is done muſt not appear their Fault.
But here comes *Cleopatra*, woeful Queen,
And our Shame will not that we ſhould be ſeen.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra.

Cle. What hath my Face yet Power to win a Lover?
Can this torn Remnant ſerve to grace me ſo, That

That it can *Cæſar*'s ſecret Plots diſcover,
What he intends with me and mine to do?
Why then, poor Beauty, thou haſt done thy laſt
And beſt good Service thou could'ſt do unto me,
For now the Time of Death reveal'd thou haſt,
Which in my Life did ſerve but to undo me.
Here *Dolabella*, far forſooth in love,
Writes how that *Cæſar* means forthwith to ſend
Both me and mine th' Air of *Rome* to prove,
There his triumphant Chariot to attend.
I thank the Man, both for his Love and Letter;
The one comes fit to warn me thus before,
But for th' other I muſt die his Debtor,
For *Cleopatra* now can love no more.
But having Leave, I muſt go take my Leave
And laſt Farewel of my dead *Anthony*;
Whoſe dearly honour'd Tomb muſt here receive
This Sacrifice, the laſt before I die.
O ſacred, ever memorable Stone,
That haſt without my Tears, within my Flame,
Receive th' Oblation of the woefull'ſt Moan
That ever yet from Affliction came;
And you dear Relicks of my Lord and Love,
(The ſweeteſt Parcels of the faithfull'ſt Liver)
O, let no impious Hand dare to remove
You out from hence, but reſt you here for ever.
Let *Egypt* now give Peace unto you dead,
That living gave you Trouble and Turmoil:
Sleep quiet in this everlaſting Bed,
In foreign Land preferr'd before your Soil.
And O, if that the Spirits of Men remain
After their Bodies, and do never die,
Then hear, O Ghoſt thy captive Spouſe complain,
And be attentive to her Miſery.
But if that labourſome Mortality
Found this ſweet Error only to confine
The curious Search of idle Vanity,
That would the Depth of Darkneſs undermine:
Or rather to give Reſt unto the Thought
Of wretched Man, with th' after-coming Joy

Of

Of thoſe conceived Fields whereon we doat,
To pacify the preſent World's Annoy.
If it be ſo, why ſpeak I then to th' Air?
But 'tis not ſo, my *Anthony* doth hear:
His ever-living Ghoſt attends my Prayer,
And do I know his hov'ring Sprite is near.
And I will ſpeak, and pray, and mourn to thee,
O pure immortal Love, that deign'ſt to hear:
I feel thou anſwer'ſt my Credulity,
With Touch of Comfort, finding none elſewhere.
Thou know'ſt theſe Hands entomb'd thee here of late,
Free and unforc'd, which now muſt ſervile be,
Reſerv'd for Bands to grace proud *Cæſar*'s State,
Who ſeeks in me to triumph over thee.
O if in Life we cou'd not ſever'd be,
Shall Death divide our Bodies now aſunder?
Muſt thine in *Egypt*, mine in *Italy*,
Be kept the Monuments of Fortune's Wonder?
If any Powers be there whereas thou art,
(Sith that our Country Gods betray our Caſe)
O work they may their gracious Help impart,
To ſave thy woeful Wife from ſuch Diſgrace.
Do not permit ſhe ſhould in Triumph ſhew
The Bluſh of her Reproach, joyn'd with thy Shame;
But (rather) let that hateful Tyrant know,
That thou and I had Power t' avoid the ſame.
But what do I ſpend Breath and idle Wind,
In vain invoking a conceived Aid?
Why do I not my ſelf occaſion find
To break the Bounds wherein my ſelf am ſtay'd?
Words are for them that can complain and live,
Whoſe melting Hearts, compos'd of baſer Frame,
Can to their Sorrows Time and Leiſure give,
But *Cleopatra* may not do the ſame.
No, *Anthony*, thy Love requireth more:
A ling'ring Death with thee deſerves no Merit,
I muſt my ſelf force open wide a Door
To let out Life, and ſo unhouſe my Spirit.
Theſe Hands muſt break the Priſon of my Soul
To come to thee, there to enjoy like State,

As doth the long-pent ſolitary Fowl,
That hath eſcap'd her Cage, and found her Mate,
This Sacrifice, to ſacrifice my Life;
Is that true Incenſe that doth beſt beſeem;
Theſe Rites may ſerve a Life-deſiring Wife,
Who doing them, t' have done enough doth deem.
My Heart's Blood ſhould the purple Flowers have been,
Which here upon thy Tomb to thee are offer'd,
No Smoak but dying Breath ſhould here been ſeen,
And this it had been too, had I been ſuffer'd.
But what have I, ſave theſe bare Hands to do it?
And theſe weak Fingers are not Iron-pointed:
They cannot pierce the Fleſh, being put unto it,
And I of all Means elſe am diſappointed.
But yet I muſt away, and Means ſeek how
To come unto thee, whatſoe'er I do.
O Death, art thou ſo hard to come by now,
That we muſt pray, intreat, and ſeek thee too?
But I will find thee, whereſoe'er thou lie,
For who can ſtay a Mind reſolv'd to die?
And now I go to work th' Effect indeed,
I'll never ſend more Words or Sighs to thee:
I'll bring my Soul my ſelf, and that with ſpeed,
My ſelf will bring my Soul to *Anthony*.
Come, go my Maids, my Fortune's ſole Attenders,
That miniſter to Miſery and Sorrow:
Your Miſtreſs you unto your Freedom renders,
And will diſcharge your Charge yet e'er to Morrow.
And now by this, I think the Man I ſent,
Is near return'd, that brings me my Diſpatch.
God grant his Cunning ſort to good Event,
And that his Skill may well beguile my Watch:
So ſhall I ſhun Diſgrace, leave to be ſorry,
Fly to my Love, 'ſcape my Foe, free my Soul;
So ſhall I act the laſt of Life with Glory,
Die like a Queen, and reſt without Controul. [*Exit.*

CHORUS.

Myſterious Egypt, *Wonder-breeder,*
Strict Religion's ſtrange Obſerver,
State-orderer Zeal, the beſt Rule-keeper,
Foſt'ring ſtill in temp'rate Fervor:
O how cam'ſt thou to loſe ſo wholly
All Religion, Law and Order?
And thus become the moſt unholy
Of all Lands, that Nilus *border?*
How could confus'd Diſorder enter
Where ſtern Law ſat ſo ſeverely?
How durſt weak Luſt and Riot venture
Th' Eye of Juſtice looking nearly?
Could not thoſe Means that made thee Great,
Be ſtill the Means to keep thy State?

Ah no, the Courſe of Things requireth
Change and Alteration ever:
That ſame Continuance Man deſireth,
Th' unconſtant World yieldeth never.
We in our Counſels muſt be blinded,
And not ſee what doth import us:
And oftentimes the Thing leaſt minded,
Is the Thing that moſt muſt hurt us.
Yet they that have the Stern in guiding,
'Tis their Fault that ſhould prevent it,
For oft they ſeeing their Country ſliding,
Take their Eaſe, as tho' contented.
We imitate the greater Powers,
The Prince's Manners faſhion ours.

Th' Example of their Light regarding,
Vulgar Looſeneſs much incenſes:
Vice uncontroul'd grows wide inlarging,
Kings ſmall Faults be great Offences,
And this hath ſet the Window open
Unto Licence, Luſt, and Riot:
This Way Confuſion firſt found broken,
Whereby enter'd our Diſquiet,

Thoſe Laws that old Seſoſtris *founded,*
And the Ptolomies *obſerved,*
Hereby firſt came to be confounded,
Which our State ſo long preſerved.
The wanton Luxury of Court,
Did form the People of like ſort.
For all (reſpecting private Pleaſure,)
Univerſally conſenting
To abuſe their Time, their Treaſure,
In their own Delights contenting:
And future Dangers nought reſpecting,
Whereby, (O how eaſy Matter
Made this ſo general neglecting,
Confus'd Weakneſs to diſcatter?)
Cæſar found th' Effect true try'd,
In his eaſy Enterance making:
Who at the ſight of Arms, deſcry'd
All our People, all forſaking.
For Riot (worſe than War) ſo ſore
Had waſted all our Strength before.

And thus in Egypt *ſervile render'd*
To the inſolent Deſtroyer:
And all their ſumptuous Treaſure tender'd,
All her Wealth that did betray her.
Which Poiſon (O if Heav'n be Rightful)
May ſo far infect their Senſes,
That Egypt's *Pleaſure, ſo delightful,*
May breed them the like Offences;
And Romans, *learn our Way of Weakneſs,*
Be inſtructed in our Vices:
That our Spoils may ſpoil your Greatneſs,
Overcome with our Devices.
Fill full your Hands, and carry Home,
Enough from us to ruin Rome.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Dolabella, Titius.

Dol. COME tell me *Titius*, every Circumſtance,
How *Cleopatra* did receive my News:
Tell ev'ry Look, each Geſture, Countenance,
That ſhe did in my Letter's Reading uſe.
Tit. I ſhall my Lord, ſo far as I could note,
Or my Conceit obſerve in any wiſe.
It was the Time when as ſhe having got
Leave to her deareſt Dead to ſacrifice;
And now was iſſuing out the Monument
With Odours, Incenſe, Garlands in her Hand,
When I approach'd (as one from *Ceſar* ſent)
And did her cloſe thy Meſſage t' underſtand.
She turns her back, and with her takes me in,
Reads in thy Lines thy ſtrange unlook'd-for Tale:
And reads, and ſmiles, and ſtays, and doth begin
Again to read, then bluſh'd, and then was pale.
And having ended, with a Sigh refolds
Thy Letter up: and with a fixed Eye,
(Which ſtedfaſt her Imagination holds)
She mus'd a while, ſtanding confuſedly.
At length, Ah Friend, (ſaid he) tell thy good Lord,
How dear I hold his pitying of my Caſe:
That out of his ſweet Nature can afford
A miſerable Woman ſo much Grace.
Tell him how much my heavy Soul doth grieve,
Mercileſs *Ceſar* ſhould ſo deal with me:
Pray him that he would all the Counſel give,
That might divert him from ſuch Cruelty.
As for my Love, ſay *Anthony* hath all,
Say that my Heart is gone into the Grave
With him, in whom it reſts, and ever ſhall:
I have it not myſelf, nor cannot have.

Yet tell him he ſhall more command of me
Than any whoſoever living can,
He that ſo friendly ſhews himſelf to be
A right kind *Roman*, and a Gentleman.
Altho' his Nation (fatal unto me)
Have had mine Age a Spoil, my Youth a Prey,
Yet his Affection muſt accepted be,
That favours one diſtreſs'd in ſuch Decay.
Ah, he was worthy then to have been lov'd
Of *Cleopatra*, while her Glory laſted;
Before ſhe had declining Fortune prov'd,
Or ſeen her Honour wrack'd, her Flower blaſted.
Now there is nothing left her but Diſgrace,
Nothing but her Affliction that can move:
Tell *Dolabella*, one that's in her Caſe
(Poor Soul) needs rather Pity now than Love,
But ſhortly ſhall thy Lord hear more of me.
And ending ſo her Speech, no longer ſtay'd,
But haſted to the Tomb of *Anthony*,
And this was all ſhe did, and all ſhe ſaid.

Dol. Ah ſweet diſtreſſed Lady! What hard Heart
Could chuſe but pity thee, and love thee too?
Thy Worthineſs, the State wherein thou art,
Requireth both, and both I vow to do.
Altho' Ambition lets not *Ceſar* ſee
The Wrong he doth thy Majeſty and Sweetneſs,
Which makes him now exact ſo much of thee,
To add unto his Pride, to grace his Greatneſs.
He knows thou can'ſt no Hurt procure us now,
Sith all thy Strength is ſeiz'd into our Hands:
Nor fears he that, but rather labours how
He might ſhew *Rome* ſo Great a Queen in Bands:
That our great Ladies (envying thee ſo much
That ſtain'd them all, and held them in ſuch wonder)
Might joy to ſee thee and thy Fortune ſuch,
Thereby extolling him that brought thee under.
But I will ſeek to ſtay it what I may,
I am but one, yet one that *Ceſar* loves,
And O if now I could do more than pray,
Then ſhould'ſt thou know how far Affection moves.

But what my Power and Prayer may prevail,
I'll joyn them both to hinder thy Disgrace:
And e'en this present Day I will not fail
To do my best with *Cæsar* in this Case.

Tit. And Sir, even now herself hath Letters sent,
I met her Messenger as I came hither,
With a Dispatch, as he to *Cæsar* went,
But know not what imports her sending thither.
Yet this he told, how *Cleopatra* late
Was come from Sacrifice; how richly clad
Was serv'd to Dinner in most sumptuous State,
With all the bravest Ornaments she had:
How having din'd she writes, and sends away
Him strait to *Cæsar*, and commanded then
All should depart the Tomb, and none to stay
But her two Maids, and one poor Countryman.

Dol. Why then I know she sends t' have Audience now,
And means t' experience what her State can do;
To see if Majesty will make him bow
To what Affliction could not move him to.
And O, if now she could but bring a View
Of that fresh Beauty she in Youth possess'd,
(The Argument wherewith she overthrew
The Wit of *Julius Cæsar*, and the rest)
Then happily *Augustus* might relent,
Whilst powerful Love (far stronger than Ambition)
Might work in him a Mind to be content
To grant her Asking in the best Condition;
But being as she is, yet doth she merit
To be respected, for what she hath been,
The Wonder of her Kind, of rarest Spirit,
A glorious Lady, and a mighty Queen.
And now, but by a little Weakness falling
To do that which perhaps sh' was forc'd to do:
Alas! an Error past, is past recalling,
Take away Weakness, and take Women too.
But now I go to be thy Advocate,
Sweet *Cleopatra*, now I'll use mine Art,

Thy Preſence will me greatly animate,
Thy Face will teach my Tongue, thy Love my Heart.

SCENE II.

Nuntius, Chorus.

Nun. Am I ordain'd the careful Meſſenger
And ſad News-bringer of the ſtrangeſt Death,
Which ſelf Hand did upon himſelf infer,
To free a Captive Soul from ſervile Breath?
Muſt I the lamentable Wonder ſhew,
Which all the World muſt grieve and marvel at?
The rareſt Form of Death in Earth below,
That ever Pity, Glory, Wonder got. (more
Cho. What News bring'ſt thou, can *Egypt* yet yield
Of Sorrow than it hath? What can it add
To the already overflowing Store
Of ſad Affliction, Matter yet more ſad?
Have we not ſeen the worſt of our Calamity?
Is there behind yet ſomething of Diſtreſs
Unſeen, unknown? Tell if that greater Miſery
There be, that we wail not that which is leſs.
Tell us what ſo it be, and tell at firſt,
For Sorrow ever longs to hear her worſt.
Nun. Well then the ſtrangeſt Thing relate I will,
That ever Eye of mortal Man hath ſeen.
I (as you know) e'en from my Youth, have ſtill
Attended on the Perſon of the Queen:
And ever in all Fortunes good or ill,
With her as one of chiefeſt Truſt have been.
And now in theſe two great Extremities,
That ever could to Majeſty befal,
I did my beſt in what I could deviſe,
And left her not till now ſhe left us all.
Cho. What is ſhe gone? Hath *Cæſar* forced ſo?
Nun. Yea, ſhe is gone, and hath deceiv'd him too.
Cho. What fled to *India*, to go find her Son?
Nun. No, not to *India*; but to find her Son.
Cho. Why then there's Hope ſhe may her State recover.
Nun. Her State? Nay rather Honour, and her Lover.

Cho.

Cho. Her Lover? Him ſhe cannot have again.
Nun. Well, him ſhe hath, with him ſhe doth remain.
Cho. Why then ſhe's dead. Is't ſo? Why ſpeak'ſt not thou?
Nun. You gueſs aright, and I will tell you how.
When ſhe perceiv'd all Hope was clean bereft,
That *Cæſar* meant to ſend her ſtrait away,
And ſaw no Means of Reconcilement left,
Work what ſhe could, ſhe could not work to ſtay:
She calls me to her, and ſhe thus began.
O thou, whoſe Truſt hath ever been the ſame,
And one in all my Fortunes, faithful Man,
Alone content t' attend Diſgrace and Shame.
Thou, whom the fearful Ruin of my Fall,
Never deter'd to leave Calamity,
As did thoſe other ſmooth State-pleaſers all,
Who follow'd but my Fortune, and not me;
'Tis thou muſt do a Service for thy Queen,
Wherein thy Faith and Skill muſt do their beſt,
Thy honeſt Care and Duty ſhall be ſeen
Performing this, more than in all the reſt.
For all what thou haſt done may die with thee,
Altho 'tis Pity that ſuch Faith ſhould die,
But this ſhall evermore remembred be,
A rare Example to Poſterity.
And look how long as *Cleopatra* ſhall
In after Ages live in Memory,
So long ſhall thy clear Fame endure withal,
And therefore thou muſt not my Suit deny,
Nor contradict my Will. For what I will
I am reſolv'd: and this now muſt it be.
Go find me out with all thy Art and Skill
Two Aſpicks, and convey them cloſe to me.
I have a Work to do with them in Hand,
Enquire not what, for thou ſhalt ſoon ſee what,
If th' Heavens do not my Deſigns withſtand,
But do thy Charge, and let me ſhift with that.
Being thus conjur'd by her t' whom I have vow'd
My true perpetual Service, forth I went,

Deviſing how my cloſe Attempt to ſhrowd,
So that there might no Art my Art prevent.
And ſo diſguis'd in Habit as you ſee,
Having found out the Thing for which I went,
I ſoon return'd again, and brought with me
The Aſpicks, in a Basket cloſeſly pent,
Which I had fill'd with Figs, and Leaves upon.
And coming to the Guard that kept the Door,
What haſt thou there? ſaid they, and look'd thereon.
Seeing the Figs, they deem'd of nothing more,
But ſaid, they were the faireſt they had ſeen.
Taſte ſome, ſaid I, for they are good and pleaſant.
No, no, ſaid they, go beat them to thy Queen,
Thinking me ſome poor Man that brought a Preſent.
Well, in I went, where brighter than the Sun,
Glittering in all its pompuous rich Array,
Great *Cleopatra* ſate, as if ſhe had won
Ceſar, and all the World beſide this Day:
E'en as ſhe was when on thy Chryſtal Streams,
Clear *Cydnos*, ſhe did ſhew what Earth could ſhew,
When *Aſia* all amaz'd in Wonder, deems
Venus from Heaven was come on Earth below.
E'en as ſhe went at firſt to meet her Love,
So goes ſhe now again to find him:
But that firſt did her Greatneſs only prove,
This laſt her Love, that could not live behind him.
Yet as ſhe ſat, the Doubt of my good Speed
Detracts much from the Sweetneſs of her Look,
Chear-Marrer, Care, did then ſuch Paſſions breed,
That made her Eye bewray the Grief ſhe took.
But ſhe no ſooner ſees me in the Place,
But ſtrait her Sorrow-clouded Brow ſhe clears,
Lightning a Smile from out a ſtormy Face,
Which all her Tempeſt-beaten Fences chears.
Look how a ſtray'd perplexed Traveller,
When chas'd by Thieves, and e'en at Point of Taking,
Deſcrying ſuddenly ſome Town not far,
Or ſome unlook'd for Aid to him-ward making;
Chears up his tir'd Spirits, thruſts forth his Strength
To meet that Good, that comes in ſo good Hour:
Such was her Joy, perceiving now at length Her

Her Honour was t' eſcape ſo proud a Power.
Forth from her Seat ſhe haſtes to meet the Preſent,
And as one overjoy'd, ſhe caught it ſtrait,
And with a ſmiling Chear in Action pleaſant,
Looking among the Figs, finds the Deceit.
And ſeeing there the ugly ven'mous Beaſt,
Nothing diſmay'd, ſhe ſtays and views it well.
At length th' extreameſt of her Paſſion ceas'd,
When ſhe began with Words her Joy to tell.
O rareſt Beaſt (ſaith ſhe) that *Africk* breeds,
How dearly welcome art thou unto me?
The faireſt Creature that fair *Nylus* feeds
Methinks I ſee, in now beholding thee.
What tho' the ever-erring World doth deem
That angred Nature fram'd thee but in Spight,
Little they know what they ſo light eſteem,
That never learn'd the Wonder of thy Might.
Better than Death, Death's Office thou diſchargeſt,
That with one gentle Touch can'ſt free our Breath:
And in a pleaſing Sleep our Soul enlargeſt,
Making our ſelves not privy to our Death.
If Nature err'd, O then how happy Error,
Thinking to make the worſt, ſhe made the beſt:
Sith thou beſt free'ſt us from our Lives worſt Terror,
In ſweetly bringing Souls to quiet Reſt.
When that inexorable Monſter Death,
That follows Fortune, flies the poor diſtreſſed,
Tortures our Bodies e'er he takes our Breath,
And loads with Pains th' already weak oppreſſed.
How oft have I beg'd, pray'd, intreated him
To take my Life, which he would never do,
And when he comes, he comes ſo ugly grim,
Attended on with hideous Torments too.
Therefore come thou, of Wonders Wonder chief,
That open can'ſt with ſuch an eaſy Key
The Door of Life, come gentle cunning Thief
That from our ſelves ſo ſteal'ſt our ſelves away.
Well did our Prieſts diſcern ſomething Divine
Shadow'd in thee, and therefore firſt they did
Offrings and Worſhips due to thee aſſign,
In whom they found ſuch Myſteries were hid. Com-

Comparing thy ſwift Motion to the Sun,
That mov'ſt without the Inſtruments that move:
And never waxing old, but always one,
Doſt ſure thy ſtrange Divinity approve.
And therefore too, the rather unto thee
In Zeal I make the Off'ring of my Blood,
Calamity confirming now in me
A ſure Belief that Piety makes good.
Which happy Men neglect, or hold ambiguous;
And only the afflicted are religious.
And here I ſacrifice theſe Arms to Death,
That Luſt late dedicated to Delights:
Off'ring up for my laſt, this laſt of Breath,
The Compliments of my Love's deareſt Rites.
With that ſhe bares her Arm, and Offer makes
To touch her Death, yet at the Touch withdraws,
And ſeeming more to ſpeak, occaſion takes,
Willing to die, and willing too to pauſe.
Look how a Mother at her Son's departing,
For ſome far Voyage bent to get him Fame,
Doth entertain him with an idle Parling,
And ſtill doth ſpeak, and ſtill ſpeaks but the ſame;
Now bids Farewel, and now recalls him back,
Tells what was told, and bids again Farewel,
And yet again recalls; for ſtill doth lack
Something that Love would fain, and cannot tell.
Pleas'd he ſhou'd go, yet cannot let him go.
So ſhe, altho' ſhe knew there was no Way
But this, yet this ſhe could not handle ſo,
But ſhe muſt ſhew that Life deſir'd Delay.
Fain would ſhe entertain the Time as now,
And now would fain that Death would ſeize upon her,
Whilſt I might ſee preſented in her Brow,
The doubtful Combat try'd 'twixt Life and Honour.
Life bringing Legions of freſh Hopes with her,
Arm'd with the Proof of Time, which yields we ſay
Comfort and Help to ſuch as do refer
All unto him, and can admit Delay.
But Honour ſcorning Life, lo forth leads he
Bright Immortality in ſhining Armour:

Thorough

Thorough the Rays of whoſe clear Glory, ſhe (her.
Might ſee Life's Baſeneſs, how much it might harm
Beſides, ſhe ſaw whole Armies of Reproaches,
And baſe Diſgraces, Furies fearful ſad,
Marching with Life, and Shame that ſtill incroaches
Upon her Face, in bloody Colours clad.
Which Repreſentments ſeeing, worſe than Death,
She deem'd to yield to Life, and therefore choſe
To render all to Honour, Heart and Breath;
And that with ſpeed, leſt that her inward Foes,
Falſe Fleſh and Blood, joyning with Life and Hope,
Should mutiny againſt her Reſolution,
And to the end ſhe would not give them Scope,
She preſently proceeds to th' Execution;
And ſharply blaming of her Rebel Powers,
Falſe Fleſh, (ſaith ſhe) and what doſt thou conſpire
With *Cæſar* too, as thou wert none of ours,
To work my Shame, and hinder my Deſire?
Wilt thou retain in Cloſure of thy Veins,
That Enemy baſe Life, or let my Good?
No, know there is a greater Power conſtrains,
Than can be countercheck'd with fearful Blood.
For to the Mind that's Great, nothing ſeems great:
And ſeeing Death to be the laſt of Woes,
And Life laſting Diſgrace, which I ſhall get,
What do I loſe, that have but Life to loſe?

This having ſaid, ſtrengthen'd in her own Heart,
And Union of her ſelf, Senſes in one
Charging together, ſhe performs that Part
That hath ſo great a Part of Glory won.
And ſo receives the deadly poiſoning Touch,
That Touch that try'd the Gold of her Love pure,
And hath confirm'd her Honour to be ſuch,
As muſt a Wonder to all Worlds endure.
Now not an yielding Shrink, or Touch of Fear,
Conſented to bewray leaſt Senſe of Pain:
But ſtill in one ſame ſweet unaltered Chear,
Her Honour did her dying Thoughts retain.

Well, now this Work is done (ſaith ſhe) here ends
This Act of Life, that Part the Fates aſſign'd;

What

What Glory or Diſgrace here this World lends,
Both have I had, and both I leave behind.
And now, O Earth, the Theatre where I
Have acted this, witneſs I die unforc'd,
Witneſs my Soul parts free to *Anthony*,
And now proud Tyrant *Cæſar*, do thy worſt.
This ſaid, ſhe ſtays, and makes a ſudden Pauſe,
As 'twere to feel whether the Poiſon wrought:
Or rather elſe the Working might be th' Cauſe
That made her ſtay, and entertain'd her Thought.
For in that Inſtant I might well perceive
The drowſy Humour in her falling Brow:
And how each Power, each Part oppreſs'd did leave
Their former Office, and did ſenſeleſs grow.
Look how a new-pluck'd Branch againſt the Sun,
Declines his fading Leaves in feeble ſort;
So her disjoyned Jointures as undone,
Let fall her weak diſſolved Limbs ſupport.
Yet lo that Face, the Wonder of her Life,
Retains in Death a Grace that graceth Death,
Colour ſo lively, Chear ſo lovely rife,
That none would think ſuch Beauty could want Breath.
And in that Cheat th' Impreſſion of a Smile,
Did ſeem to ſhew ſhe ſcorned Death and *Cæſar*,
As glorying that ſhe could them both beguile,
And telling Death how much her Death did pleaſe her.
Wonder it was to ſee how ſoon ſhe went,
She went with ſuch a Will, and did ſo haſte it,
That ſure I think ſhe did her Pain prevent,
Foregoing Pain, or ſtaying not to taſte it.
And ſenſeleſs, in her ſinking down, he wries
The Diadem which on her Head ſhe wore,
Which *Charmion* (poor weak feeble Maid) eſpies,
And haſtes to right it, as it was before.
For *Eras* now was dead, and *Charmion* too.
Ev'n at the Point, for both would imitate
Their Miſtreſs Glory, ſtriving like to do;
But *Charmion* would in this exceed her Mate,
For ſhe would have this Honour to be laſt,
That ſhould adorn that Head that muſt be ſeen.

To

To wear a Crown in Death, that Life held faſt,
That all the World may know ſhe dy'd a Queen.
And as ſhe ſtood, ſetting it fitly on,
Lo, in ruſh *Cæſar*'s Meſſengers in haſte,
Thinking to have prevented what was done,
But yet they came too late, for all was paſt.
For there they found, ſtretch'd on a Bed of Gold,
Dead *Cleopatra*, and that proudly dead,
In all the rich Attire procure ſhe could,
And dying *Charmion* trimming of her Head,
And *Eras* at her Feet, dead in like Caſe.
Charmion, is this well done, ſaid one of them?
Yea, well ſaid ſhe, and her that from the Race
Of ſo great Kings deſcends, doth beſt become.
And with that Word, yields too her faithful Breath,
To paſs th' Aſſurance of her Love with Death.

Cho. But how knew *Cæſar* of her cloſe Intent?

Nun. By Letters which before to him ſhe ſent.
For when ſhe had procur'd this Means to die,
She writes, and earneſtly intreats ſhe might
Be buried in one Tomb with *Anthony*.
Whereby then *Cæſar* gueſs'd all went not right;
And forthwith ſends, yet e'er the Meſſage came
She was diſpatch'd, he croſs'd in his Intent,
Her Providence had order'd ſo the ſame,
That ſhe was ſure none ſhould her Plot prevent.

CHORUS.

Then thus we have beheld
Th' Accompliſhment of Woes,
The full of Ruin and
The worſt of worſt of Ills:
And ſeen all Hope expell'd,
That ever ſweet Repoſe
Shall repoſſeſs the Land,
That Deſolation fills,
And where Ambition ſpills
With uncontrouled Hand,
All th' Iſſue of all thoſe

That

That ſo long Rule have held:
To make us no more us,
But clean confound us thus.

And can'ſt, O Nilus, *thou*
Father of Floods endure,
That yellow Tyber *ſhould*
With ſandy Streams rule thee?
Wilt thou be pleas'd to bow
To him thoſe Feet ſo pure,
Whoſe unknown Head we hold
A Power divine to be?
Thou that didſt ever ſee
Thy free Banks uncontroul'd,
Live under thine own Care:
Ah, wilt thou bear it now?
And now wilt yield thy Streams
A Prey to other Realms?

Draw back thy Waters, flow
To thy concealed Head:
Rocks ſtrangle up thy Waves,
Stop Cataracts *thy Fall,*
And turn thy Courſes ſo,
That ſandy Deſarts dead,
(The World of Duſt that craves
To ſwallow thee up all)
May drink ſo much as ſhall
Revive from waſty Graves,
A living Green, which ſpread
Far flouriſhing, may grow
On that wide Face of Death,
Where nothing now draws Breath.

Fatten ſome People there,
Ev'n as thou us haſt done,
With Plenty's wanton Store,
And feeble Luxury:
And them as us prepare
Fit for the Day of Moan,
Reſpite not before.

Leave

Leave levell'd Egypt *dry,*
A barren Prey to lie,
Wasted for evermore;
Of Plenties yielding none
To recompence the Care
Of Victor's greedy Luſt,
And bring forth nought but Duſt.

And ſo, O leave to be,
Sith thou art what thou art:
Let not our Race poſſeſs
Th' Inheritance of Shame,
The Fee of Sin, that we
Have left them for their Part:
The Yoak of whoſe Diſtreſs
Muſt ſtill upbraid our Blame,
Telling from whom it came.
Our Weight of Wantonneſs
Lies heavy on their Heart,
Who nevermore ſhall ſee
The Glory of that Worth
They left, who brought us forth.

O then all-ſeeing Light,
High Preſident of Heaven,
You Magiſtrates, the Stars,
Of that eternal Court
Of Providence and Right,
Are theſe the Bounds y' have given
Th' untranſpaſſable Bars
That limit Pride ſo ſhort?
Is Greatneſs of this ſort,
That Greatneſs Greatneſs mars,
And racks it ſelf, ſelf-driven
On Rocks of her own Might?
Doth Order order ſo,
Diſorders overthrow?

4 12 49

THE

TRAGEDY

OF

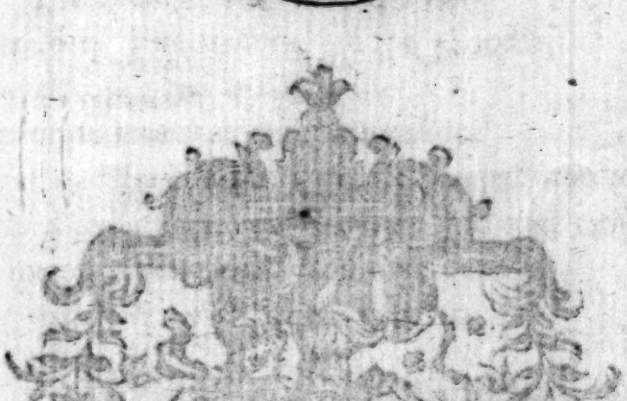
PHILOTAS.



LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDCCXVII.

BRITISH MUSEUM



TO THE
PRINCE.

TO you, most hopeful Prince, not as you are, (Lines:
But as you may be, do I give these
That when your Judgment shall arrive so far,
As t' overlook th' intricate Designs
Of uncontented Man; you may behold
With what Encounters greatest Fortunes close,
What Dangers, what Attempts, what manifold
Encumbrances Ambition undergoes,
How hardly Men digest Felicity;
How to th' Intemperate, to the Prodigal,
To Wantonness, and unto Luxury,
Many Things want, but to Ambition all.
And you shall find the greatest Enemy
That Man can have, is his Prosperity.

Here

Here ſhall you ſee how Men diſguiſe their Ends,
And plant bad Courſes under pleaſing Shews,
How well Preſumption's broken Ways defends,
Which clear-ey'd Judgment gravely doth diſcloſe.
Here ſhall you ſee how th' eaſy Multitude
Tranſported, take the Party of Diſtreſs;
And only out of Paſſions do conclude,
Not out of Judgment, of Mens Practices;
How Powers are thought to wrong, that Wrongs debar,
And Kings not held in Danger, tho' they are.
Theſe ancient Repreſentments of Times paſt,
Tell us that Men have, do, and always run
The ſelf-ſame Line of Action, and do caſt
Their Courſe alike, and nothing can be done,
Whilſt they, their Ends, and Nature are the ſame:
But will be wrought upon the ſelf-ſame Frame.
This Benefit, moſt noble Prince, doth yield
The ſure Records of Books, in which we find
The Tenure of our State, how it was held
By all our Anceſtors, and in what kind
We hold the ſame, and likewiſe how in th' End
This frail Poſſeſſion of Felicity
Shall to our late Poſterity deſcend
By the ſame Patent of like Deſtiny.
In them we find that nothing can accrue
To Man, and his Condition that is new.
Which Images here figur'd in this wiſe,
I leave unto your more mature Survey,
Amongſt the Vows that others ſacrifice

Unto

Unto the Hope of you, that you one Day
Will give Grace to this kind of Harmony.
For know, great Prince, when you ſhall come to know,
How that it is the faireſt Ornament
Of worthy Times, to have thoſe which may ſhew
The Deeds of Power, and lively repreſent
The Actions of a glorious Government.
And is no leſſer Honour to a Crown
T' have Writers, than have Actors of Renown.
And tho' you have a Swanner of your own,
Within the Banks of *Doven*, meditates
Sweet Notes to you, and unto your Renown,
The Glory of his Muſick dedicates,
And in a ſofty Tune is ſet to ſound
The deep Reports of ſullen Tragedies:
Yet may this laſt of me be likewiſe found
Amongſt the Vows that others ſacrifice
Unto the Hope of you, that you one Day
May grace this now neglected Harmony,
Which ſet unto your glorious Actions, may
Record the ſame to all Poſterity.
Tho' I the Remnant of another Time,
Am never like to ſee that Happineſs,
Yet for the Zeal that I have born to *Rhime*,
And to the *Muſes*, wiſh that good Succeſs
To others Travel, that in better Place,
And better Comfort, they may be inchear'd
Who ſhall deſerve, and who ſhall have the Grace
To have a Muſe held worthy to be heard.

And know, ſweet Prince, when you ſhall come to know,
That 'tis not in the Pow'r of Kings to raiſe
A Spirit for Verſe, that is not born thereto,
Nor are they born in every Prince's Days:
For late *Eliza's* Reign gave Birth to more,
Than all the Kings of *England* did before.
And it may be, the Genius of that Time
Would leave to her the Glory in that kind,
And that the utmoſt Powers of *Engliſh* Rhime
Should be within her peaceful Reign confin'd;
For ſince that Time, our Songs could never thrive,
But lain as if forlorn; tho' in the Prime
Of this new raiſing Seaſon, we did ſtrive
To bring the beſt we could unto the Time.
And I, altho' among the latter Train,
And leaſt of thoſe that ſung unto this Land,
Have born my Part, tho' in an humble Strain,
And pleaſed the gentler that did underſtand:
And never had my harmleſs Pen at all
Diſtain'd with any looſe Immodeſty,
Nor ever noted to be touch'd with Gall,
T' aggravate the worſt Man's Infamy.
But ſtill have done the faireſt Offices
To Vertue and the Time; yet nought prevails,
And all our Labours are without Succeſs,
For either Favour or our Vertue fails.
And therefore ſince I have outliv'd the Date
Of former Grace, Acceptance and Delight,

I would my Lines late born beyond the Fate
Of her ſpent Line, had never come to Light;
So had I not been tax'd for wiſhing well,
Nor now miſtaken by the cenſuring Stage,
Nor, in my Fame and Reputation fell,
Which I eſteem more than what all the Age
Or th' Earth can give. But Years hath done this Wrong,
To make me write too much, and live too long.
And yet I grieve for that unfiniſh'd Frame,
Which thou dear Muſe didſt vow to ſacrifice
Unto the Bed of Peace, and in the ſame
Deſign our Happineſs to memorize,
Muſt, as it is, remain, tho' as it is:
It ſhall to After-times relate my Zeal
To Kings and unto Right, to Quietneſs,
And to the Union of the Commonwealth.
But this may now ſeem a ſuperfluous Vow,
We have this Peace; and thou haſt ſung enough,
And more than will be heard, and then as good
As not to write, as not be underſtood.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

THE ARGUMENT.

PHilotas *the Son of* Parmenio, *was a Man of great Eſtimation among the* Macedonians, *and next unto* Alexander; *held to be the moſt valiant of the* Greeks: *patient of Travel, exceeding bountiful, and one that loved his Men and Friends, better than any Nobleman of the Camp: But otherwiſe noted of vain Glory and Prodigality, inſomuch as his Father (having Notice of his Carriage) warned him to make himſelf leſs than he was, to avoid the Envy of the Camp, and the Diſlike of the King, who grew ſuſpicious of him, in reſpect of the Greatneſs of his Father, and his own Popularity, and by having Intelligence of certain Vaunts of his uſed to* Antigona *a fair Curtezan, born in the City of* Pidna, *with whom being in Love, he let fall many brave Words and Boaſts of a Souldier, to advance his own Actions and his Father's, terming* Alexander *at every Word, the Young Man. Which Speeches* Antigona *revealing to a Companion of hers, were at length brought to* Craterus, *who with the Woman, carry'd them to* Alexander; *whereby* Philotas *lay open to all the Advantages that might work his Overthrow: and in the End, concealing a Conſpiracy (which was revealed unto him) intended againſt the King, was thereby ſuſpected to have been a Party in the Plot;*

Plutarch *in the Life of* Alex.

Q. Curtius, lib. 6.

Plot; but brought before Alexander, *he ſo defended himſelf, that he obtain'd his Pardon for that Time, ſupped with the King that Night, and yet the next Day, notwithſtanding, was arraign'd for the ſame Fact, which he ſtoutly denying, was afterward put to Torture, and then confeſs'd his Treaſon. And indeed,* Alexander's *drawing a Pedigree from Heaven, with aſſuming the* Perſian *Magnificence, was the Cauſe that withdrew many Hearts of the Nobility and People from him, and by the Confeſſion of* Philotas, *was that which gave a Purpoſe to him and his Father to have ſubverted the King, as ſoon as he had eſtabliſh'd* Aſia, *and freed them from other Fears; which being by* Epheſtion *and* Craterus, *two the moſt eſpecial Councellers of* Alexander, *gravely and providently diſcerned, was proſecuted in that Manner as became their Nearneſs and Dearneſs with their Lord and Maſter, and fitting to the Safety of the State, in the Caſe of ſo great an Aſpirer; who, no doubt, had he not been prevented, (howſoever popularly in the Army, it might be otherwiſe deemed) he had turned the Courſe of Government upon his Father himſelf, or elſe by his Embroilments, made it a Monſter of many Heads, as it afterwards proved upon the Death of* Alexander. *The* Chorus *conſiſting of three* Grecians (*as of three Eſtates of a Kingdom*) *and one* Perſian, *repreſenting the Multitude and Body of a People, who vulgarly (according to their Affections, carry'd rather with Compaſſion on Great Mens Misfortunes, than with the Conſideration of the Cauſe) frame their Imaginations by that Square, and cenſure what is done.*

The Names of the ACTORS.

Philotas.

Caliſthenes.

Alexander.

Epheſtion.

Craterus.

Thais, a Curtezan.

Antigona, ſometimes one of the Concubines of *Darius.*

Attaras.

Soſtratus.

Chorus.

Cebalinus.

Polidamus.

Nichomacus.

Metron.

Clitus.

Perdiccas.

Three *Grecians* and a *Perſian.*

THE

THE TRAGEDY OF *PHILOTAS.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Philotas, Caliſthenes.

Philotas *reading his Father's Letter.*

MAKE thy ſelf leſs, *Philotas*, than thou art.
What means my Father thus to write to me?
Leſs than I am? In what? How can that be?
Muſt I be then ſet underneath my Heart?
Shall I let go the Hold I have of Grace,

Gain'd with ſo hard Adventure of my Blood,
And ſuffer others mount into my Place,
And from below, look up to where I ſtood?
Shall I degrade th' Opinion of my Worth?
By putting off Employment, as undone
In Spirit or Grace: whilſt other Men ſet forth
To get that Start of Action I have won?
As if ſuch Men as I had any Place,
To ſtay betwixt their Ruin and their Grace.
Can any go beyond me, but they will
Go over me, and trample on my State,
And make their Fortunes Good upon my Ill,
Whilſt Fear hath Power to wound me worſe than Hate?

Chal. *Philotas*, you deceive your ſelf in this,
Your Father means not you ſhould yield in Place,
But in your popular Dependances,
Your Entertainments, Gifts, and publick Grace,
That doth in jealous Kings diſtate the Peers,
And makes you not the greater but in Fears.

Phi. Alas! what popular Dependances
Do I retain? Can I ſhake off the Zeal
Of ſuch as do out of their Kindneſs
Follow my Fortunes in the Common Weal?

Cha. Indeed *Philotas* therein you ſay true:
They follow do your Fortunes, and not you.

Phi. Yea, but I find their Love to me ſincere.

Cha. Even ſuch as to the Wolf the Fox doth bear,
That viſits him but to partake his Prey,
And ſeeing his Hopes deceiv'd, turns to betray.

Phi. I know they would, if I in Danger ſtood,
Run unto me with Hazard of their Blood.

Phi. Yes, like as Men to burning Houſes run,
Not to lend Aid, but to be Lookers on.

Phi. But I with Bounty and with Gifts have ty'd
Their Hearts ſo ſure, I know they will not ſlide.

Cha. Bounty and Gifts looſe more than they do find,
Where many look for Good, few have their Mind;
Each thinks he merits more than that he hath;
And ſo Gifts laid for Love, do catch Men Wrath.

Phi. But many meerly out of Love attend.

Cla.

Cha. Yea, thoſe that love and have no other End.
Think you that Men can love you, when they know
You have them not for Friendſhip, but for Show?
And as you are engag'd in your Affairs,
And have your Ends, think likewiſe they have theirs.

Phi. But I do truly from my Heart affect
Vertue and Worth where I do find it ſet:
Beſides, my Foes do force me in Effect
To make my Party of Opinion great,
And I muſt arm me thus again their Scorns:
Men muſt be ſhod that go among the Thorns.

Cha. Ah, good *Philotas*, you your ſelf beguile,
'Tis not the Way to quench the Fire with Oyl:
The meek and humble Lamb with ſmall ado
Sucks his own Dam, we ſee, and others too.
In Courts Men longeſt live, and keep their Ranks,
By taking Injuries, and giving Thanks.

Phi. And is it ſo? Then never are theſe Hairs
Like to attain that ſober Hue of grey,
I cannot plaiſter and diſguiſe m' Affairs
In other Colours than my Heart doth lay.
Nor can I patiently endure this fond
And ſtrange Proceeding of Authority,
That hath ingroſs'd up all into their Hand
By Idol-living feeble Majeſty,
And impiouſly do labour all they can
To make the King forget he is a Man,
Whilſt they divide the Spoils, and pray for Power,
And none at all reſpect the publick Good:
Thoſe Hands that guard and get us what is our,
The Soldiery, engag'd to vent their Blood,
In worſe Caſe ſeem than *Pallas* old-grown Moil
Th' *Athenians* foſtred at their publick Coſt;
For theſe poor Souls conſum'd with tedious Toil
Remain neglected, having done their moſt,
And nothing ſhall bring Home of all theſe Wars,
But empty Age, and Bodies charg'd with Scars.

Cha. Philotas, all this publick Care I fear
Is but ſome private Touch of your Diſlike,

Who seeing your own Designs not stand to square
With your Desires, no others Courses like.
The Grief you take Things are not order'd well,
Is, that you feel your self, I fear, not well;
But when your Fortunes shall stand parallel
With those you envy now, all will be well:
For you Great Men, I see, are nevermore,
Your End attain'd, the same you were before.
You with a Finger can point out the Stains
Of others Errors now, and now condemn
The Train of State, whilst your Desire remains
Without: But once got in, you jump with them,
And interleague ye with Iniquity,
And with a like Neglect do temporize
And only serve your own Commodity:
Your Fortune then views Things with other Eyes.
For either Greatness doth transform the Heart
In t' other Shapes of Thought, or certainly
This vulgar Honesty doth dwell apart
From Pow'r, and is some private Quality.
Or rather those fair Parts which we esteem
In such as you, are not the same they seem:
You double with your selves or else with us.
And therefore now, *Philotas*, e'en as good
T' embrace the Times, as swell and do no good.

Phi. Alas, *Calisthenes*, you have not laid
True level to my Nature, but are wide
From what I am within: All you have said
Shall never make me of another Side
Than that I am, and I do scorn to climb
By shaking Hands with this unworthy Time.

Cha. The Time, *Philotas*, then will I break thy Neck. (my Neck,

Phi. They dare not, Friend my Father 'll keep
My Service to the State hath cautioned
So surely for mine Honour, as it shall
Make good the Place my Deeds have purchased,
With Danger in the Love and Hearts of all.

Cha. Those Services will serve as Weights to charge
And press you unto Death, if your Foot fail Ne-

Never ſo little underneath your Charge,
And will be deem'd, done for your own Avail.
And who have Spirits to do the greateſt Good,
May do moſt Hurt, if they remain not good.

Phi. Tuſh, they cannot want my Service in the State.

Cha. Theſe Times want not Men to ſupply the (State.

Phi. I fear not whilſt *Parmenio*'s Forces ſtand.

Cha. Water far off quenches not Fire near Hand.
You may be fair diſpatch'd, e'er he can hear,
Or if he heard, before he could be here.
And therefore do not build upon ſuch Sand,
It will deceive your Hopes, when all is done;
For tho' you were the Minion of the Land,
If you break cut, be ſure you are undone.
When running with the Current of the State,
Were you the weakeſt Man of Men alive,
And in Conventions and in Council ſate,
And did but ſleep or nod, yet ſhall you thrive.
Theſe Motive Spirits are never fit to riſe,
And 'tis a Danger to be held ſo Wiſe.

Phi. What call you Running with the State? Shall I
Combine with thoſe that do abuſe the State?
Whoſe Want of Judgment, Wit and Honeſty,
I am aſham'd to ſee, and ſeeing hate. (were fit:

Cha. Tuſh, tuſh, my Lord, think not of what
The World is govern'd more by Form than Wit.
He that will fret at Lords, and at the Rain,
Is but a Fool, and grieves himſelf in vain.
Cannot you Great Men ſuffer others to
Have Part in Rule, but muſt have all to do.
Now good my Lord conform you to the reſt,
Let not your Wings be greater than your Neſt.

Phi. Solus. See how theſe vain Diſcourſive Book-men talk,
Out of thoſe Shadows of their airy Powers,
And do not ſee how much they muſt defalk
Of their Accounts, to make them gree with ours.
They little know to what Neceſſities
Our Courſes ſtand ally'd, or how we are.

Engag'd in Reputation otherwiſe,
To be our ſelves in our Particular.
They think we can command our Hearts to lie
Out of their Place; and ſtill they preach to us
Pack-bearing Patience, that baſe Property,
And ſilly Gift of th' all-enduring Aſs.
But let them talk their Fill, it is but Wind,
I muſt ſail by the Compaſs of my Mind.

Enters a Meſſenger.

My Lord, the King calls for you, come my Lord away.

Phi. Well, then I know there's ſome new Strata-gem In Hand, to be conſulted on to Day,
That I am ſent for, with ſuch Speed, to him,
Whoſe Youth and Fortune cannot brook Delay.
But here's a Suter ſtands t' impeach my Haſte:
I would I had gone up the Privy Way,
Whereby we eſcape th' attending Multitude,
Tho' I confeſs, that in Humanity
'Tis better to deny, than to delude.

Enters Cebalinus.

My Lord *Philotas*, I am come with News
Of great Importance that concerns us all,
And well hath my good Fortune met with you,
Who beſt can hear, and beſt diſcharge my Care.

Phi. Say what it is, and prithee Friend be brief.

Ceb. The Caſe requires your Patience, good my Lord,
And therefore I muſt crave your Ear a while.

Phi. I cannot now be long from *Alexander*.

Ceb. Nor *Alexander* will be long with us,
Unleſs you hear: and therefore, know the News
I bring, concerns his Life; and this it is:
There is one *Dymnus* here within the Camp,
Whoſe low Eſtate, and high Affections,
Seem to have thruſt him int' outrageous Ways.
This Man affecting one *Nichomacus*,
A Youth, my Brother, whom one Day h' allures
Int' a Temple, where being both alone,
He breaks out in this Sort: *Nichomacus*,
Sweet lovely Youth; ah, ſhould I not impart
To thee the deepeſt Secrets of my Heart; My

My Heart that hath no Lock ſhut againſt thee,
Would let it out ſometimes un'wares of me;
But as it iſſues from my faithful Love,
So cloſe it up in thine, and keep it faſt.
Swear to be ſecret, dear *Nichomacus*,
Swear by the Sacred Godhead of this Place,
To keep my Counſel, and I will reveal
A Matter of the greateſt Conſequence
That ever Man imparted to his Friend.
Youth and Deſire, drawn with a Love to know,
Swore to be ſecret, and to keep it cloſe.
Then *Dymnus* tells him, that within three Days
There ſhould b' effected a Conſpiracy
On *Alexander*'s Perſon, by his Means
And divers more of the Nobility,
To free their Labours, and redeem them home.
Which when *Nichomacus* my Brother heard:
Is this your Tale, ſaith he? O God forbid
Mine Oath ſhould tie my Tongue to keep in this
This ugly Sin of Treaſon! which to tell
Mine Oath compels me; Faith againſt my Faith
Muſt not be kept: My Falſhood here is Truth,
And I muſt tell. Friend or Friend not, I'll tell.
Dymnus amaz'd, hearing beyond Conceit
The ſelf-will'd Youth vow to reveal their Plot,
Stands ſtaring on him, drawing back his Breath,
Or elſe his Breath confounded with his Thoughts,
Buſy'd with Death and Horror, could not work,
Not having Leiſure now to think what was,
But what would be, his Fears were run before,
And at Misfortune e'er ſhe came to him.
At length yet, when his Reaſon had reduc'd
His flying Thoughts back to ſome certain Stand,
Perceiving yet ſome Diſtance was betwixt
Death and his Fears, which gave him Time to work,
With his returning Spirits, he drew his Sword,
Puts it t' his own, then to my Brother's Throat,
Then lays it down, then wrings his Hands, then kneels,
Then ſtedfaſt looks, then takes him in his Arms,

Weeps

Weeps on his Neck, no Word, but O wilt thou?
Wilt thou, be the Deſtruction of us all?
And finding no Relenting in the Youth,
His Miſeries grew furious, and again
He takes his Sword, and ſwears to ſacrifice
To Silence and their Cauſe his deareſt Blood.
The Boy amaz'd, ſeeing no other Way,
Was fain to vow and promiſe Secrecy:
And as if won t' allow and take that Part,
Prays him to tell, who were his Complices.
Which, tho' perplex'd with Grief for what was done,
Yet thinking now t' have gain'd him to his Side,
Dymnus replies: No worſe than *Loceus*,
Demetrius of the Privy Chamber, and
Nicanor, *Amyntas* and *Archelopis*,
Drocenus, *Aphebetus*, *Leuculaus*,
Shall be th' Aſſociates of *Nichomacus*.
This when my Brother once had underſtood,
And after much ado had got away,
He comes and tells me all the whole Diſcourſe,
Which here I have related unto you,
And here will I attend t' avouch the ſame,
Or bring my Brother to confirm as much,
Whom now I left behind, leſt the Conſpirators
Seeing him here unuſing to this Place,
Suſpecting t' b' appeach'd, might ſhift away.

Phi. Well Fellow, I have heard thy ſtrange Report,
And will find Time to acquaint the King therewith.

SCENE II.

Antigona, *Thais*.

Ant. What can a free Eſtate afford me more
Than my incapriv'd Fortune doth allow?
Was I belov'd, enrich'd, and grac'd before?
Am I not lov'd, enrich'd, and graced now?

Tha. Yea, but before thou wert a King's Delight.

Ant. I might be his, altho' he was not mine.

Tha.

Tha. His Greatneſs made thee greater in Mens Sight.

Ant. More great perhaps without, but not within:
My Love was then above me: I am now
Above my Love. *Darius* then had Thouſands more:
Philotas hath but me as I do know,
Nor none elſe will he have, and ſo he ſwore.

Tha. Nay, then you may believe him, if he ſwore.
Alas! poor Soul, ſhe never came to know
Nor Liberty, nor Lovers Perjuries.

Ant. Stand I not better with a meaner Love,
That is alone to me, than with theſe Powers,
Who out of all Proportion muſt b' above
And have us theirs, but they will not be ours.
And *Thais*, altho' thou be a *Grecian*,
And I a *Perſian*, do not envy me,
That I embrace the only gallant Man,
Perſia, or *Greece*, or all the World can ſee.
Thou, who art entertain'd and grac'd by all
The Flower of Honour elſe, do not deſpiſe,
That unto me, poor Captive, ſhould befal
So great a Grace in ſuch a Worthy's Eyes.

Tha. Antigona, I envy not thy Love,
But think thee bleſs'd to enjoy him in that Sort.
But tell me truly, did'ſt thou ever prove
Whether he lov'd in Earneſt, or in Sport?

Ant. Thais, let m' a little glory in my Grace,
Out of the Paſſion of the Joy I feel,
And tell thee a Secret, but in any Caſe,
As y' are a Woman, do not it reveal:
One Day, as I was ſitting all alone,
In comes *Philotas*, from a Victory,
All Blood and Duſt, yet jolly, having won
The Glory of the Day moſt gallantly:
And warm'd with Honour of his good Succeſs,
Relates to me the Dangers he was in:
Whereat I wond'ring, blam'd his Forwardneſs.
Faith Wench, ſays he, thus muſt we fight, toil, win,
To make that Young Man proud; Thus is he born
Upon the Wings of our Deſerts; our Blood

Sets

Sets him above himſelf, and makes him ſcorn
His own, his Country, and the Authors of his Good.
My Father was the firſt that out from *Greece*
Shew'd him the Way of *Aſia*, ſet him on,
And by his Project rais'd the greateſt Piece
Of this proud Work, which now he treads upon.
Parmenio without *Alexander* much hath wrought,
Without *Parmenio*, *Alexander* hath done nought.
But let him uſe his Fortune whilſt he may,
Times have their Change, we muſt not ſtill be led.
And ſweet *Antigona*, thou may'ſt one Day
Yet bleſs the Hour t' have known *Philotas'* Bed;
Wherewith he ſweetly kiſs'd me. And now deem,
If that ſo great, ſo wiſe, ſo rare a Man
Would, if he held me not in dear Eſteem,
Have uttered this t' a Captive *Perſian*.
But *Thais*, I may no longer ſtay, for fear
My Lord return, and find me not within,
Whoſe Eyes yet never ſaw me any where
But in his Chamber, where I ſhould have been;
And therefore *Thais* farewel.

Tha. Farewel *Antigona*.
Now have I that, which I deſired long,
Laid in my Lap by this fond Woman here,
And Means t' avenge me of a ſecret Wrong
That doth concern my Reputation near.
This gallant Man, whom this Fool in this wiſe
Vaunts to be hers, I muſt confeſs t' have lov'd,
And us'd all th' Engines of theſe conquering Eyes,
Affections in his high-built Heart t' have mov'd,
Yet never could: For what my Labour ſeeks
I ſee is loſt upon vain Ignorance,
Whilſt he that is the Glory of the *Greeks*,
Virtue's Upholder, Honour's Countenance,
Out of this Garniſh of his worthy Parts
Is fall'n upon this fooliſh *Perſian*,
To whom his Secrets gravely he imparts,
Which ſhe as wiſely keep, and govern can.
'Tis ſtrange to ſee the Humour of theſe Men,
Theſe great aſpiring Spirits, that ſhould be wiſe,

We

We Women ſhall know all: For now and then,
Out of the Humour of theſe Jollities,
The Smoak of their Ambition muſt have Vent,
And out it comes, what Racks ſhould not reveal:
For this their Humour hath ſo much of Wind,
That it will burſt it ſelf if too cloſe pent;
And none more fit than us, their Wiſdoms find,
Who will for Love or want of Wit conceal.
For being the Nature of great Spirits, to love
To be where they may be moſt eminent;
And rating of themſelves ſo far above
Us in Conceit, with whom they do frequent,
Imagine how we wonder and eſteem
All that they do or ſay; which makes them ſtrive
To make our Admiration more extreme:
Which they ſuppoſe they cannot, leſs they give
Notice of their extreme and higheſt Thoughts:
And then the Opinion, that we love them too,
Begets a Confidence of Secrecy;
Whereby whatever they intend to do,
We ſhall be ſure to know it preſently.
But faith, I ſcorn that ſuch a One as ſhe,
A ſilly-witted Wench, ſhould have this Grace
To be prefer'd and honour'd before me,
Having but only Beauty, and a Face.
I that was ever courted by the great
And gallant'ſt Peers and Princes of the *Eaſt*,
Whom *Alexander* in the greateſt State
The Earth did ever ſee him, made his Gueſt.
There where this Tongue obtained for her Merit
Eternity of Fame: There where theſe Hands
Did write in Fire, the Glory of my Spirit,
And ſet a Trophy that for ever ſtands.
Thais' Action with the *Grecian* Acts ſhall be
Inregiſtred alike. *Thais*, ſhe that fir'd
The ſtatelieſt Palace th' Earth did ever ſee,
Darius Houſe, that to the Clouds aſpir'd,
She is put back behind *Antigona*.
But ſoon *Philotas* ſhall his Error ſee,
Who thinks that Beauty beſt Mens Paſſions fits,

For

For that they uſe our Bodies, not our Wits:
And unto *Craterus* will I preſently,
And him acquaint with all this whole Diſcourſe,
Who, I am ſure, will take it well of us:
For theſe great Minions, who with envious Eye
Look on each others Greatneſs, will be glad
In ſuch a Caſe of this Importancy,
To have th' Advantage that may here be had.

CHORUS.

We as the Chorus of the Vulgar, ſtand
Spectators here, to ſee theſe Great Men play
Their Parts both of Obedience and Command;
And cenſure all they do, and all they ſay.
For tho' we be eſteem'd but ignorant,
Yet are we capable of Truth, and know
Where they do well, and where their Actions want
The Grace that makes them prove the beſt in Show,
And tho' we know not what they do within,
Where they attire their Myſteries of State:
Yet know we by th' Events what Plots have been,
And how they all without do perſonate.
We ſee who well a meaner Part became,
Fait in a greater and diſgrace the ſame.
We ſee ſome worthy of Advancement deem'd,
Save when they have it: Some again have got
Good Reputation, and been well eſteem'd
In Place of Greatneſs, which before were not.
We ſee Affliction ach a better Scene,
Than proſperous Fortune, which hath marr'd it clean;
We ſee that all which we have prais'd in ſome,
Have only been their Fortune, not Deſert:
Some War have grac'd, whom Peace doth ill become,
And luſtful Eaſe hath blemiſh'd all their Part.
We ſee Philotas *acts his Goodneſs ill,*
And makes his Paſſions to report of him.

Worſe

Worſe than he is: and we do fear he will
Bring his free Nature to b' intrap'd by them.
For ſure there is ſome Engine cloſely laid
Againſt his Grace and Greatneſs with the King:
And that unleſs his Humours prove more ſtay'd,
We ſoon ſhall ſee his utter Ruining.
And his Affliction our Compaſſion draws,
Which ſtill looks on Mens Fortunes, not the Cauſe.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Alexander, Epheſtion, Craterus.

Alex. *Epheſtion*, thou doſt *Alexander* love,
Craterus, thou the King; yet both you meet
In one ſelf Point of Loyalty and Love,
And both I find like careful, like diſcreet;
Therefore my faithfull'ſt Counſellors, to you
I muſt a weighty Accident impart,
Which lies ſo heavy, as I tell you true,
I find the Burden much t' oppreſs my Heart.
Ingratitude and ſtubborn Carriage,
In one of whom my Love deſerv'd Reſpect,
Is that which moves my Paſſion into Rage,
And is a thing I ought not to neglect.
You ſee how I *Philotas* raiſed have
Above his Rank, his Peers, beyond his Term;
You ſee the Place, the Offices I gave,
As th' Earneſt of my Love, to bind him firm:
But all he deeming rather his Deſerts,
Than the Effects of my Grace any Way,
Begins to play moſt peremptory Parts,
As fitter to controul than to obey.
And I have been inform'd, he foſters too
The Faction of that home-bent Cowardize,
That would run back from Glory, and undo
All the whole Wonder of our Enterprize;
And one Day to our ſelf preſumes to write,
(Seeming our Stile and Title to upbraid,
Which th' Oracles themſelves held requiſite,
And which not I, but Men on me have laid)
And ſaid he pitied thoſe who under him ſhould live,
Who held himſelf the Son of *Jupiter*. Alas!

Alas! good Man, as tho' what Breath could give
Could make mine own Thoughts other than they are!
I that am Arbitrer betwixt my Heart
And their Opinion, know how it ſtands within,
And find that my Infirmities take Part
Of that ſame Frailty other Men live in.
And yet, what if I were diſpos'd to wink,
At th' entertain'd Opinion ſpread ſo far,
And rather was content the World ſhould think
Us other than we are, than what we are.
In doing which, I know I am not gone
Beyond Example, ſeeing that Majeſty
Needs all the Props of Admiration
That may be got, to bear it up on high;
And much more mine, which but ev'n now begun
By Miracles of Fortune, and our Worth,
Needs all the Complements to reſt upon,
That Rev'rence and Opinion can bring forth.
Which this wiſe Man conceives not, and yet takes
Upon him to inſtruct us what to do.
But theſe are but the Flouriſhes he makes
Of greater Malice he is bent unto:
For ſure, methinks, I view within his Face
The Map of Change and Invocation:
I ſee his Pride contented with no Place,
Unleſs it be the Throne I ſit upon.

Eph. Had I not heard this from your ſacred Tongue,
Dear Sovereign, I would never have believed
Philotas' Folly would have done that Wrong,
To his own Worth, and th' Honours he receiv'd:
And yet, methought, of late, his Carriage
In ſuch exceeding Pomp and Gallantry,
And ſuch a World of Followers, did preſage
That he affected Popularity;
Eſpecially, ſince for his Service done
He was adjudg'd to have the ſecond Place
In Honour with *Antigonus*: which won
To ſome th' Opinion to be high in Grace;
Then his laſt Action, leading the right Wing,
And th' Overthrow he gave, might hap enlarge

Th'

Th' Opinion of himſelf, conſidering
Th' eſpecial Grace and Honour of his Charge;
Whereby, perhaps, in rating his own Worth,
His Pride might undervalue that great Grace
From whence it grew, and that which put him forth,
And made his Fortune ſuting to the Place.
But yet I think he is not ſo unwiſe,
Altho' his Fortune, Youth, and Jollity
Makes him thus mad, as he will enterprize
Ought againſt Courſe, his Faith, and Loyalty:
And therefore, if your Grace did but withdraw
Thoſe Beams of Favour, which do daze his Wits,
He would be ſoon reduc'd t' his Rank of Awe,
And know himſelf, and bare him as befits.

Alex. Withdraw our Grace, and how can that be
Without ſome Sullivation to enſue! (done,
Can he ſafe brought in, being ſo far gone?
I hold it not. Say *Craterus*, What think you?

Cra. Sovereign, I know the Man: I find his Spi-
And Malice ſhall not make me (I proteſt) (rit;
Speak other than I know his Pride doth merit:
And what I ſpeak, is for your Intereſt,
Which long e'er this I would have uttered,
But that I fear'd your Majeſty would take,
That from ſome private Grudge it rather bred,
Than out of Care for your dear Siſter's ſake;
Or rather, that I ſought to croſs your Grace,
Or to confine your Favour within Bounds:
And finding him to hold ſo high a Place
In that divine Conceit which ours confounds,
I thought the ſafeſt Way to let it reſt,
In hope, that Time ſome Paſſage open would,
To let in thoſe clear Looks into that Breaſt,
That doth but Malice and Confuſion hold.
And now I ſee you have diſcern'd the Man
Whom (I proteſt) I hold moſt dangerous,
And that you ought, with all the Speed you can,
Work to repreſs a Spirit ſo mutinous:
For ev'n already he is ſwoll'n ſo high,
That his Affections overflow the Brim

Of

Of his own Pow'rs, not able to deny
Paſſage unto the Thoughts that govern him:
For but ev'n now I heard a ſtrange Report,
Of Speeches he ſhould uſe t' his Curtezan,
Vaunting what he had done, and in what ſort
He labour'd to advance that proud Young Man,
(So terming of your ſacred Majeſty)
With other ſuch extravagant Diſcourſe,
Whereof we ſhall attain more Certainty
(I doubt not) ſhortly, and diſcry his Courſe.
Mean while, about your Perſon (I adviſe)
Your Grace ſhould call a more ſufficient Guard,
And on his Actions ſet ſuch wary Eyes,
As may thereof take ſpecial good Regard;
And note what Perſons chiefly he frequents,
And who to him have the moſt free Acceſs,
How he beſtows his Time, where he preſents
The large Revenue of his Bounteouſneſs.
And for his Wench that lies betwixt his Arms,
And knows his Heart, I will about with her,
She ſhall be wrought t' apply her uſual Charms,
And I will make her my Diſcoverer.

Alex. This Counſel (*Craterus*) we do well allow,
And give thee many Thanks for thy great Care:
But yet we muſt bare fair, leſt he ſhould know
That we ſuſpect what his Affections are:
For that you ſee he holds a Side of Pow'r,
Which might perhaps call up ſome Mutiny.
His Father, old *Parmenio*, at this Hour
Rules *Medea* with no leſſer Pow'rs than I;
Himſelf, you ſee, gallantly followed,
Holds next to us a ſpecial Government;
Cænus, that with his Siſter married,
Hath under him again Commandement;
Amentas and *Symanus*, his dear Friends,
With both their honourable Offices;
And then the private Train that on them tends,
With all particular Dependances,
Are Motives to adviſe us how to deal. (of Smoak

Crat. Your Grace ſays true, but yet theſe Clouds
Vaniſh before the Sun of that Reſpect Where-

Whereon Mens long inur'd Affections look
With such a Native Zeal, and so affect,
As that the vain and shallow Practices
Of no such giddy Traitor (if the Thing
Be took in Time, with due Advisedness)
Shall the least Shew of any fearing bring.

Alex. Well, then to thee (dear *Craterus*) I refer
Th' especial Care of this great Business.

SCENE II.

Philotas, Ceballinus, Servus.

Ceb. My Lord, I here have long Attendance made,
Expecting to be call'd t' avouch my News.

Phi. In troth (my Friend) I have not found the King
At any Leisure yet to hear the same.

Ceb. No, not at Leisure to prevent his Death!
And is the Matter of no more Import?
I'll try another. Yet methinks such Men
As are the Eyes and Ears of Princes, should
Not weigh so light such an Intelligence. [*Exit.*

Ser. My Lord, the Sum you willed me to give
The Captain that did visit you to Day,
To tell you plain, your Coffers yield it not.

Phi. How? if they yield it not, have I not then
Apparel, Plate, Jewels? Why sell them,
And go your Way, dispatch and give it him.*

Philotas Solus.

Methinks I find the King much chang'd of late,
And unto me his Graces not so great:
Altho' they seem in Shew all of one Rate,
Yet by the Touch, I find them Counterfeit:
For when I speak, altho' I have his Ear,
Yet do I see his Mind is other where:

* Plutarch *in the Life of* Alexander.

And

And when he ſpeaks to me, I ſee he ſtrives
To give a Colour unto what is not:
For he muſt think that we, whoſe States, whoſe Lives
Depend upon his Grace, learn not by rote
T' obſerve his Actions, and to know his Trim.
And tho' indeed Princes be manifold,
Yet have they ſtill ſuch Eyes to wait on them,
As are too piercing, that they can behold
And penetrate the Inwards of the Heart;
That no Deviee can ſet ſo cloſe a Door
Betwixt their Shew and Thoughts, but that their Art
Of ſhadowing it, makes it appear the more.
But many, malicing my State of Grace,
I know now work, with all the Power they have,
Upon that eaſy Nature, to diſplace
My Fortunes, and my Actions to deprave.
And though I know they ſeek t' incloſe him in,
And fain would lock him up and chamber him,
Yet will I never ſtoop and ſeek to win
My Way by them, that came not in by them;
And ſcorn to ſtand on any other Feet
Than theſe of mine own Worth; and what my plain
And open Actions cannot fairly get,
Baſeneſs and ſmoothing them ſhall never gain.
And yet, I know, my Preſence and Acceſs
Clears all theſe Miſts which they have rais'd before,
Though, with my Back, ſtrait turns that Happineſs,
And they again blow up as much or more.
Thus do we roll the Stone of our own Toil,
And Men ſuppoſe our Hell, a Heaven the while.

SCENE III.

Craterus, Antigona.

Crat. *Antigona*, there is no Remedy,
You needs muſt juſtify the Speech you held
With *Thais*, who will your Conference verify,
And therefore now it cannot be conceal'd.

Ant.

Ant. O, my good Lord, I pray you urge me not:
Thais, only of a cunning envious Wit,
Scorning a Stranger ſhould have ſuch a Lot,
Hath out of her Invention forged it.

Crat. Why then, ſhall Racks and Tortures force thee ſhow
Both this and other Matters which we know.
Think therefore, if 'twere not a wiſer Part
T' accept of Reſt, Rewards, Preferment, Grace,
And being perhaps ſo beauteous as thou art,
Of fair Election for a nearer Place,
To tell the Truth, than to be obſtinate,
And fall with the Misfortune of a Man,
Who, in his dangerous and concuſſed State,
No Good to thee, but Ruin render can?
Reſolve thee of this Choice, and let me know
Thy Mind at full, at my returning back. [*Ex. Crat.*

Ant. What ſhall I do, ſhall I betray my Love,
Or die diſgrac'd? What, do I make a Doubt!
Betray my Love! O heavenly Pow'rs above
Forbid that ſuch a Thought ſhou'd iſſue out
Of this confuſed Breaſt: Nay, rather firſt
Let Tortures, Death and Horror do their worſt.
But out, alas! this inconſiderate Tongue,
Without my Heart's Conſent and Privity,
Hath done already this unwilling Wrong,
And now it is no Wiſdom to deny.
No Wiſdom to deny! Yes, yes, that Tongue
That thus hath been the Traitor to my Heart,
Shall either pow'rfully redeem that Wrong,
Or never more ſhall Words of Breath impart.
Yet, what can my Denial profit him,
Whom they, perhaps, whether I tell or not,
Are purpos'd, upon Matters known to them,
To ruinate on ſome diſcover'd Plot?
Let them do what they will: Let not thy Heart
Seem to be Acceſſary in a Thought,
To give the leaſt Advantage of thy Part,
To have a Part of Shame in what is wrought.

O this were well, if that my Dangers could
Redeem his Peril, and his Grace reſtore;
For which, I vow, my Life I render would,
If this poor Life could ſatisfy therefore.
But 'tis not for thy Honour to forſake
Thy Love for Death, that lov'd thee in this ſort.
Alas! What Notice will the World take
Of ſuch Reſpects, in Women of my ſort?
This Act may yet put on ſo fair a Coat
Upon my ſoul Profeſſion, as it may
Not bluſh t' appear with thoſe of cleaneſt Note,
And have as high a Place with Fame as they.
What do I talk of Fame? Do I not ſee
This Faction of my Fleſh, my Fears, my Youth,
Already entered; and have bent at me
The Joys of Life, to batter down my Truth?
O my ſubdued Thoughts! what have you done,
To let in Fear, Falſhood to my Heart?
Whom tho' they have ſurpriz'd, they have not won;
For ſtill my Love ſhall hold the deareſt Part.

Crat. Antigona, What, are you yet reſolv'd?

Ant. Reſolv'd, my Lord! t' endure all Miſery.

Crat. And ſo be ſure you ſhall, if that b' your Choice.

Ant. What will you have me do, my Lord, I am Content to ſay what you will have me ſay.

Crat. Then come, go with me to *Alexander*.

[*Exeunt.*

CHORUS.

How doſt thou wear, and wrary out thy Days,
Reſtleſs Ambition, never at an end!
Whoſe Travels no Herculean *Pillar ſtays,*
But ſtill beyond thy Reſt thy Labours tend,
Above good Fortune thou thy Hopes doſt raiſe,
Still climbing, and yet never canſt aſcend:
For when thou haſt attain'd unto the Top
Of thy Deſires, thou haſt not yet got up.
That Height of Fortune either is controul'd
By ſome more pow'rful overlooking Eye,
(That doth the Fulneſs of thy Grace with-hold)
Or countercheck'd with ſome Concurrency,
That it doth coſt far more ado to hold
The Height attain'd, than was to get ſo high,
Where ſtand thou canſt not, but with careful Toil,
Nor looſe thy Hold without thy utter Spoil.
There doſt thou ſtruggle with thine own Diſtruſt,
And others Jealouſies their counterplot,
Againſt ſome underworking Pride, that muſt
Supplanted be, or elſe thou ſtandeſt not;
There Wrong is plaid with Wrong, and he that thruſts
Down others, comes himſelf to have that Lot.
The ſame Concurſion doth afflict his Breaſt
That others ſhook, Oppreſſion is oppreſs'd.
That either Happineſs dwells not ſo high,
Or elſe above, whereto Pride cannot riſe:
And that the high'ſt of Man's Felicity,
But in the Region of Affliction lies:

And

And that we climb but up to Misery.
High Fortunes are but high Calamities.
It is not in that Sphere where Peace doth move;
Rest dwells below it, Happiness above.
For in this Height of Fortune are imbred
Those thund'ring Fragors that affright the Earth:
From thence have all Distemp'ratures their Head,
That brings forth Desolation, Famine, Dearth:
There certain Order is disordered,
And there it is Confusion hath her Birth.
It is that Height of Fortune doth undo
Both her own Quietness and others too.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Alexander, Metron, Ceballinus, Craterus, Perdicas, Ephestion.

Alex. COme, *Metron* say, of whom hast thou receiv'd
Th' Intelligence of this Conspiracy,
Contriv'd against our Person, as thou say'st,
By *Dymnus* and some others of the Camp?
Is't not some vain Report, born without Cause,
That Envy or Imagination draws
From private Ends, to breed a publick Fear,
T' amuse the World with Things that never were?
Met. Here, may it please your Highness, is the Man,
One *Ceballinus*, that brought me the News.
Ceb. O, *Alexander!* I have sav'd thy Life!
I am the Man that have reveal'd their Plot.
Alex. And how cam'st thou to be inform'd thereof?
Ceb. By mine own Brother, one *Nicbamacus*,
Whom *Dymnus*, Chief of the Conspirators,
Acquainted with the whole of their Intents.
Alex. How long since is it, this was told to thee?
Ceb. About some three Days since, my Sov'reign Lord.
Alex. What, three Days since! and hast thou so long kept
The Thing conceal'd from us, being of that Weight?
Guard, take and lay him presently in Hold.
Ceb. O, may it please your Grace, I did not keep
The Thing conceal'd one Hour, but presently
Ran to acquaint *Philotas* therewithal,
Supposing him a Man, so near in Place,
Would best respect a Case that touch'd so near;
And on him have I waited these two Days,
Expecting t' have been brought unto your Grace;

And

And seeing him weigh it light, pretending that
Your Grace's Leisure serv'd not fit to hear,
I to the Master of your Armory
Address'd my self forthwith. to *Metron* here,
Who, without making any more Delay,
Pres's'd in unto your Grace, being in your Bath,
Locking me up the while in th' Armory,
And all what I could shew revealed hath.

Alex. If this be so then, Fellow, I confess,
Thy loyal Care of us was more than theirs,
Who had more Reason, theirs should have been more.
Cause *Dymnus* to be presently brought forth:
And call *Philotas* strait; who, now I see,
Hath not deceiv'd me, in deceiving me.
Who would have thought one, whom I held so near,
Would from my Safety have been so far off,
When most it should and ought t' import his Care,
And wherein his Allegiance might make Proof
Of those Effects my Favours had deserv'd.
And ought t' have claim'd more Duty at his Hands
Than any of the rest? But thus we're serv'd,
When private Grace out of Proportion stands,
And that we call up Men from off below,
From th' Element of baser Property,
And set them where they may behold and know
The Way of Might, and Work of Majesty;
Where seeing those Rays, which being sent far off,
Reflect a Heat of Wonder and Respect,
To fail near Hand, and not to shew that Proof,
(The Object only working that Effect)
Think (seeing themselves, tho' by our Favour, set
Within the self-same Orb of Rule with us)
Their Light would shine alone, if ours were set;
And so presume t' obscure or shadow us.
But he shall know, altho' his Nearness hath
Not felt our Heat, that we can burn him too;
And Grace that shines, can kindle unto Wrath;
And *Alexander* and the King are Two.
But here they bring us *Dymnus*, in whose Face
I see is Guilt, Despair, Horror, and Death.

Guar. Yea, Death indeed! for e'er he cou'd b' at-
He ſtabb'd himſelf ſo deadly to the Heart, (tack'd,
As 'tis impoſſible that he ſhould live.

Alex. Say *Dymnus*, what have I deſerv'd of thee,
That thou ſhould'ſt think, worthier to be thy King,
Philotas, than our ſelf? Hold, hold, he ſinks;
Guard, keep him up, get him to anſwer us.

Guar. He hath ſpoke his laſt, he'll never anſwer more.

Alex. Sorry I am for that, for now hath Death
Shut us clean out from knowing him within,
And lock'd up in his Breaſt all th' others Hearts.
But yet this Deed argues the Truth in groſs,
Tho' we be barr'd it in particular.
Philotas, are you come? Look here, this Man,
This *Ceballinus* ſhould have ſuffer'd Death,
Could it but have been prov'd he had conceal'd
Th' intended Treaſon from us theſe two Days;
Wherewith (he ſays) he ſtrait acquainted thee.
Think, the more near thou art about our ſelf,
The greater is the Shame of thine Offence:
And which had been leſs foul in him than thee.

Phi. Renowned Prince, for that my Heart is clear,
Amazement cannot overcaſt my Face,
And I muſt boldly, with th' aſſured Chear
Of my unguilty Conſcience, tell your Grace,
That this Offence (thus happening) was not made
By any the leaſt Thought of Ill in me;
And that the keeping of it unbewray'd,
Was, that I held the Rumour vain to be,
Conſidering ſome, who were accus'd, were known
Your ancient and moſt loyal Servitors,
And ſuch, as rather would let out their own
Heart's Blood, I know, than once endanger yours.
And for me then, upon no certain Note,
But on the Brabble of two wanton Youths,
T' have told an idle Tale, that would have wrought
In you Diſtruſt, and Wrong to others Truths,
And to no End, but only to have made
My ſelf a Scorn, and odious unto all,

(For

(For which I rather took the Bait was laid,
Than elſe for any Treachery at all)
I muſt confeſs, I thought the ſafeſt Way
To ſmother it a while, to th' End I might,
If ſuch a thing could be, ſome Proofs bewray,
That might yield Probability of Right;
I roteſting that mine own unſpotted Thought
A like Belief of others Truth did breed,
Judging no impious Wretch could have been wrought
T' imagine ſuch a deteſtable Deed.
And therefore, O dread Sovereign, do not weigh
Philotas Faith by this his Overſight,
But by his Actions paſt, and only lay
Error t' his Charge, not Malice nor Deſpite.
Alex. Well, lo, thou haſt a favourable Judge,
When, tho' thou haſt not Pow'r to clear thy Blame,
Yet hath he Pow'r to pardon thee the ſame;
Which take not as thy Right, but as his Grace,
Since here the Perſon alters not the Caſe.
And here, *Philotas*, I forgive th' Offence,
And to confirm the ſame, lo, here's my Hand.
Phi. O ſacred Hand, the Witneſs of my Life!
By thee I hold my Safety as ſecure
As is my Conſcience free from Treachery.
Alex. Well, go t' your Charge, and look to our Affairs,
For we to Morrow purpoſe to remove. [*Exit.*
Alex. In troth, I know not what to judge herein,
Methinks that Man ſeems ſurely clear in this,
However otherwiſe his Hopes have been
Tranſported by his Unadviſedneſs:
It cannot be, a guilty Conſcience ſhould
Put on ſo ſure a Brow; or elſe by Art
His Looks ſtand neutral, ſeeming not to hold
Reſpondency of Int'reſt with his Heart.
Sure, for my Part, he hath diſſolv'd the Knot
Of my Suſpicion, with ſo clear a Hand,
As that I think in this (whatever Plot
Of Miſchief it may be) he hath no Hand.

Crat. My Lord, the greater Confidence he ſhews,
Who is ſuſpected, ſhould be fear'd the more:
For Danger from weak Natures never grows;
Who muſt diſturb the World, are built therefore.
He more is to be fear'd, that nothing fears,
And Malice moſt effects, that leaſt appears.
Preſumption of Mens Pow'rs as well may breed
Aſſuredneſs, as Innocency may;
And Miſchief ſeldom but by Truſt doth ſpeed,
Who Kings betray, firſt their Belief betray.
I would your Grace had firſt conferr'd with us,
Since you would need ſuch Clemency have ſhown,
That we might yet have advis'd you thus,
That he his Danger never might have known.
In Faults wherein an After-ſhame will live,
'Tis better to conceal, than to forgive:
For who are brought unto the Block of Death,
Think rather on the Peril they have paſs'd,
Than on the Grace which hath preſerv'd their Breath,
And more their Sufferings than their Mercy taſte:
He now to plot your Danger ſtill may live,
But you his Guilt not always to forgive.
Know, that a Man ſo ſwoll'n with Diſcontent,
No Grace can cure, nor Pardon can reſtore;
He knows how thoſe who once hath Mercy ſpent,
Can never hope to have it any more.
But ſay, that through Remorſe he calmer prove,
Will great *Parmenio*, ſo attended on
With that brave Army, foſtred in his Love,
Be thankful for this Grace you do his Son?
Some Benefits are odious, ſo is this,
Where Men are ſtill aſhamed to confeſs
To have ſo done, as to deſerve to die;
And ever to deſire, that Men ſhould gueſs
They rather had receiv'd an Injury
Than Life; ſince Life they know in ſuch a Caſe
May be reſtor'd to all, but not to Grace.
Perd. And for my Part, my Liege, I hold this Mind,
That ſure he would not have ſo much ſuppreſs'd
The Notice of a Treaſon in that kind,
Unleſs he were a Party with the reſt.

Can

Can it be thought that great *Parmenio*'s Son,
The general Commander of the Horſe,
The Minion of the Camp, the only one
Of ſecret Counſel, and of free Recourſe,
Should not in three Days Space have found the King
At Leiſure t' hear three Words of that import;
Whilſt he himſelf in idle laviſhing
Did Thouſands ſpend t' advance his own Report?

Crat. And if he gave no Credit to the Youth,
Why did he two Days Space delay him then,
As if he had believ'd it for a Truth,
To hinder his Addreſs to other Men?
If he had held it but a vain Conceit,
I pray why had he not diſmiſs'd him ſtrait?
Men in their private Dangers may be ſtout,
But in th' Occaſions and the Fears of Kings,
We ought not be incredulous, nor doubt
The Intimation of the vaineſt Things.

Alex. Well, howſoever, we will yet this Night
Diſport and Banquet in unuſal wiſe,
That it may ſeem we weigh this Practice light,
However heavy here within it lies.
Kings may not know Diſtruſt, and tho' they fear,
They muſt not take Acquaintance of their Fear.

SCENE II.

Antigona, Thais.

Ant. O y'are a ſecret Counſel-keeper, *Thais*:
In troth I little thought you ſuch a one.

Tha. And why, *Antigona*, What have I done?

Ant. You know full well, your Conſcience you bewrays.

Tha. Alas, good Soul! would you have me conceal
That, which your ſelf could not but needs reveal?

Think you, another can be more to you,
In what concerns them not, than you can be
Whom it imports? Will others hold them true,
When you prove falſe to your own Secreſy?
But yet this is no Wonder; for we ſee
Wiſer than we do lay their Heads to gage
For riotous Expences of their Tongues,
Altho' it be a Property belongs
Eſpecially to us, and every Age
Can ſhew ſtrange Precedents what we have been
In Caſes of the greateſt Plots of Men;
And 'tis the Scene on this World's Stage we play,
Whoſe Revolution we with Men convert,
And are to act our Part as well as they,
Tho' commonly the weakeſt, yet a Part.
For this great Motion of a State we ſee
Doth turn on many Wheels, and ſome (tho' ſmall)
Do yet the greater move, who in degree
Stir thoſe who likewiſe turn the great'ſt of all.
For tho' we are not wiſe, we ſee the Wiſe
By us are made, or make us Parties ſtill
In Actions of the greateſt Qualities
That they can manage, be they good or ill.
Ant. I cannot tell; but you have made me do
That which muſt evermore afflict my Heart.
And if this be my woeful Part t' undo
My deareſt Love, would I had had no Part.
How have I ſilly Woman ſifted been,
Examin'd, try'd, flatter'd, terrify'd,
By *Craterus*, the cunningeſt of Men,
That never left me till he had diſcry'd
Whatever of *Philotas* I had known.
Tha. What, is that all? Perhaps I have thereby
Done thee more good than thou can'ſt apprehend.
Ant. Such Good I rather you ſhould get than I;
If that can be a Good, t' accuſe my Friend.
Tha. Alas! thy Accuſation did but quote
The Margin of ſome Text of greater Note.
Ant. But that is more than thou or I can tell.
Tha. Yes, yes, *Antigona*, I know it well.

For

For be thou ſure, that always thoſe who ſeek
T' attack the Lyon, ſo provide, that ſtill
Their Toils are ſuch, as that he ſhall not 'ſcape
To turn his Rage on thoſe that wrought his Ill.
Philotas neither was ſo ſtrong nor high,
But Malice overlook'd him, and diſcry'd
Where he lay weak, where was his Vanity,
And built her Counter-mounts upon that ſide,
In ſuch ſort, as they would be ſure to raze
His Fortunes with the Engines of Diſgrace.
And now may'ſt thou, perhaps, come great hereby,
And gracious with his greateſt Enemy:
For ſuch Men think, they have no full Succeſs,
Unleſs they likewiſe gain the Miſtreſſes
Of thoſe they maſter, and ſucceed the Place
And Fortunes of their Loves with equal Grace.

Ant. Loves! out alas! love ſuch a one as he,
That ſeeks t' undo my Love, and in him me?

Tha. Tuſh, love his Fortunes, love his State, his Place,
Whatever Greatneſs doth, it muſt have Grace.

Ant. I weigh not Greatneſs, I muſt pleaſe mine Eye.

Tha. Th' Eye nothing fairer ſees than Dignity.

Ant. But what is Dignity without our Love?

Tha. If we have that, we cannot want our Love.

Ant. Why, that gives but the Outſide of Delight:
The Day-time Joy, what Comfort hath the Night?

Tha. If Pow'r procure not that, what can it do?

Ant. I know not how that can b' attain'd unto.

Tha. Nor will I teach thee, if thou know'ſt it not:
'Tis vain, I ſee, to learn an *Aſian* Wit. [*Ex.*

Ant. If this be that great Wit, that learned Skill,
You *Greeks* profeſs, let me be fooliſh ſtill,
So I be faithful. And now, being here alone,
Let me record the heavy Notes of moan.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Craterus, Ephestion, Clitus, &c.

Crat. My Lords, you see the flexible Conceit
Of our endanger'd Sovereign; and you know
How much his Peril, and *Philotas*'s ride,
Imports the State and us; and therefore now
We either must oppose against Deceit,
Or be undone; for now hath Time descry'd
An open Passage to his fartherst Ends;
From whence, if Negligence now puts us back,
Return we never can without our Wreck.
And, good my Lords, since you conceive as much,
And that we stand alike, make not me prosecute
The Cause alone, as if it did but touch
Only my self; and that I did both breed
And urge these Doubts out of a private Grief.
Indeed, I know, I might with much more Ease
Sit still like others; and if Dangers come,
Might think to shift for one, as well as they:
But yet the Faith, the Duty and Respect
We owe both to our Sovereign and the State,
My Lords, I hold, requires another Care.

Eph. My Lord, assure you, we will take a Time
To urge a stricter 'count of *Dymnus* Death.

Crat. My Lords, I say, unless this be the Time,
You will apply your Physick after Death.
You see the King invited hath this Night
Philotas with the rest, and entertains
Him with as kind an Usage (to our Sight)
As ever; and you see the cunning Strains
Of sweet Insinuation, that are us'd
T' allure the Ear of Grace with false Reports:
So that all this will come to be excus'd
With one Remove; one Action quite transports
The King's Affections over to his Hopes,

And

And ſets him ſo beyond the due Regard
Of his own Safety, as one Enterprize
May ſerve their Turn, and may us all Surprize.
Clit. But now, ſince Things thus of themſelves break out,
We have Advantage to prevent the worſt,
And ev'ry Day will yield us more, no doubt:
For they are ſav'd, that thus are warned firſt.
Crat. So, my Lord *Clitus*, are they likewiſe warn'd
T' accelerate their Plot, being thus bewray'd.
Clit. But that they cannot now, it is too late:
For Treaſon taken e'er the Birth, doth come
Abortive, and her Womb is made her Tomb.
Crat. You do not know how far it hath put forth
The Force of Malice, nor how far is ſpread
Already the Contagion of this Ill.
Clit. Why then there may ſome one be tortured
Of thoſe whom *Ceballinus* hath reveal'd,
Whereby the reſt may be diſcovered.
Crat. That one muſt be *Philotas*, from whoſe Head
All this Corruption flows; take him, take all.
Clit. *Philotas* is not nam'd, and therefore may
Perhaps not be acquainted with this Plot.
Crat. That, his concealing of the Plot bewrays:
And if we do not caſt to find him firſt,
His Wit (be ſure) hath laid ſo good a Ground,
As he will be the laſt that will be found.
Clit. But if he be not found, then is this Caſe
We do him more, by injuring his Grace.
Crat. If that he be not found t' have dealt in this,
Yet this will force out ſome ſuch Thoughts of his,
As will undo him; for you ſeldom ſee
Such Men arraign'd, that ever quitted be.
Eph. Well, my Lord *Craterus*, we will move his Grace
(Tho' it be late) before he take his Reſt,
That ſome Courſe may be taken in this Caſe:
And God ordain, it may be for the beſt. [*Exeunt.*

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

See how these great Men cloath their private Hate
In those fair Colours of the Publick Good;
And to effect their Ends, pretend the State,
As if the State by their Affections stood:
And arm'd with Pow'r and Princes Jealousies,
Will put the least Conceit of Discontent
Into the greatest Rank of Treacheries,
That no one Action shall seem innocent:
Yea, Valour, Honour, Bounty shall be made
As Accessaries unto Ends unjust:
And e'en the Service of the State must lade
The needfull'st Undertakings with Distrust.
So that base Vileness, idle Luxury,
Seem safer far, than to do worthily.
Suspicion, full of Eyes, and full of Ears,
Doth through the Tincture of her own Conceit,
See all Things in the Colours of her Fears,
And Truth it self must look like to Deceit,
That what Way ever the Suspected take,
Still Envy will most cunningly forelay
The Ambush of their Ruin, or will make
Their Humours of themselves to take that Way.
But this is still the Fate of those that are
By Nature or their Fortunes eminent,
Who either carried in Conceit too far,
Do work their own or others Discontent,
Or else are deemed fit to be suppress'd,
Not for they are, but that they may be ill,
Since States have ever had far more Unrest
By Spirits of Worth, than Men of meaner Skill;

And

And find, that thoſe do always better prove,
Wh' are equal to Employment, not above.
For Self-Opinion would be ſeen more wiſe,
Than preſent Counſels, Cuſtoms, Orders, Laws:
And to the End to have them otherwiſe,
The Commonwealth into Cumbuſtion draws,
As if ordain'd t' embroil the World with Wit,
As well as Groſſneſs, to diſhonour it.



ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Attaras, Soſtratus.

Soſt. CAN there be ſuch a ſudden Change in Court
As you report? Is it to be believ'd,
That Great *Philotas*, whom we all beheld
In Grace laſt Night, ſhould be arraign'd to Day?
At. It can be, and it is as I report:
For States of Grace are no ſure Holds in Court.
Soſt. But yet 'tis ſtrange they ſhould be overthrown
Before their certain Forfeitures were known.
At. Tuſh, it was breeding long, tho' ſuddenly
This Thunder-Crack comes but to break out now.
Soſt. The Time I waited, and I waited long,
Until *Philotas*, with ſome other Lords,
Depart the Preſence, and as I conceiv'd,
I never ſaw the King in better Mood,
Nor yet *Philotas* ever in more Grace.
Can ſuch Storms grow, and yet no Clouds appear?
At. Yea, Court-Storms grow, when Skies there ſeem moſt clear.
It was but about the deepeſt of the Night,
The blackeſt Hour of Darkneſs and of Sleep,
When, with ſome other Lords, comes *Craterus*,
Falls down before the King, intreats, implores,
Conjures his Grace, as ever he would look
To ſave his Perſon and the State from Spoil,
Now to prevent *Philotas* Practices,
Whom they had plainly found to be the Man
Had plotted the Deſtruction of them all.

The

The King would fain have put them off to Time
And farther Day, till better Proofs were known:
Which they perceiving, preſs'd him ſtill the more,
And reinforc'd his Dangers and their own;
And never left him till they had obtain'd
Commiſſion t' apprehend *Philotas* ſtrait.
Now to make Fear look with more hideous Face,
Or elſe but to beget it out of Form,
And careful Preparations of Diſtruſt,
About the Palace Men in Armour watch,
In Armour Men about the King attend,
All Paſſages and Iſſues were forelaid
With Horſe, to interrupt whatever News
Should hence break out into *Parmenio*'s Camp.
I with three hundred Men in Armour charg'd,
Had Warrant to attack and to commit
The Perſon of *Philotas* preſently:
Aud coming to his Lodging where he lay,
Found him imburied in the ſoundeſt Sleep
That ever Man could be, where neither Noiſe
Of clattering Weapons, or our ruſhing in
With rude and trampling Rumour, could diſſolve
The heavy Humours of that drowſy Brow,
Which held perhaps his Senſes now more faſt,
As loth to leave, becauſe it was the laſt.
Soſt. Attaras, what can Treaſon ſleep ſo ſound?
Will that loud Hand of Horror that ſtill beats
Upon the guilty Conſcience of Diſtruſt,
Permit it t' have ſo reſolute a Reſt?
At. I cannot tell; but thus we found him there,
Nor could we (I aſſure you) waken him,
Till thrice I call'd him by his Name, and thrice
Had ſhook him hard; and then at length he wakes:
And looking on me with a ſettled Cheer,
Dear Friend *Attaras*, what's the News? (ſaid he)
What up ſo ſoon to haſten the Remove,
Or rais'd by ſome Alarm or ſome Diſtruſt?
I told him that the King had ſome Diſtruſt,
Why, what will *Nabarzanes* play (ſaith he)
The Villain with the King, as he hath done

Already with his miſerable Lord?
I ſeeing he would not or did not underſtand
His own Diſtreſs, told him the Charge I had:
Wherewith he roſe, and riſing us'd theſe Words:
O *Alexander*! now I ſee my Foes
Have got above thy Goodneſs, and prevail'd
Againſt my Innocency, and thy Word.
And as we then inchain'd and fetter'd him,
Looking on that baſe Furniture of Shame,
Poor Body (ſaid he) hath ſo many Alarms
Rais'd thee to Blood and Danger from thy Reſt,
T' inveſt thee with this Armour now at laſt?
Is this the Service I am call'd to now?

But we, that were not to attend his Plaints,
Covering his Head with a diſgraceful Wred,
Took and convey'd him ſuddenly to Ward;
From whence he ſhall be inſtantly brought forth,
Here to b' arraign'd before the King, who ſits
(According to the *Macedonian* Uſe)
In Caſes Capital, himſelf as Judge.

Soſt. Well, then I ſee, who are ſo high above,
Are near to Lightning, that are near to *Jove*.

SCENE II.

Alexander, *with all his Council, the dead Body of* Dymnus, *the Revealers of the Conſpiracy*, Philotas.

Alex. The heinous Treaſon of ſome few had like
T' have rent me from you, worthy Soldiers,
But by the Mercy of th' immortal Gods
I live, and joy your Sight, your reverend Sight,
Which makes me more t' abhor thoſe Parricides,
Not for mine own Reſpect, but for the Wrong
You had receiv'd, if their Deſign had ſtood,
Since I deſire but Life to do you good.

But how will you be mov'd, when you ſhall know
Who were the Men that did attempt this Shame!

When

When, I ſhall ſhow that which I grieve to ſhow,
And name ſuch, as would God I could not name:
But that the Foulneſs of their Practice now
Blots out all Memory of what they were:
And tho' I would ſuppreſs them, yet I know
This Shame of theirs will never but appear.
Parmenio is the Man, a Man (you ſee)
Bound by ſo many Merits both to me
And to my Father, and our ancient Friend,
A Man of Years, Experience, Gravity,
Whoſe wicked Miniſter *Philotas* is,
Who here *Dimetrius*, *Luculaus*, and
This *Dymnus*, whoſe dead Body here you ſee
With others, hath ſuborn'd to ſlaughter me.
And here comes *Metron* with *Nicbomacus*,
To whom this murther'd Wretch at firſt reveal'd
The Project of his whole Conſpiracy,
T' aver as much as was diſclos'd to him.
Nicbomacus, look here, adviſe thee well,
What, do'ſt thou know this Man that here lies dead?

Nic. My Sovereign Lord, I know him very well:
It is one *Dymnus*, who did three Days ſince
Bewray to me a Treaſon practiſed
By him and others to have ſlain your Grace.

Alex. Where or by whom, or when did he report
This wicked Act ſhould be accompliſhed?

Nic. He ſaid within three Days your Majeſty
Should be within your Chamber murthered
By ſpecial Men of the Nobility;
Of whom he many nam'd, and they were theſe:
Loceus, *Demetrius*, and *Archelopis*,
Nicanor, and *Amentas*, *Luculeus*,
Droceas, with *Aphabetus*, and himſelf.

Mat. Thus much his Brother *Ceballinus* did
Reveal to me, from out this Youth's Report.

Ceb. And ſo much, with the Circumſtance of all,
Did I unto *Philotas* intimate.

Alex. Then what hath been his Mind, who did ſuppreſs
The Information of ſo foul a Train,
Your ſelves, my worthy Soldiers, well may gueſs,

With

With *Dymnus'* Death declares not to be vain.
Poor *Ceballinus* not a Moment ſtays
To rediſcharge himſelf of ſuch a weight;
Philotas careleſs, fearleſs, nothing weighs,
Nor ought reveals: His Silence ſhows Deceit,
And tells he was content it ſhould be done:
Which, tho' he were no Party, makes him One.
For he that knew upon what Pow'r he ſtood,
And ſaw his Father's Greatneſs and his own,
Saw nothing in the Way, which now withſtood
His vaſt Deſires, but only this my Crown;
Which in reſpect that I am iſſueleſs,
He thinks the rather eaſy to b' attain'd.
But yet *Philotas* is deceiv'd in this,
I have who ſhall inherit all I gain'd.
In you I have both Children, Kindred, Friends,
You are the Heirs of all my Purchaſes,
And whilſt you live, I am not iſſueleſs.
And that theſe are not Shadows of my Fears,
(For I fear nought, but want of Enemies)
See what this intercepted Letter bears,
And how *Parmenio* doth his Sons adviſe.
This ſhews their Ends. Hold, read it, *Craterus*.
Crat. *reads it.* [*My Sons, firſt have a ſpecial Care unto your ſelves,*
Then unto thoſe which do depend on you:
So ſhall you do what you intend to do.
Alex. See but how cloſe he writes, that if theſe Lines
Should come unto his Sons, as they are ſent,
They might encourage them in their Deſigns:
If enterpriz'd, might mock the Ignorant.
But now you ſee what was the Thing was meant,
You ſee the Father's Care, the Son's Intent.
And what if he, as a Conſpirator
Was not by *Dymnus* nam'd amongſt the reſt?
That ſhews not his Innocency, but his Pow'r,
Whom they account too Great to be ſuppreſs'd,
And rather will accuſe themſelves than him:
For that whilſt he ſhall live, there's Hope for them.
And

And how he hath born himſelf in private Sort,
I will not ſtand to urge, it's too well known;
Nor what hath been his arrogant Report,
T' imbaſe my Actions, and to brag his own;
Nor how he mock'd my Letter which I wrote,
To ſhew him of the Stile beſtow'd on me,
By th' Oracle of *Jove*. Theſe Things I thought
But Weakneſſes, and Words of Vanity,
(Yet Words that read the Ulcers of his Heart)
Which I ſuppreſs'd, and never ceas'd to yield
The chief Rewards of Worth, and ſtill compart
The beſt Degrees and Honours of the Field,
In hope to win his Love; yet now at length,
There have I Danger where I look'd for Strength.
I would to God my Blood had rather been
Pour'd out the Off'ring of an Enemy,
Than practis'd to be ſhed by one of mine,
That one of mine ſhould have this Infamy.
Have I been ſo reſerv'd from Fears, to fall
There where I ought not to have fear'd at all!
Have you ſo oft advis'd me to regard
The Safety which you ſaw me running from,
When with ſome hot Purſuit I preſſed hard
My Foes Abroad, to periſh thus at Home!
But now, that Safety only reſts in you,
Which you ſo oft have wiſh'd me look unto:
And now unto your Boſoms muſt I fly,
Without whoſe Will I will not wiſh to live:
And with your Wills I cannot, 'leſs I give
Due Puniſhment unto this Treachery.
Amin. Attaras, bring the hateful Priſoner forth,
This Traytor, which hath ſought t' undo us all,
To give us up to Slaughter, and to make
Our Blood a Scorn, here in this barbarous Land,
That none of us ſhould have returned back,
Unto our Native Country, to our Wives,
Our aged Parents, Kindred, and our Friends:
To make the Body of this glorious Hoſt
A moſt deformed Trunk without a Head,
Without the Life or Soul to guide the ſame.

Can.

Can. O thou baſe Traytor, impious Paricide,
Who mak'ſt me loath the Blood that match'd with thine;
And if I might but have my Will, I vow,
Thou ſhould'ſt not die by other Hand than mine.
Alex. Fie, *Canus*, what a barbarous Courſe is this:
He firſt muſt to his Accuſation plead,
And have his Tryal formal to our Laws,
And let him make the beſt of his bad Cauſe.
Philotas, here the *Macedonians* are,
To judge your Fact, what Language wilt thou uſe?
Phi. The *Perſian* Language, if it pleaſe your Grace:
For that, beſide the *Macedonians*, here
Are many that will better underſtand,
If I ſhall uſe the Speech your Grace hath us'd;
Which was, I hold unto no other End,
But that the moſt Men here might underſtand.
Alex. See how his Native Language he diſdains!
But let him ſpeak at large, as he deſires;
So long as you remember he doth hate,
Beſides the Speech, our Glory and the State.
Phi. Black are the Colours laid upon the Crime,
Wherewith my Faith ſtands charg'd, my worthy Lords,
That as behind in Fortune ſo in Time,
I come too late to clear the ſame with Words;
My Condemnation is gone out before
My Innocency, and my juſt Defence,
And takes up all your Hearts, and leaves no Door
For mine Excuſe to have an Enterance;
That deſtitute of all Compaſſion, now,
Betwixt an upright Conſcience of Deſert
And an unjuſt Diſgrace, I know not how
To ſatisfy the Time, and mine own Heart.
Authority looks with ſo ſtern an Eye
Upon this woeful Bar, and muſt have ſtill
Such an Advantage over Miſery,
As that it will make good all that it will.

He

He who ſhould only judge my Cauſe, is gone;
And why he would not ſtay, I do not ſee,
Since when my Cauſe were heard, his Pow'r alone
As well might then condemn as ſet me free.
Nor can I by his Abſence now be clear'd,
Whoſe Preſence hath condemn'd me thus unheard.
And tho' the Grievance of a Priſoner's Tongue
May both ſuperfluous and diſgraceful ſeem,
Which doth not ſue, but ſhews the Judge his Wrong:
Yet pardon me, I muſt not diſeſteem
My rightful Cauſe for being deſpis'd, nor muſt
Forſake my ſelf, tho' I am left of all.
Fear cannot make my Innocence unjuſt
Unto it ſelf, to give my Truth the Fall.
And I had rather (ſeeing how my Fortune draws)
My Words ſhould deformed than my Cauſe.
I know that nothing is more delicate
Than is the Senſe and Feeling of a State:
The Clap, the Bruit, the Fear but of a Hurt
In Kings Behalfs, thruſts with that Violence
The Subjects Will, to proſecute Report,
As they condemn e'er they diſcern th' Offence.
Eph. Philotas, you deceive your ſelf in this,
That think to win Compaſſion and Belief
B' impugning Juſtice, and to make Men gueſs
We do you Wrong out of our Heat of Grief;
Or that our Place or Paſſion did lay more
On your Misfortune, than your own Deſert;
Or have not well diſcern'd your Fact before,
Or would without due Proofs your State ſubvert.
Theſe are the uſual Themes of Traytors Tongues,
Who practiſe Miſchiefs, and complain of Wrongs,
Your Treaſons are too manifeſtly known,
To mask in other Livery than their own.
Crat. Think not, that we are ſet to charge you here
With bare Suſpitions, but with open Fact,
And with a Treaſon that appears as clear
As is the Sun, and known to be your Act.

Phi. What is this Treaſon? Who accuſes me?
Crat. The Proceſs of the whole Conſpiracy.
Phi. But where's the Man that names me to be One?
Crat. Here, this dead Traytor ſhows you to be One.
Phi. How can he, dead, accuſe me of the ſame,
Whom living, he nor did, nor yet could name?
Crat. But we can other Teſtimony ſhow,
From thoſe who were your chiefeſt Complices.
Phi. I am not to b' adjudg'd in Law, you know,
By Teſtimony, but by Witneſſes. *
Let them be here produc'd unto my Face,
That can avouch me a Party in this Caſe.
My Lords, and Fellow Soldiers, if of thoſe
Whom *Dymnus* nominated, any One
Out of his Tortures will a Word diſcloſe
To ſhew I was a Party, I have done.
Think not ſo great a Number ever will
Endure their Torments, and themſelves accuſe,
And leave me out; ſince Men in ſuch Caſe, ſtill
Will rather ſlander others than excuſe:
Calamity malignant is, and he
That ſuffers juſtly for his Guiltineſs,
Eaſes his own Affliction, but to ſee
Others tormented in the ſame Diſtreſs.
And yet I fear not whatſoever they
By Racks and Tortures can be forc'd to ſay.
Had I been One, would *Dymnus* have conceal'd
My Name, being held to be the Principal?
Would he not for his Glory have reveal'd
The beſt to him, to whom he muſt tell all?
Nay, if he falſly then had nam'd me One,
To grace himſelf, muſt I of Force be One?
Alas! if *Ceballinus* had not come to me,
And giv'n me Note of this Conſpiracy,
I had not ſtood here now; but been as free
From Queſtion, as I am from Treachery:
That is the only Cloud that thundereth
On my Diſgrace: Which had I deemed true,

* *Non Teſtimoniis ſunt Teſtibus.* Or

Or could but have divin'd of *Dymnus* Death,
Philotas had, my Lords, ſat there with you.
My Fault was, to have been t' incredulous:
Wherein I ſhew'd my Weakneſs, I confeſs.
Crat. Philotas, what, a Monarch, and confeſs
Your Imperfections, and your Weakneſs?
Phi. O *Craterus*, do not inſult Calamity.
It is a barbarous Groſſneſs, to lay on
The Weight of Scorn, where heavy Miſery
Too much already weighs Mens Fortunes down:
For if the Cauſe be ill I undergo,
The Law, and not Reproach, muſt make it ſo.
Can. There's no Reproach can ever be too much
To lay on Traytors, whoſe Deſerts are ſuch.
Phi. Men uſe the moſt Reproaches, where they fear
The Cauſe will better prove than they deſire.
Can. But Sir, a Traytor's Cauſe that is ſo clear
As this of yours, will never need that Fear.
Phi. I am no Traytor but ſuſpected One,
For not believing a Conſpiracy:
And meer Suſpect, by Law, condemneth none;
They are approved Facts for which Men die.
Crat. The Law, in Treaſons, doth the Will correct
With like Severeneſs as it doth th' Effect:
Th' Affection is the Eſſence of th' Offence;
The Execution only but the Accidence;
To have but will'd it, is to have done the ſame.
Phi. I did not err in Will, but in Belief:
And if that be a Traytor, then am I the Chief.
Crat. Yea, but your Will made your Belief conſent
To hide the Practice till th' Accompliſhment.
Phi. Belief turns not by Motions of our Will,
And it was but th' Event that made that Ill.
Some Facts Men may excuſe, tho' not defend,
Where Will and Fortune have a diverſe End.
Th' Example of my Father made me fear
To be too forward to relate Things heard,

Who writing to the King, wish'd him forbear
The Portion his Physician had prepar'd:
For that he heard *Darius* tempted had
His Faith, with many Talents, to be untrue;
And yet his Drugs in th' End not proving bad,
Did make my Father's Care seem more than due:
For oft by an untimely Diligence,
A busy Faith may give a Prince Offence.
So that, what shall we do? If we reveal
We are despis'd; suspected, if conceal.
And as for this, where-ever now thou be,
O *Alexander*, thou hast pardon'd me:
Thou hast already given me thy Hand,
The Earnest of they reconciled Heart,
And therefore now O let thy Goodness stand
Unto thy Word, and be thou as thou wert.
If thou believed'st me, then I am absolv'd;
If pardon'd me, my Fetters are dissolv'd.
What have I else deserv'd since Yester Night,
When at thy Table I such Grace did find;
What heinous Crime hath since been brought to Light,
To wrong my Faith, and to divert thy Mind;
That from a restful Quiet, most profound
Sleeping, in my Misfortunes made secure
Both by thy Hand and by a Conscience sound,
I must be wak'd for Gifts, for Robes impure;
For all Disgrace that on me Wrath could lay,
And see the worst of Shame e'er I saw Day,
When I least thought that others Cruelty
Should have wrought more than thine own Clemency?
Crat. Philotas, whatsoever Gloss you lay
Upon your rotten Cause, it is in vain;
Your Pride, your Carriage, ever did bewray
Your Discontent, your Malice, and Disdain:
You cannot palliate Mischief, but it will
Through all the fairest Coverings of Deceit
Be always seen. We know those Streams of Ill
Flow'd from that Head, that fed them with Conceit.

You foſter Malecontents, you entertain
All Humours, you all Factions muſt embrace;
You vaunt your own Exploits, and you diſdain
The King's Proceedings, and his Stile diſgrace;
You promiſe Mountains, and you draw Men on
With Hopes of greater Good than hath been ſeen;
You bragg'd of late that ſomething would be done,
Whereby your Concubine ſhould be a Queen.
And now we ſee the Thing that ſhould be done;
But, God be prais'd, we ſee you firſt undone.

Phi. Ah, do not make my Nature, if it had
So pliable a Stern of Diſpoſition
To turn to every Kindneſs, to be bad,
For doing Good to Men of all Condition.
Make not your Charity to interpret all
Is done for Favour, to be done for Show,
And that we in our Bounties prodigal,
Upon our Ends, not on Mens Needs beſtow.
Let not my one Day's Error make you tell,
That all my Life-time I did never well;
And that becauſe this falls out to be ill,
That what I did, did tend unto this Ill.
It is unjuſt to joyn t' a preſent Fact
More of Time paſt, than it hath ever had
Before to do withal, as if it lack'd
Sufficient Matter elſe to make it bad.
I do confeſs indeed I wrote ſomething
Againſt this Title of the Son of *Jove*,
And that not of the King, but to the King
I freely us'd theſe Words out of my Love:
And thereby hath that dangerous Liberty
Of ſpeaking Truth, with Truſt on former Grace,
Betray'd my Meaning unto Enmity,
And drawn an Argument of my Diſgrace:
So that I ſee, tho' I ſpeak what I ought,
It was not in that Manner as I ought.
And God forbid, that ever Souldiers Words
Should be made liable unto Miſdeeds,
When fainting in their March, tir'd in the Fight,
Sick in their Tent, ſtoping their Wounds that bleeds,

Or have, and jolly after, Conqueſt got,
They ſhall out of their Heat uſe Words unkind;
Their Deeds deſerve, to have them rather thought
The Paſſion of the Seaſon, than their Mind:
For Souldiers Joy or Wrath is meaſureleſs,
Rapt with an Inſtant Motion: and we blame,
We hate, we praiſe, we pity in Exceſs,
According as our preſent Paſſions frame.
Sometimes to paſs the Ocean we would fain,
Sometimes to other Worlds, and ſometimes ſlack
And idle with our Conqueſts, entertain
A ſullen Humour of returning back:
All which Conceits one Trumpet's Sound doth end,
And each Man running to his Rank, doth loſe
What in our Tents diſlik'd us, and we ſpend
All that conceived Wrath upon our Foes.
And Words, if they proceed of Levity,
Are to be ſcorn'd; of Madneſs, pitied;
If out of Malice, or of Injury,
To be remiſs'd or unacknowledged:
For of themſelves, they vaniſh by Diſdain,
But if purſued, they will be thought not vain.

Crat. But Words, according to the Perſon weigh;
If his Deſigns are heinous, ſo are they:
They are the Tinder of Sedition ſtill,
Wherewith you kindle Fires, inflame Mens Will.

Phi. Craterus, you have th' Advantage of the Day,
The Law is yours, to ſay what you will ſay:
And yet doth all your Gloſs but bear the Senſe
Only of my Misfortune, not Offence.
Had I pretended Miſchief to the King,
Could not I have effected it without
Dymnus? Did not my free Acceſs bring
Continual Means t' have brought the ſame about?
Was not I, ſince I heard the Thing deſcry'd,
Alone, and arm'd in private with his Grace?
What hindred me, that then I had not try'd
T' have done that Miſchief, having Time and Place?

Crat. Philotas, e'en the Providence above,
Protectreſs of the Sacred State of Kings,

That

That never ſuffers Treachery to have
Good Counſel, never in this Caſe but brings
Confuſion to the Actors, did undo
Your Hearts in what you went about to do.
Phi. But yet Deſpair, we ſee, doth thruſt Men on,
Seeing no Way elſe t' undo or be undone.
Crat. That ſame Deſpair doth likewiſe let them fall
In that Amaze, they can do nought at all.
Phi. Well, well, my Lords, my Service hath made known
The Faith I owe my Sovereign, and the State,
Philotas Forwardneſs hath ever ſhown
Unto all Nations, at how high a Rate
I priz'd my King, and at how low my Blood,
To do him Honour, and my Country Good.
Eph. We blame not what y' have been, but what you are;
We accuſe not here your Valour, but your Fact,
Not to have been a Leader in the War,
But an ill Subject in a wicked Act;
Altho' we know, thruſt rather with the Love
Of your own Glory, than with Duty lead,
You have done much; yet all your Courſes prove
You ty'd ſtill your Atchievements to the Head
Of your own Honour, when it hath been meet
You had them laid down at your Sovereign's Feet;
God gives to Kings the Honour to command,
To Subjects all their Glory to obey,
Who ought in Time of War as Rampiers ſtand,
In Peace as th' Ornaments of State Array,
The King hath recompenc'd your Services
With better Love than you ſhew Thankfulneſs.
By Grace he made you greater than you were
By Nature; hence you receiv'd that which he was not
To give to you: his Gift was far more dear (ty'd
Than all you did, in making you employ'd;
But ſay your Service hath deſerv'd it all,
This one Offence hath made it odious all:
And therefore here in vain you uſe that Mean
To plead for Life, which you have cancel'd clean.

Phi. My Lord, you far miſtake me, if you deem
I plead for Life, that poor weak Blaſt of Breath,
From which ſo I have ran with light Eſteem,
And ſo well have acquainted me with Death:
No, no, my Lords, it is not that I fear,
It is mine Honour that I ſeek to clear;
And which, if my diſgraced Cauſe would let
The Language of my Heart be underſtood,
Is all which I have ever ſought to get,
And which, O leave me now, and take my Blood.
Let not your Envy go beyond the Bound
Of what you ſeek: my Life ſtands in your Way,
That is your Aim, take it; and do not wound
My Reputation with that Wrong, I pray.
If I muſt needs be made the Sacrifice
Of Envy, and that no Oblation will
The Wrath of Kings, but only Blood ſuffice,
Yet let me have ſomething left that is not ill.
Is there no way to get unto our Lives,
But firſt to have our Honour overthrown?
Alas! tho' Grace of Kings all Greatneſs gives,
It cannot give us Vertue, that's our own.
Tho' all be theirs our Hearts and Hands can do,
Yet that by which we do is only ours.
The Trophies that our Blood erects unto
Their Memory to glorify their Pow'rs,
Let them enjoy: yet only to have done
Worthy of Grace, let not that be undone;
Let that high Swelling River of their Fame
Leave humble Streams, that feed them yet their Name.
O my dear Father, did'ſt thou bring that Spirit,
Thoſe Hands of Valour, that ſo much have done
In this great Work of *Aſia*, this to merit,
By doing worthily, to be undone?
And haſt thou made this Purchaſe of thy Sword,
To get ſo great an Empire for thy Lord,
And ſo diſgrac'd a Grave for thee and thine,
T' extinguiſh by thy Service all thy Line?
One of thy Sons by being too valourous,
But five Days ſince, yet O well, loſt his Breath;

Thy

Thy dear *Nicanor*, th' half Arch of thy Houſe;
And here now th' Other at the Bar of Death,
Stands overcharg'd with Wrath in far worſe Caſe,
And is to be confounded with Diſgrace;
Thy ſelf muſt give th' Acquittance of thy Blood,
For others Debts, to whom thou haſt done Good:
Which, if they would a little Time afford,
Death would have taken it without a Sword.
Such the Rewards of great Employments are,
Hate kills in Peace, whom Fortune ſpares in War.
And this is that high Grace of Kings we ſeek,
Whoſe Favour, and whoſe Wrath conſumes alike.

Eph. Lo! here the Miſery of Kings, whoſe Cauſe
However juſt it be, however ſtrong,
Yet in reſpect they may, their Greatneſs draws
The World to think they ever do the Wrong.
But this foul Fact of yours you ſtand upon,
Philotas, ſhall, beſide th' Apparency
Which all the World ſees plain, e'er we have done,
By your own Mouth be made to ſatisfy
The moſt ſtiff Partialiſt that will not ſee.

Phi. My Mouth will never prove ſo falſe (I truſt)
Unto my Heart, to ſhew itſelf unjuſt:
And what I here do ſpeak, I know, my Lords,
I ſpeak with mine own Mouth; but other where
What may be ſaid, I ſay, may be the Words
Not of my Breath, but Fame that oft doth err.
Let th' Oracle of *Ammon* be enquir'd
About this Fact, who, if it ſhall be true,
Will never ſuffer thoſe who have conſpir'd
Againſt *Jove*'s Son, t' eſcape without their due;
But will reveal the Truth: or if this ſhall
Not ſeem convenient, why then lay on all
The Tortures that may force a Tongue to tell
Theſecret'ſt Thought that could imagine ill.

Bel. What need we ſend to know more than we know?
That were to give you Time t' acquaint your Friends
With your Eſtate, till ſome Combuſtion grow
Within the Camp to haſten on your Ends,

And that the Gold and all the Treasury
Committed to your Father's Custody
In *Medea*, now might arm his desp'rate Troops
To come upon us, and to cut our Throats.
What, shall we ask of *Jove*, that which he hath
Reveal'd already? But let's send to give
Thanks, that by him the King hath 'scap'd the Wrath
Of thee, disloyal Trator, and doth live.

Guar. Let's rear the Wretch in Pieces, let us rend
With our own Hands the Trayt'rous Parricide.

Alex. Peace, *Belon*, Silence, loving Soldiers.
You see, my Lords, out of your Judgments grave,
That all Excuses sickly Colours have,
And he that hath thus false and faithless been
Must find out other Gods, and other Men;
Whom to forswear, and whom he may deceive;
No Words of his can make us more believe
His Impudence: and therefore, seeing 'tis late,
We, till Morning, do dismiss the Court.

ACT V. CHORUS.

Grecian *and* Perſian.

Per. *WEll, then, I ſee there is ſmall Difference*
Betwixt your State and ours; you civil Greeks,
You great Contrivers of Free Governments,
Whoſe Skill the World from out all Countries ſeeks;
Thoſe whom you call your Kings, are but the ſame
As are our Sovereign Tyrants of the Eaſt;
I ſee they only differ but in Name,
Th' Effects they ſhew, agree, or near at leaſt.
Your great Men here, as our great Satrapaes,
I ſee laid proſtrate are with baſeſt Shame,
Upon the leaſt Suſpect or Jealouſies
Your Kings conceive, or others Envies frame;
Only herein they differ, that your Prince
Proceeds by Form of Law t'effect his End;
Our Perſian *Monarch make his Frown convince*
The ſtrongeſt Truth, his Sword the Proceſs ends
With preſent Death, and makes no more ado:
He never ſtands to give a Gloſs unto
His Violence, to make it to appear
In other Hue than that it ought to bear,
Wherein Plain Dealing beſt his Courſe commends:
For more h'offends who by the Law offends.

What need have Alexander *ſo to ſtrive*
By all theſe Shews of Form, to find this Man
Guilty of Treaſon, when he doth contrive
To have him ſo adjudg'd? Do what he can,
He muſt not be acquit, tho' he be clear,
Th' Offender, not th' Offence, is puniſh'd here.
And what avails the Fore-condemn'd to ſpeak?
However ſtrong his Cauſe, his State is weak.

Gre. *Ah, but it ſatisfies the World, and we*
Think that well done, which done by Law we ſee.

Per. *And yet your Law ſerves but your private Ends,*
And to the Compaſs of your Power extends:
But is it for the Majeſty of Kings,
To ſit in Judgment thus themſelves with you?

Gre. *To do Men Juſtice, as the thing that brings*
The greateſt Majeſty on Earth to Kings.

Per. *That, by their ſubalternate Miniſters*
May be perform'd as well, and with more Grace:
For, to Command it to be done, infers
More Glory than to do. It doth imbaſe
Th' Opinion of a Power t' invulgar ſo
That ſacred Preſence, which ſhould never go,
Never be ſeen, but e'en as Gods, below
Like to our Perſian *King in glorious Show;*
And who, as Stars affixed to their Sphere,
May not deſcend to be from what they are.

Gre. *Where Kings are ſo like Gods, there Subjects are not Men.*

Per. *Your King begins this Courſe, and what will you be then?*

Gre.

Gre. *Indeed ſince proſperous Fortune gave the Rein*
To Head-ſtrong Power and Luſt, I muſt confeſs
We Grecians *have loſt deeply by our Gain,*
And this our Greatneſs makes us much the leſs:
For by th' Acceſſion of theſe mighty States,
Which Alexander *wond'rouſly hath got,*
He hath forgot himſelf and us, and rates
His State above Mankind, and ours at nought.
This hath thy Pomp (O feeble Aſia*) wrought!*
Thy baſe Adorings hath transformed the King
Into that Shape of Pride, as he is brought
Out of his Wits, out of Acknowledging
From whence the Glory of his Greatneſs ſprings,
And that it was our Swords that wrought theſe Things.
How well were we within the narrow Bounds
Of our ſufficient yielding Macedon,
Before our Kings enlarg'd them with our Wounds,
And made theſe Sallies of Ambition!
Before they came to give the Regal Law (awe!
To thoſe free States, which kept their Crowns in
They by theſe large Dominions are made more,
But we became far weaker than before.
What get we now by winning, but wide Minds
And weary Bodies, with th' Expence of Blood?
What ſhould Ill do, ſince happy Fortune finds
But Miſery, and is not good tho' good?
Action begets ſtill Action, and retains
Our Hopes beyond our Wiſhes, drawing on
A never ending Circle of our Pains,
That makes us not have done, when we have done.

What

What can give Bounds to Alexander's *Ends.*
Who counts the World but ſmall, that calls him
Great;
And his Deſires beyond his Prey diſtends,
Like Beaſts, that murder more than they can eat?
When ſhall we look his Travels will be done,
That tends beyond the Ocean and the Sun?
What Diſcontentments will there ſtill ariſe
In ſuch a Camp of Kings, to interſhock
Each others Greatneſs, and what Mutinies
Will put him from his Comforts, and will mock
His Hopes, and never ſuffer him to have
That which he hath of all which Fortune gave?
And from Philotas *Blood (Oworthy Man)*
Whoſe Body now rent on the Torture lies,
Will flow that Vein of freſh Conſpiracies,
As overflow him will, do what he can:
For Cruelty doth not imbetter Men,
But them more wary makes than they have been.

Per. *Are not your great Men free from Tortures*
then,
Muſt they be likewiſe rack'd as other Men?

Gre. *Treaſon affords a Privilege to none,*
Who like offends, hath Puniſhment all one.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Polidamus, Soſtratus.

Pol. Friend *Soſtratus*, come, have you ever known
Such a diſtracted Face of Court, as now;
Such a diſtruſtful Eye, as Men are grown
To fear themſelves and all; and do not know
Where is the ſide that ſhakes not; who looks beſt
In this foul Day, th' Oppreſſor or th' Oppreſs'd?
What Poſting, what Diſpatches, what Advice!
What Search, what Running, what Diſcoveries!
What Rumours, what Suggeſtions, what Device
To clear the King, pleaſe People, hold the Wiſe,
Retain the Rude, cruſh the ſuſpected Sort
At unawares, e'er they diſcern th' are Hurt!
So much the Fall of ſuch a weighty Peer
Doth ſhake the State, and with him tumble down
All whom his Beams of Favour did upbear,
All who to reſt upon his Baſe were known:
And none that did but touch upon his Love,
Are free from Fear to periſh with his Love.
My ſelf (whom all the World have known t'embrace
Parmenio in th' Entireneſs of my Heart,
And ever in all Battels, ev'ry Chace
Of Danger, fought ſtill next him on that Part)
Was ſeiz'd on this laſt Night, late in my Bed,
And brought unto the Preſence of the King,
To pay (I thought) the Tribute of my Head;
But O, 'twas for a more abhorred Thing!
I muſt redeem my Danger with the Blood
Of this dear Friend, this dear *Parmenio*'s Blood;
His Life muſt pay for mine, theſe Hands muſt gore
That worthy Heart for whom they fought before.

Soſt. What, hath the King commanded ſuch a Deed,
To make the Hearts of all his Subjects bleed?
Muſt that old worthy Man *Parmenio* die?

Pol. O *Soſtratus*, he hath his Doom to die,
And we muſt yield unto Neceſſity.

For

For coming to the King, and there receiv'd
With unexpected Grace, he thus began:
Polidamus, we both have been deceiv'd
In holding Friendſhip with that faithleſs Man
Parmenio, who, for all his gloſſing Mien,
Thou ſeeſt hath ſought to cut my Throat and thine;
And thou muſt work Revenge for thee and me:
And therefore haſte to *Media* ſpeedily,
Take theſe two Letters here, the one from me
Unto my ſure and truſty Servants there,
The other ſigned with *Philotas* Seal,
As if th' ſame t' his Father written were:
Carry them both, effect what I have ſaid,
The one will give th' Acceſs, the other Aid.
I took the Letters, vow'd t' effect the ſame,
And here I go the Inſtrument of Shame.

Soſt. But will you charge your Honour with this Shame?

Pol. I muſt, or be undone, with all my Name:
For I have left all th' Adamantive Ties
Of Blood and Nature, that can hold a Heart
Chain'd to the Word, my Brethren and Allies,
The Hoſtages to caution for my Part:
And for their Lives muſt I diſhonour mine;
Elſe ſhould the King rather have turn'd this Sword
Upon my Heart, than forc'd it impiouſly,
(Having done all fair Service to his Lord)
Now to be employ'd in this foul Villany.
Thus muſt we do, who are enthrall'd to Kings,
Whether they will, juſt or unlawful Things.
But now, *Parmenio*, O methinks I ſee
Thee walking in th' Artificial Grove
Of pleaſant *Soſis*, when I come to thee,
And thou remembring all our ancient Love,
Haſtes to embrace me, ſaying, O my Friend,
My dear *Polidamus*, welcome my Friend,
Well art thou come, that we may ſit and chat
Of all the old Adventures we have run.
'Tis long *Polidamus* ſince we two met,
How doth my Sovereign Lord, how doth my Son?

When

When I vile Wretch, whilſt m' Anſwer he attends,
With this Hand give the Letter, this Hand ends
His ſpeaking Joy, and ſtabs him to the Heart.
And thus *Parmenio* thou rewarded art
For all thy Service; thou that didſt agree
For *Alexander* to kill *Attalus*;
For *Alexander* I muſt now kill thee.
Such are the Judgments of the heavenly Pow'rs,
We others Ruins work, and others ours.

Cho. Per. Why this is right, now *Alexander* takes
The Courſe of Pow'r; this is a *Perſian* Trick.
This is our Way, here publick Trial makes
No doubtful Noiſe, but buries Clamour quick.

Gre. Indeed now *Perſia* hath no Cauſe to rue,
For you have us undone, who undid you.

NUNCIUS.

This Work is done, the ſad Cataſtrophe
Of this great Act of Blood is finiſh'd now,
Philotas *ended hath the Tragedy.* (*how.*

Cho. *Now, my good Friend, I pray thee tell us*

Nun. *As willing to relate, as you to hear:*
A full-charg'd Heart is glad to find an Ear.
The Council being diſmiſs'd from hence, and
Still Craterus *plies the King, ſtill in his Ear,* (*gone.*
Still whiſpering to him privately alone,
Urging (it ſeem'd) a quick Diſpatch of Fear:
For they who ſpeak but privately to Kings,
Do ſeldom ſpeak the beſt and fitteſt things.
Some would have had him forthwith ſton'd to Death,
According to the Macedonian *Courſe,*
But yet that would not ſatisfy the Breath
Of buiſy Rumour, but would argue Force:
There muſt be ſome Confeſſions made within,
That muſt abroad more Satisfaction win. Cra-

Craterus, *with* Canus, *and* Epheſtion,
Do mainly urge to have him tortured;
Whereto the King conſents, and thereupon
They Three are ſent to ſee't accompliſhed.
Racks, Irons, Fires, the griſely Torturers,
Are hideouſly prepared before his Face.
Philotas *all unmov'd, unchang'd appears,*
As if he would Death's ugglieſt Brow out-face,
And ſcorn'd the worſt of Force, and ask'd them Why
They ſtaid to torture the King's Enemy?

Cho. *That Part was acted well, God grant we hear*
No worſe a Scene than this, and all goes clear:
So ſhould Worth act, and they who dare to fight
Againſt corrupted Times, ſhould die Upright;
Such Hearts Kings may diſſolve, but not defeat.
A great Man where he falls, he ſhould lie great;
Whoſe Ruin, like the ſacred Carcaſſes
Of ſcatter'd Temples, which ſtill reverend lie,
And the Religious honour them no leſs
Than if they ſtood with all their Gallantry.
But on with thy Report.

Nun. *Strait were hot Irons apply'd to ſear his Fleſh,*
Then wreſting Racks his comely Body ſtrain,
Then Iron Whips, and then the Rack afreſh,
Then Fire again, and then the Whips again;
Which he endures with ſo reſolv'd a Look,
As if his Mind were of another ſide
Than of his Body, and his Senſe forſook
The Part of Nature, to be wholly ty'd

To Honour, that he would not once consent
So much as with a Sigh t' this Punishment.

Cho. *Yet doth he like himself, yet all is well,*
This Argument no Tyrant can resel;
This Plea of Resolution wins his Cause,
More right than all, more Admiration draws:
For we love nothing more, than to renown
Men stoutly miserable, highly down.

Nun. *But now--*

Cho. *We fear that* But. *O, if he ought descend,*
Leave here, and let the Tragedy here end.
Let not the least Act now of his, at last,
Mar all his Act of Life and Glory past.

Nun. *I must tell all, and therefore give me leave.*
Swoll'n with raw Rumours, ulcer'd with the Jerks
Of Iron Whips, that Flesh from Bone had raz'd,
And no Part free from Wounds, it jerks
His Soul to see the House so foul defac'd,
Wherein his Life had dwelt so long time clean;
And therefore craves he, they would now dismiss
His grievous Tortures, and he would begin
To open all wherein h' had done amiss.
Strait were his Tortures ceast: and after they
Had let him to recover Sense, he said,
Now Craterus, *Say what you will have me say:*
Wherewith, as if deluded or delay'd,
Craterus *in Wrath calls presently again*
To have the Tortures to be reapply'd;
When, whatsoever Secret of his Heart
Which had been fore-conceiv'd but in a Thought,
What Friend soever had but took his Part
In common Love h' accused, and so forgot

Him-

Himself, that now he was more forward to
Confess, than they to urge him thereunto.
Whether Affliction had his Spirits undone;
Or seeing, to hide or utter all was one;
Both Ways lay Death: and therefore he would vie
Now to be sure to say enough to die,
And then began his Fortunes to deplore,
Humbly besought them whom he scorn'd before;
That Alexander *(where he stood, behind*
A Travers, out of sight) was heard to speak,
I never thought, a Man that had a Mind
T'attempt so much, had had a Heart so weak!
There he confest, that one Hegelochus,
When first the King proclaim'd himself Jove's *Son,*
Incens'd his Father's Heart against him thus,
By telling him, That now we were undone,
If we endur'd that he, which did disdain
To have been Philip's *Son, should Live and Reign;*
He that above the State of Man will strain
His Stile, and will not be that which we are,
Not only us contemns, but doth disdain
The Gods themselves, with whom he would compare.
We have lost Alexander, *lost (said he)*
The King, and fall'n on Pride and Vanity;
And we have made a God of our own Blood,
That glorifies himself, neglects our Good.
Intolerable is this Impious Deed
To Gods whom he would match, to Men he would exceed.

Thus

Thus having over Night Hegelochus,
Diſcours'd, my Father ſends next Day
For me to hear the ſame; and there to us
All he had ſaid to him he made himſelf,
Suppoſing, out of Wine, the Night before,
He might but idly rave: When he again,
Far more inrag'd, in Heat and Paſſion more,
Urg'd us to clear the State of ſuch a Stain,
Conjur'd us to redeem the Common-Wealth,
And do like Men, or elſe as Men conceal.
Parmenio *thought, whilſt yet* Darius *ſtood,*
This Courſe was out of Seaſon, and thereby
Th' extinguiſhing of Alexander's *Blood*
Would not profit us, but th' others Pow'rs
Might make all th' Orient and all Aſia *ours.*
That Courſe we lik'd, to that our Counſel ſtands,
Thereto we gave our Oaths and gave our Hands.
And as for this, he ſaid, for Dymnus *Plot,*
Tho' he were clear, yet now he clear'd him not.
And yet the Force of Racks at laſt could do
So much with him, as he confeſs'd that too,
And ſaid, that fearing Bactra *would detain*
The King too long, he haſten'd on his Ends,
Leſt that his Father, Lord of ſuch a Train
And ſuch a Wealth, on whom the whole depends,
Should, being aged, by his Death prevent
Theſe his Deſigns, and fruſtrate his Intent.
Cho. *O would we had not heard his latter Jar;*
This all his former Strains of Worth doth mar.
Before this laſt his Spirits commends,
But now he is unpitied of his Friends.

Nun. *Then was* Demetrius *likewiſe brought in Place,*
And put to Torture, who denies the Deed.
Philotas *he avers it to his Face,*
Demetrius *ſtill denies. Then he eſpy'd*
A Youth, one Calin, *that was ſtanding by,*
Calin, *ſaid he, how long wilt thou abide*
Demetrius *vainly to avouch a Lye?*
The Youth, that never had been nam'd before
In all his Tortures, gave them Cauſe to gueſs
Philotas *car'd not now to utter more*
Than had been privy to his Practices.
And ſeeing they had as much as they deſir'd,
They with Demetrius *ſton'd him unto Death:*
And all whom Dymnus *nam'd to have conſpir'd,*
With grievous Tortures now muſt loſe their Breath:
And all that were ally'd, which could not fly,
Are in the Hands of Juſtice now to die.

Cho. *What, muſt the Puniſhment arrive beyond*
Th' Offence! not with th' Offender make an End!

Nun. *They all muſt die who may be fear'd in time*
To be the Heir unto their Kindreds Crime.
All other Puniſhments end with our Breath,
But Treaſon is purſu'd beyond our Death.

Cho. *The Wrath of Kings doth ſeldom Meaſure keep,*
Seeking to cure bad Parts, they launce too deep.
When Puniſhments like Light'ning ſhould appear
To few Mens Hurt, but unto all Mens Fear.
Great Elephants and Lions murder leaſt,
Th' ignoble Beaſt is the moſt cruel Beaſt.
But all is well, if by the mighty Fall
Of this great Man, the King be ſafely freed:

But if this Hydra *of Ambition ſhall*
Have other Heads to ſpring up in his ſtead,
Then hath he made but Way for them to riſe,
Who will aſſault him with freſh Treacheries.
The which may teach us to obſerve this Strain,
T' admire high Hills, but live within the Plain.



The

The APOLOGY.

THE wrong Application and Miſconceiving of this Tragedy of *Philotas*, urges me, worthy Readers, to anſwer for mine Innocency, both in the Choice of the Subject, and the Motives that long ſince induced me to write it, which were firſt the Delight I took in the Hiſtory it ſelf as it lay, and then the Aptneſs I ſaw it had to fall eaſily into Act, without interlacing other Invention, than it properly yielded in the own Circumſtances, we were ſufficient for the Work, and a lawful repreſenting of a Tragedy. Beſides, above eight Years ſince, meeting with my dear Friend Dr. *Lateware*, (whoſe Memory I reverence) in his Lord's Chamber and mine, I told him the Purpoſe I had for *Philotas*, who ſaid that himſelf had written the ſame Argument, and cauſed it to be preſented in St. *John*'s College in *Oxford*, where, as I after heard, it was worthily and with great Applauſe performed. And tho' I ſaid he had therein prevented me, yet I would not deſiſt, whenſoever my Fortunes would give me Peace, to try what I could do in the ſame Subject, whereunto both he, and who were preſent, encouraged me as to an Example worthy of Note. And living in the Country, about Four Years ſince, and near half a Year before the late Tragedy of ours, (whereunto this is now moſt ignorantly reſembled) unfortunately fell out here in *England*; I began the ſame, and wrote three Acts thereof, as many to whom I then ſhewed it can witneſs, purpoſing to have it preſented in *Bath* by certain Gentlemen's Sons, as a private Recreation for the *Chriſtmas*, before the Shroveride of that unhappy Diſorder. But by reaſon of ſome Occaſion then falling out, and being

being called upon by my Printer for a new Impreſſion of my Works, with ſome Additions to the Civil Wars, I intermitted this other Subject: Which now lying by me, and driven by Neceſſity to make uſe of my Pen, and the Stage to be the Mouth of my Lines, which before were never heard to ſpeak but in Silence, I thought the repreſenting ſo true a Hiſtory, in the ancient Form of a Tragedy, could not but have had an unreprovable Paſſage with the Time, and the better ſort of Men, ſeeing with what idle Fictions and groſs Follies the Stage at this Day abuſed Mens Recreations. And withal, taking a Subject that lay, as I thought, ſo far from the Time, and ſo remote a Stranger from the Climate of our preſent Courſes, I could not imagine that Envy or Ignorance could poſſibly have made it to take any particular Acquaintance with us, but as it hath a general Alliance to the Frailty of Greatneſs, and the uſual Workings of Ambition, the perpetual Subjects of Books and Tragedies.

And for *Philotas*, it is plain, that his Father's Greatneſs opened firſt the Way to *Alexander*'s Suſpicion, and the Envy of the Nobility; and then his own vaunting, with deſpiſing the new Title conferred by the Oracle of *Ammon* upon the King, begat a Notion of his Diſlike of the State; and indeed *Alexander*'s drawing a Pedigree from Heaven, with aſſuming the *Perſian* Magnificence, was the Cauſe that withdrew many the Hearts of the Nobility and People from him; and by *Philotas* own Confeſſion, was that which gave a Purpoſe to him and his Father to have ſubverted the King, when he had eſtabliſhed *Aſia*, and freed them from other Fears.

And this concealing of the Treaſon revealed unto him, howſoever he excuſed it, ſhewed how much his Heart was alienated from his Allegiancy. Which being by *Epheſtion* and *Craterus*, two the moſt grave and worthy Counſellors of *Alexander* providently diſcerned, was proſecuted in that manner, as became their Nearneſs and Dearneſs with their Lord and Maſter,

and

and fitting the Safety of the State, in the Case of so great an Aspirer: Who, had he not been prevented (howsoever popularly in the Army it might be otherwise deemed) he had no doubt turned the Course of the Government upon his Father or himself, or else embroiling it, made it a monstrous Body with many Heads, as it afterwards proved upon the Death of *Alexander*. For tho' the Affection of the Multitude (whom he did mignion) and who, as I said, looks still upon Mens Fortunes not the Cause, discerned not his Ends, nor peradventure himself, that knew not how large they might be, nor how much his Heart would hold, nor of what Capacity would be his Ambition, if Occasion offered; yet some more clear-sighted, as if raised by a Divine Providence to put off that State, till the full Period of Dissolution (which after followed) was come, saw well to how high a Strain he had set his Hopes by his affected Carriage. And *Craterus*, who so wisely pursued this Business, is deemed to have been one of the most honest Men that ever followed *Alexander* in all his Actions, and one that was true unto him even after his Death. And for any Resemblance, that through the Ignorance of the History may be applied to the late Earl of *Essex*, it can hold in no Proportion but only in his Weaknesses, which I would wish all that love his Memory not to revive. And for mine own Parts, having been particularly beholden to his Bounty, I would to God his Errors and Disobedience to his Sovereign, might be so deep buried underneath the Earth, and in so low a Tomb from his other Parts, that he might never be remembred among the Examples of Disloyalty in this Kingdom, or paralell'd with foreign Conspirators.

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SAMUEL DANIEL.

FINIS.

1.18.32
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